

THE
Heroycall Epistles
of the learned Poet
Petrus Pindarus
Rome,

In English verse : set out
translated by George Thomas

Gene. With Annotations

of various Authors

as : — *the same.*

Printed at London

by Simon Scarrow, Junr.

on Adling hill, near

Chester-le-mere.

1600.



THE
Historical Epistles

of the English Prelate
Bishop of Bath and Wells

MS.

The English Vice-Chancellor
of Cambridge University
and Fellow of Pembroke
College Cambridge
and Master of the University
of Cambridge

Henry de Loundres

Archbishop of York
and Bishop of Durham
and Chancellor of the University
of Cambridge

1600.

MS. A.

To the right Honourable

and his singular good Lord, the
Thomas Howard, Viscount Byndon, &c.
George Turberuile wisheth Neftors yeres,
increase of honor, with preservation
of desired health.

Right Noble, indebted to
your Honour for a number
of vndeserued friendships, —
and vnable altogether to re-
quite the least of a thousand curtesies;
ought the meanes howe to acquire
me of some part thereof. But waying
mine owne default, and considering
your Honours merits, wox almost in-
utter dispayre : vntill at length it re-
sayerde to my thought, that it was no
greater token of honour, liberally to
bestow vpō other great rewards, then
proofe of Nobility, gratefully to ac-
cept at others handes slender gifts ac-
cording

The Epistle.

cording to their ability that offred the same. Artaxerxes his good acceptance of a handfull of running water, bred me to this boldnes, to offer your Honour a handful of written papers: hoping that as he thought no disdain of the one, so you wil not take scorne of the other. Let mee craue this one thing at your Honors hands, that the basenes of this my translation of the learned Poet Ouid, procure not you to refuse the Patronage & defence of my slender Muse. Which as I know vndoubtedly, shal never counteruail your curtesies: so do I assuredly hope may be a proofe of my good will and not forgottendutie. The verie name *Heroycall* (for so are the Epistles termed) deserued an Honorable and Heroycall Personage to bee their guard. Which if your Honour refuse not (a

knowe you will not refuse) waying
the giuers intent, & seeing (that there
are the first frutes of his trauaile) you
shall not smily purchase immortall
rayse of others: but I be encouraged
and animated to greater & grauer at-
tempts: which I shall no sooner at-
chieue, but you shall bee a witnes of
my endeuors, & a rampier to my ex-
ployts. Thus having boldly importu-
ned your assistance, & tediously mo-
vested your eares with circumstances,
now cauing nowe at length to abuse your
friendly patience, I ende: wishing to
poynt your Honour increase of Nobilitie,
and with a most happie life, and after the
catastrophe of this worldly Come-
try, (wherein you play a stately part)
to the gladsome ioyes of euerlasting
Seignorie.

Your humble Orator,
G.Turberwile.

The Translatour to his Muse.

GO (Slender Muse) & make report to men,
That meere desire to pleasure she indeed,
Made mee in hand to take the painfull pen:
Whch if I may, I haue my hoped meede.
I neither gape for gaine, nor greedie fee,
My Muse and I haue done, if men in glos-

will take this trifling toyce.

To

To the Reader.

Learned, curious, and gentle Reader, I had long ere this time bid thee to a slender banquet, had it not bin that other by their good wils, had presented my gentle offer and good meaning therin. But I saw so many rich and stately boards concered, so many curions carpets layd, such daintie delicacies devised, such costly cates and confests dayly brought in, as loth I was upon such iunkets and fine fare, to procure thee to a rude vere supper. But considering that mine abilitie is not to make any better or more sumptuous: and wayng that of dutie and good will I ought to manifest my wel-meeting with the rest, I haue here at length bid thee (I say) to a base banquet, to sharpen thy stomacke, and procure thy appetite to finer fare: Hoping that thou wilt not scorne for the any dish that shall be set before thee. If it bee so forthat thou mislike any thing, impute the blame to the Cook, For doubtlesse the Cates of them-

themselves in their kind are passing curious,
but for want of cunning in dressing the same,
may appeare nothing delectable in the eye,
nor toothsome to the taste. The feast was de-
vised long agone by Ouid at Rome, and
passing well liked in learned Italie: no lesse
for diuersite of dishes, then copie of receipts.
May be that if thou shew thy selfe friendly
in well accepting this prouision, thou shalt be
invited to a better banquet in time at my
hands, who as soone as occasion will serue, wil
give thee to understand of my good will.
Meanwhile play a friendfull guests part, and
mislike not any thing that shall be served thee
without iust cause. Challenge not unto thee an
over-curious mouth and taste. Thus loth any
longer to withhold thee from thy victuals,

I wish thee to feede, and
farewell.

George Turberville.



The first thing to do is to get a good
A man who has a good knowledge of
B the language he wants to learn
So secondly you will have to
choose a good teacher.

Away to do this is to ask
A teacher to give you some
W which you can use to practice
R with him. This will help you
A to learn the language more
K quickly and easily.

When you have found a good teacher
T he next thing to do is to
L choose a good book
S or a good course
R to follow. This will help you
K to learn the language more
E quickly and easily.

The Argument of the
first Epistle, entituled,
Penelope to Ulysses.

THe angric Greekes for *Helen*s rape prepar'd
To *Troy*: when wise *Ulysses* married late
A furie faind, in hope to haue bee[n]e sparde:
But *Palamede* lothing to lose a mate,
So needfull as *Ulysses* was, bewrayde
The fraud of him that gladly would haue stayde.

Away he goes, When ten yeeres warre was spent,
And flaunting *Troy* troden to the ground,
With other Greekes to ship *Ulysses* went:
But *Pallas* then the wrathfull Goddesse found,
And made the Grecias ful greedie of their home,
Full tenne yeeres space on surging seas to romne.

Which absence long *Penelope* agreeu'd,
That little space her husband had enioyde,
(Forsaken wight) she verily beleeu'd,
Some other lasse *Ulysses* had acoyde.
And this procurde the louing wife to write,
That so his cause of absence learne she might.

The

The first Epistle.
Penelope to Ulysses.

O thee that longe all too long
thy wife (Ulysses) sends; d at o
Gaine write not, but by quicke returne,
for absence make amedes.
To Greekish Nymphs that hatefull Troy,
is now to ruine brought:
Scarce mought the King and all his wealth
requite the wrong they wrought.
O that the surging sea had rent
that lustfull Lecher thou did control me.
When he to Lacedemon came
imbarkt, and wrought our woe;
Then should I not have layd my limb
in desert couch alone?
He made complaint that Phoebus strake
too slow to glade had gone.
Thee should no Wieldame's distaste made
my widowish hand to sainte such a hand
whilst I to walke the wearie night,
with spinning was attaint.
When stood I not in woe^{re} alone,
indeede then was besell:
Aye lone in passing full of feare,
though euerie thing be well.

Spur

Penelope

soe thought I saw a swarming troupe
of Troians thée about:

So sooner Hectors name I heard,
but Hector made me doubt.

If brute had blinde Antilochus
of Hector to be slaine,

Antilochus by such report
procurde my dreade againe.

O, when Menetius sonne was said,
in forged armes to die:

I sorrow that the Troians did
Patroclus evill espie.

When Tlepolemus lost by force
of Lycian launce his life,

By Tlepolemus death were made
my slacked sorowes rise.

In fine, what so they were of Greece,
that dide amid their foes,

I feare within my breast more cold
then Mountaine Ise arose.

But righteous God that Hymen hight,
and true-loue hath in care,

Yath kept Ulysses free from death,
and Troians caught in snare.

The Grekissh Chieftains are returned,
the sacred Altars flame;

Of barbarous spoyle þ Gods have part,
that well deseru'd the same.

The

to Vlysses.

The Patrons so; their salued Feeres,
most gratesfull gifts prepare:
And they, holm Troy by their toyle
atchieued was, declare.
The sage with siluer hayres do muse,
and daintie Damsels eke:
The wifes abot the husbands hang,
when they begin to speake.
And loe, when tables once are layd,
one ginneth straight to thei
The wreahsfull warre, and deales with wounding
the Troian Tents arow.
Here Simo is (saith he) did stand,
here is Segelian land,
And here the aged Priams Hall,
and Princely house did stand.
There fierce Achylles nigh his tent,
there wise Vlysses lay;
Here Hector rent in dolefull wise,
the horses did affray.
Thus auncient Nestor made report,
who told thy sonne the same:
And he, (as was his part to doe,) declarde it to his dame,
Hew Rhesus thou didst make toue,
and Dolon yeld to death,
Th' one sleeping, t' other by thy guise
did lose his vitall breath.

And

Penelope

And didst thou wate (Threble) want
and overbolded wighte,
So Thracian tent to shap thy course,
in vgly shade of night?
And onely by the spoe of one,
so many men to slay,
That wondes were to be to mare,
and mind thy wedlocke wye,
With quaking rate my herte was cold,
and bisage passing pale:
Then thou diest passe along the Hell,
and Thracian horses stale:
But what to me (unhappy Feme)
anayles the Trolan wracke,
And wals which you by breach haue
to vster spople & latke, (brought
If I in widewes late remaine,
as I sofore haue done:
And must for aye Vlysses lacke,
as when the broyle begunne:
To me that Troy sole with hand,
thoughe souldours had the spople,
And they that Victors were, with plough
for lucre turne the foyle:
Where stately battellings were to see,
and Trolan towne vntoato:
There sprouteth come, with Phrygian
so fatted is the land,

to Vlysses.

Halfe buried bones of warlike Wights,
the crooked Culters teare:
Both grasse and graine with hearbes do grow,
where hawtie houses were.
Thou Victor ever art alack,
ne once wilt make me shewe
By louing lines, or message meane,
what cause of stay doth grove.
No straunger stumbles on our strande,
or brings his Barke to bay,
But I enquire him of thy health
or ere he passe awaie.
And so his fortune fauour, that
on thee he chaunce to light,
pray him yeld those louing lines,
which I to thee indight.
sent to Pylos to enquire,
(where aged Nestor dwelt)
To certaine rumor of a trueth
from Pylos haue I felt.
From thence I sparke not for expence
to Sparta me to hie:
But Sparta cannot make account,
where thou do live or die.
Oze better twere for me (in faith)
if that Troy stood againe,
But I vndeconstant wight am to both
with these my wishes vaine.)

Penelope

And diest thou dare (vrechlesse) man
and ouerbolded wight)

To Thracian tents to shap thy course,
in vgly shade of night?

And onely by the ayde of one,
so many men to slay,

That wonted were to be so ware,
and mind thy wedlocke aye?

With quaking feare my hart was cold,
and visage passing pale:

When thou diest passe along the Hell,
and Thracian hozses stale:

But what to me (unhappie Feme)
auayles the Troian wracke,

And wals which you by breach have
to vtter spoyle & sacke,

If I in widdesnes state remaine,
as I tofore have done:

And must for aye Vlysses lacke,
as when the broule begunne?

To me that Troy sole both stand,
though souldours had the spoyle,

And they that Victors were, with plough
for lucre turne the foyle?

Where stately buildings were to see,
and Troian to write his stand:

There sprouteth corne, with Phrygian
so fatted is the land.

(blond,

Halfe

to Vlysses.

Valse buried bones of warlike wights
the crooked Culters teare:
Both grasse and graine with hearbes do grove,
where halotie houses were.
Thou Victor euer art alack,
ne once wilt make me shewe
By louing lines, or message meane,
what cause of stay doth grove.
No straunger stumbles on our strande,
or brings his Barke to bay,
But I enquire him of thy health
or ere he passe awaie.
And so his fortune fauour, that
on thee he chaunce to light,
I pray him yeld those louing lines,
which I to thee indight.
sent to Pylos to enquire,
(where aged Nestor dwelt)
No certaine rumo^r of a trueth
from Pylos haue I felt.
From thence I sparke not for expence
to Sparta me to hie :
But Sparta cannot make account,
where thou do^m live or die.
Dore better twere for me (in faith)
if that Troy stood againe,
But I vndeconstant wight am wroth
with these my wishes vaine.)

B

Then

Penelope V oy

Then shold I certayne be and fay
where thou didst lead thy life? I desirous
Then onely shold I dread the warres,
and stormes of stirred strife.

Then shold my dearie dolefull plaint
conioyned be with moe,
That in the absence of their makes
should take some taste of woe.

I fraughted am with feare, but what
I dread I know not well: not aid am I
My cares encrease, the way is wyde
that leades me to this hell.

No perill on the tossing sea,
or on the land is seene,
But I surmise that they forthwith
thy cause of stay haue beeene.

Whilst fondly thus amaze I stand,
(such is thy pleasures plight)
Thou mayst bestow thy loue afresh
upon some other wight.

To whom thou makst a shew perhaps
how homely is thy wife:
And how at Distaffe she delights
to lead a Kusticks life.

But (Gods) O let me be beguilde,
let whisking winds transport
Such thoughts, & thou that maist retire,
dislodge not in such sort.

Icar

to Vlysses. 15

Icarus my gruffing syre did als I understand
would force me breaue my heauy. line 14
And blushing this thy stalle returnede. line 15
would make new mariage heauy. line 16
But as I am, I will be thine, and shal ere this day
let rancor see his fill, let al our know yoll
Penelope will be the wif. line 19 still vident am I
of her Vlysses still. line 20
Yet notwithstanding endless shal
at length hath mou'd my syre: line 21 of them yd
Who rules his tage with treasons byake. line 22
and masters wrathfull p[ro]p[ri]etie and royle. line 23
From Ilands round about doth flocke line 24 m[e]r
of suters many onerous to shun yd of us
Zacinthus, Sarthus, with the selfe line 25 as yo wouldest aye
by sute encrease my mothe. line 26 vident and sun
Those roysting rufflers before the way line 27 elide
within thy Pallace gate. line 28 minois and
With catching glaives they waue thy eden
and seeke to impart thy state. line 29 wealthfull
Pyzander, Medon, Polyblis, line 30 doth nowe seeke
Eurimachus yfere? line 31 vident edel old and
With Antimachus it is no need, line 32 a nob[le] stolt scathill
for to recite as here. line 33 not vined yedl noddl
What shold by these with other names? line 34 g[e]t
who seeke to spend thy gold y mala annis of
which thou by manly Marchant got, line 35 nacht inde
in daunger of thy blood. line 36 mid adian Belgoell

Penelope

The raskall eke doth rule the ross,
Melanchius, and Ireyward our right Rous
(Which sounde to thy disworship most)
together do conspire:
We are by tale but thre, God wote,
thy weake and wretched wifer
Telemachus thy little sonne,
Laertes lothing life.
Thy sonne not long ago was like
by craft to haue consume:
Whilste he to passe against their wills
to Pylos had presumide:
But Gods I grate this onely boone
that he by course of kind,
His fathers eyes and mine may close,
and leue hymselfe behind.
This is the crooked, putres moake
and clownish cowards care:
And he that daily serues the swine,
Alke is want to fare.
Laertes overlodd with yeres,
Unable to the warre,
Amidde these states can stike no stroke
when they begin to iarre:
Thy sonne (so Gods dis lend hym life)
to mans estate will growe
But thou in these his childish yeres,
Shouldst garde him from the soe.

DIALOGO TO VLYSSES MUSICA AD

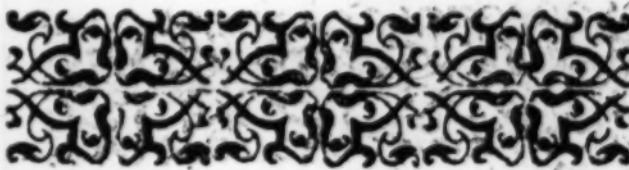
I wiser wight am not of force
to banish them the place:
wherefore, see thou who art our aide,
that thou returne apace.

Thou hast (long maist thou haue) a Sonne,
that in his tender age,
should follow on his fathers steppes,
and life to worship gage.

Lie not aye retchlesse of thy Syre,
whose eyes thou oughts to shut,
His dying date drawes on apace,
the twine of life is cut:

And I that at thy parture was
a Gyde soz to behold:

O strugh am warrt a Matrone now,
thy selfe will iudge me old!



The Argument of the Second
Epistle, entituled Phyllis
to Demophoon.

Demophoon minding after Trojan broyle
To long desired Countrie to retowre:
For all his force, for all his painefulle coyle,
Was broght to Thrace by mean of stormy shawre,
Where Phyllis gaignede, who lik' ther ghest so well,
As first to boord, and then to bed they felde.

Within a while Demophoon gan to faine
And forge excuse to Athens to repayre,
With gaged faith to shape returnt againe
Within one moneth, and bid her not despaire.
But when the fixed time was gone, and past,
Thus Phyllis wrote vnto her ghest at last.



The second Epistle.

Phyllis to Demophoon.

I That thine Hostesse, Phyllis was,
a Rhodopeian Mayde,
Mislike that thou my ghest beyond
thy ffre time haist stayde.
Thy plighted promise was with shipp
heere to arrue againe,
Before or nere about the time
the warden Moone shold wayne.
But Phoebe fourthly hath repayzd
her wasted hornes anew:
Yet may I not on Thracian coast
take once of thee a viewe.
Though thou account the fleeting time,
(which louers note by trade)
Thou shalt not find that Phyllis hath
too swone her plaint ymade.
And long enough I fed on hope,
for such is louers guise,
We hardly credite hurtfull happes
till damage do arise.
I haue oft flattered with my selfe,
and thought the Southerne wind
Had stufst thy sailes, & brought thy bark,
which yet I cannot finde.

Phyllis

I haue accursed Theseus oft,
that was thy cause of stay,
And yet may be that he at all
bredde not this long delay.
Another while I stode in awe,
lest thou to Hæbrus Lake
Directing course, in middle seas
by wacke thy bane hadst take.
Full often haue I for thy health
in mild and humble wise,
With Incense made request to Gods,
that lodge in lofty skies,
And sundry times when Acole had
his broyling Imps inclosde :
That if thou were aliuē thou woldes
haue commen I supposde.
Thus loyall loue (what so might b̄e)
and be a cause of stay :
To such as trauaille did deuise,
excusing thy delay.
But thou not forsing on thy faith,
ne counting of thy hest,
Not dreading Gods to witnesse calde,
dost mind thy Phyllis least.
Demophoon to the windes ingagde
his promise with his saile :
I sorrow that the ones returnd,
and th' others sayth doth sayle.

Denouement

to Denophoon.

Demonice to me what I haue done,
but lou'd thee all too well:
By mine offence I haue deseru'd
that thou with me shouldest dwell.
In me one haynous fault is found
that harbourde such a guest:
But this my guile hath force of bone,
and merite there doth rest.
Where now thy sole mine sacred rothes,
thy plighted troth with band:
And Gods appeald as true records
to witnesse of thy hand?
Where is that holy Hymen now,
that vs hath chosen fr̄ers,
By frē assent conioyne in one,
I feare to waste our yeres?
First swoost thou by that gasty Goule,
where wind and waue do rore,
By whom thou were in poynt to passe,
as oft thou hadst before.
When Neptune was to witnes calde,
thy Graund and worthie sire,
Unlesse thou faine) who quailes y surge
and swelling waters yre.
When Venus with her winged wight,
(that b̄ed me all this tēne)
Was summonde; whose reuenger toles,
are boȝt and arrowes kane.

Dame

Phyllis

Dame Juno, that hath sposall charge
and wedlocke, she wode her face,
And Ceres with her solemine rites,
was cyted to the place:
If each of these fore-named poures,
and witnessse thus in vaine, (wrath,
Should seeke on thas to wreak their
couldst thou endure the paines
My selfe (lest thou shouldest want at yead,
a Barkes to leau my land)
Infounded did repaire the shippes
that ragged lay on sand.
I trimde vp all thy broken Dares,
whereby thou myghtest depart;
And thus my selfe haue forde the twles
that thy led haue my heart.
Thy many smoothe and filded words,
did purchase credites place,
I did beleue thy stocke, thy Gods
stood all in Phyllis grace.
I thought thy teares had beeene of troth:
can they be forged too?
Thy teares which at commandmet are,
from flattering face to floe?
Thy Gods did make me iudge the best,
these pledges were in vaine,
God wot, one parcell of them mought
a sillie maiden traine.

The

to Demophon.

that I supported thee at neede,
it moues me nought at all,
so that thy harbour all had beeene,
the matter had beeene small.
But shamelesse and with blind forecast,
from boord to bed did goe,
and there to passe in Venus toyes,
doth agrauate my woes.
O that the last foze-passed night
before that cursed tide,
had beeene my last : then Phyllis might
with spotlesse faith have bide.
I hoped better, by desert
who had thy friendship immene,
The hope which made & right procures,
they say is well begunne.
The glorie is not great by guile
to circumuent a maide,
you rather shoule by simplenesse,
with friendly fauour paid.
A woman, and a loving wight,
thy forged fraude hath made
To be intrapt : God grant thy praise
by Phyllis spoyle to vade,
Among th' Athenian noble wights,
thy seate shall be assignde:
Thy Syre amid his spoyles shall stand,
and thou his sonne behind.

When

Phyllis

When shamefull Syron shall be read,
and sell Procurtes death,
And Scynis with the Minotaure,
whom Theseus rest his breath;
When Creon conquerde shall appeare,
and Centaures there be scene,
And be recorded that thy sire
at Plutos Court hath bane:
Beneath thy fathers manly acts,
shall stand this stately stile,
(Lo this is that vnfayfull ghest,
who Phyllis did beguile)
Of all thy fathers noble acts,
and worthe feates of fame,
Thou onely dost resemble one,
which he accounts a shame:
For he king Minos daughter rest,
and her foze went at last,
And thou(as heire of all his guile)
dost scame a iugling cast.
But she hath made a wise exchange,
(I spite not) for the best,
Upon her Tigers bridled braine,
shee rides at quiet rest.
But now such futers as in Thrace,
of me were scornde before,
Despise to be espouse to her,
who loues a stranger more,

The

to Demophoon.

Then such as were my countrey men,
to Athens let her goe,
day they) to weare þ Thracian crown,
we want not one I trowe.
The end is it that tries the fact,
God send him sorte happes,
that alway thinks it best to iudge
the cause by after-claps.
But so my countrey wanes were cut,
and sundred with the keale,
then might I vaunt my loue employde
to tend to publike weale.
But slender was the loue I bare
to this my native soyle, no simill regions
þy Pallace moves thee not a mile,
ne Bystons pleasant goyle,
he countenance and the iesture both,
are yet imprinted fast
Within my brest, that thou didst vse,
when Phillis saw thee last.
nd didst thou dare with clasping armes
imbbrace her carcasse so?
nd touch her cherie-lip with thine,
a thousand times and moe?
nd to confound thy brackish teares,
with Phillis salted brine?
nd that the weather seru'd so well,
a fault with A cole fine;
And

Sin when thou tookst thy last farewell,
abut how darst thou saye? and I saye
Demophoon will retire againe,
that (Phyllis) is no may.
Whall I expect his gaine-come that
hath minded nothing lesser?
O gape so; sayles that shunne the port
where was their chiese redresse?
And yet I can but long to see
thy comming, though be long,
Though syred day be past, reverte
and quite some part of wrong.
But what do I vnhappy wife?
another daintie dame
Both theē, and all thy loue hath wonne,
to thy reproachfull shame.
I thinke that Phyllis is forgot,
that vsde her ghest so well;
Fie, fie, of Phyllis make not strange,
ne aske the place I dwelle.
I am that Phyllis (would thou wist)
who harbourde theē at nede,
And gaue theē port that long on Deas,
hadst wand'red all in d'eede.
Whose goods enricht thy poore estate,
and having wealth at will,
Did succour theē, and would have done,
if thou hadst tarried still.

to Demophoon.

When she that made thee Lord & Prince
of all Lycurgus land,
and yelded thee a Scepter farre,
unfit for womans hand.
As farre as chilie Rhadope,
to bushie Hæmus goes,
and sacred Hæbris with his streames,
and weltring waters floes;
When shee that gave thee leue to plucke
her Maidenhead beshroude,
and with thy craftie hand to let,
her honest belt abroad.
It that sinister time was prest,
Tisiphone in place,
and eke the Owle with dolefull shiefe,
and monstrous vgly face,
not farre from thence with snakes body,
the fell Alecto lay,
who with her gastly glowing eyes,
thy presence did affray,
and naythelesse to ragged rocks,
and shore I bise to hie:
and al about to kenne the coast,
I cast my gazing eye.
When stars in rowling skies do range,
as Phoebus yeld his light,
ago to see where Aeols winds
with Neptunes waues do fight.

And

Phyllis

And whatsoeuer ship I view,
come cutting on the sea,

To Thracia ward: I judge it straight
our natine Gods to bee.

Then like a Bedlam wight to wanes
and drenching seas I runne,
As farre as swelling waters flow,
when ebbing tyde is done.

But how much more the Bark arrives,
and neerer is to land:

The more amaze, and from my wittes
estraunged do I stand.

Then gin my senscs all to faille,
my lively parts to saint:

And (were not soz my maydes) I shoulde
with sowning be attaint.

A creeke there stands that is by kind,
not farre vnlike a bow:

Whose picked points with ruthles rock,
and hardned stone doth grow.

I was resolu'd with stayed mind,
and vnapalled heart,

From thence to cast my corps adowne,
and will if thou depart.

Then restlesse cloud, and fleeting wanes
my carcasse will apply

To shore, and thou thine Hostesse shalt
vnterred see with eie.

Thou

to Demophoon.

Though Adamant thy rigor then,
and stubburne Steele excede,
See wile thou say, ife Phyllis die,
this purste had no neede.

Sometime my sanie serues me well,
with venomis brenck to die,
And strait with swoond to haile my death.

I am at poynct to fye,
Then with a string to stop my brest,

I thinke it passing sic,
And with a ruthlesse hand, a cord

about my throte to knyt
For certaine fully bent I am,

With spredie leamng lifte,
To recompence my spotted fame,

In chayle shall be no frise,
And thou that didst profore my bane,

for thy desert shalt hane
This verse, or some such other like,

Insculped on thy graue.

Demophoon that guylffull ghest,
made Phyllis stoppe her breath,

This was the caule, and hers the hand
that brought her to the death.

The Argument of the third Epistle, entituled, Briseis

to Achilles.

THe Grekes arrived at Phrygia fell to sacke
The neighbour townes to aged Priams wals,
When fierce Achilles brought to walful wracke
Clytias both, and tooke two virgins thrallies.
Th'one Chrysis hight, a passing goodly Dame,
And Briseis th'other, not much vnlike the same.

Chrysis Atrides chose to sport withall,
Achilles Briseis bad for like intent,
But when at last the Prince forewent his intent,
He Briseis left, whom carit Achilles had:
Which done, he left his Lawnce, he fled the field
And would no more his wonted weapons wield.

The Chiefetaine law at length Achilles lacke,
And former fight in field with furious foe,
To stint the strife hec sent him Briseis backe,
But he refus'd to take the Lady tho:
Which when the virgin law, this following ver
Faire Briseis sent, his brazen breast to pierce.

Th
3

The third Epistle.

Brisca Achylles

The dolefullnes you read
from captaine Briseis came,
whose Troian tilt can nearely see
with Greekish figures frame,
My flushing teares did cause
the blots and blurs you see,
Yet in these drieke drops I know,
the weight of woes to be.
I flawfull be to plaine
of thē my Lord and Fere,
Of thē my Fere and Lord, the plaine
thy selfe shalt quickly heare
I deeme it not thy guilt
that I fro thē was sent,
Yet in some part for yeilding me
so soone, thou maist be thent,
No sooner Eurybate
with Talthybius came,
But I was yeilden to their hands,
my tourney forth to frame,
And they with glauncing eyes
I flesed too and fro,
In secret silence did contult
my fancies plight to knov.

I must haue stade a while,

deserting of my woe

Had earned tham, I did not hitte
my Lord Achylles tho.

But teates beraynde my cheakes,

I retchlesse rest my hapie,

And lest I had bene rapt againe,

I stood in gallyseate,

Oft minded I by dreach,

and scape to haue returnde,

But scouts and warders lay in wait,

that me my purpose warnde.

To issue out by night,

If sees I stood in dread,

Though if I had bene caught, I shold

to Etetan Dames bene lead.

But yelded vp, I haue

beene many times a slacke,

Not rescude by thy haughtie nature,

thy malice is so slacke.

Patroclus did require,

(when I from thee did go)

What bred my dole, since quicke retire,

Should soone abridge my woes,

Thou dost not onely ceple

to sue for me againe;

But aye procurst the most thou mayst,

the Captaine shold detains

Thy

to Achylles.

Why Briseis from thy chariot gonne? all still
goe now I say and boord and comit to thine host
(Thou hote and earnest boster) thy loue in euerie countrey
thy loue in euerie countrey shal be remembred
To the Amyntors sonnes, in iustesteyne
and Ajax came I seyn a dede erist am to
The fellow Phoebus, Ajax to his dñe am distayned
by bloud to Achylles, and am estrayned
Vlysses was the third, stolde to dorsett
which shold have broghte the buckes, a dede
Of gentle wordes and good doneys greuty, and vnde
thou sholdst have founde no matche; Dolus
Atrides Tables sent, and markyd certeynlyng
twise ten of glowing Brasse,ulysse nill bring
So finely wroughte, as by beholde, his wifes valens
their matches rare it was, hard quyling shal be
Seuen stooles of semblant mettall yluminyd
and weight, with tassells shyped and yluminyd
Of gold, a dozen stately staled, comyng in
to gallop, passing blithe and aiuton shal be
And (more then needed fer, in hysur dñe was he
of that Achylles lackt) di cunegills entred to
A troupe of batelles to lisse that comeing, in
from Cities lately sackt of evill destryng
With them a prettie peaseye a brindled yllow stalle
(of Agamemmons thought, shal shewd no
Faire daughter, but shouldest none) queylle
thy louing wife to be. 2000 of thys gysse an

Of like the summe is small vnto most vnbild y^t
 Achylles would bestowd vns vnto vpon ead
 Upon my ransome, the same as vns vnd vnd
 the things he shold forgoe vnto me vngt
 That having proffer made vnto vnm A off o^t
 of me with heaped gaine vnto vna vna
 Refuseth me and all the wealth vnto vnd vnd
 and barres me by and maine. A off vngt
 Aye me, by what desert vnd vngt vnd vnd
 hath Ruler lost thy loue vnd vngt vnd
 Achylles, why so soon from her vnd vnd
 shouldest thou thy heart remoue vnd vnd
 Both rankred fortune still vnd vnd vnd vnd
 persist in yefull rage vnd vnd vnd vnd
 To miser wights vnd vnd vnd vnd
 these hurling bryoles a swage vnd vnd vnd
 I by thy manly part vnd vnd vnd vnd
 saw Lyrnes brought to sache vnd vnd vnd
 And I in Lyrnes had a share vnd vnd vnd
 which now is gone to wache vnd vnd vnd
 I saw with rusfull eie vnd vnd vnd vnd
 of mine alliance thre vnd vnd vnd vnd
 (Of thre my mother ther was one) vnd vnd vnd
 their liked lives to flee vnd vnd vnd vnd
 I saw my husband eke vnd vnd vnd vnd
 on bloudy soyle, with gore vnd vnd vnd
 Besprent, with wide & gaping wounds vnd vnd
 in vgly wise to rose vnd vnd vnd vnd

For al these hurts endurē,
 on thē I made my thoyſt,
 That thou my Lord and Louer art,
 and brother I rejoyce.
 Thou swoſt by Tē this thoſt
 that I ſhould ſcape amoy,
 And that my bhandage ſhould not brinde
 my damage, but my joy,
 Euen to this ſine it tendes,
 that I with all this downe,
 ſhould of Achylles be refou'd,
 for Agamemnons power.
 Moreuer brute had blaides,
 that when the moorning light
 Had cleard the pole, that thou on ſell
 with ship wile take thy flight,
 Which ſell report no ſoner
 came vnto my eare,
 But I by ſodaine change of hure,
 declar'd my change of chare,
 And wile thou thus depart,
 to whom wile thou me leare?
 Who will releue my vile estate,
 or ſuccourleſſe receue?
 Let gastiſly gaping gulfe
 and quaking earth devoure,
 Or let me ſeele of Vulcans bolts
 the ſtroke, and ſcatyfall ſcoure.

Let flashing flame of fire
and lightning Brusis burns,
And so by supaine charge her corps
to parched cynders turne:
Cre she from Pthia see
her Lord A chylles wende,
Embarkt, and leave his thall behinde,
which mightie loue defend.
If my retурne may like,
or countrey Gods ther please,
My burden shall not brygge the Barcke,
or thee such great disease.
The Victor as a thall,
(not as a spouse her make)
I will attēnd; my hand to spinne
and card shall undertake.
In all the Achāian soyle,
to wife the brauest Dame
Received, let her with A chil lounge,
Cupidoes feates to frame.
A worthie daughter law,
for Pelius Aeacus sonne,
To whom old Nereus to become,
a Heignour would not shun.
The while, I sille wench
prompt to obey thy best,
will do my taske at turne and Cardes,
or Distasse with the rest.

TO ACHYLLES

so that I crane her nought,
but onely that thy wifē alwaies dincē so
Whiche would comē my hart ful faire) i red i will
will cease from grutching ploris. i red i
be bainish me mine easē
ne suffer her to teare
In spitefull wise, my Golden locks
and rent my crised heare
In silence to thy selfe
say : This was once my louē : But alredy
Is th' otheris my wedded spouse, nof addia, wch
whose rigour I represe. (nof addia wch)
force not what I bide
so I with thes may say : ye and col. idon ons
But Briseis hath a doblefull heade, idon tog dñe
that puts godd hope alway. idon tog dñe
That dost thou more erprese. idon glanc and idon
Atrides wrath is gone.
Ind Grēce, in dolefull wise, before
thy fēte doth make her mōre.
Represe thy raging vre, (idon on E lectus) idon
that dost the rest subdue : (idon on ḡm̄ obf)
How cruell Hector makes the Ḡeknes, idon
their resleſſe rage to run. (idon on d̄p̄ obf)
Achylles, take thy lōve, (idon on d̄p̄ obf)
and Briseis once againe : (idon on d̄p̄ obf)
And then with lucky spār, the fīf Polonē and idon
with Troian blasp̄ mistayne, (idon on d̄p̄ obf)

Let

Let her that was the cause of thy shame to God
 of wrath, appease thine eyes; and plaine me
 Let her that did thy grace, be cause now
 that thou to thy almyte, turn me againe.
 Be thou thinke disdaine, and am I bounde
 to graunt me my request? but of thy selfe
 Since Meleager helpe him, that Hesiteth
 to Cleopatras hest.
 I speake it by report, thou knowest the matter well:
 How Althea sought to spoile her sonne,
 (D Achyll thou canst tell,) to teach her
 Who was a valiant wight, did I aduise long agoe
 and noble for his Part:
 And yet he did renounce his armes,
 and from his Country went,
 Whom onely mild request
 of Cleopatra behode;
 But Briseis words are of no weight,
 her sute is not allowde.
 Whereof I ne disdaine,
 who may not justly crave
 The title of a spouse, but am
 a vile and bounden staine.
 For sundry times when thou
 were bent to Venus play,
 Then wouldest thou bid unto thy bed
 thy seruaunt come her way.

to Achylles

mong thy captives our selfe and a wretched
a Madams name me ganeys and you easl vpon
hose are visitting termes (quoth he) wherein on
not greeting to a slave. I saye to him attred
y my god husbands bones (he said) he did them lay
laid in vntimely pittie as they were in stony ground
Whiche bones I wene to honoure agaynfull come
till lively twine vnknot (said he) and so by A
nd by my brothers ghosts (he said) nowe noisome he
which did resist till death, and much triste heid
and in defens of nature (he said) when he was dead
too lauish were of breath exhalynge in his ghet
y both our heads which weare at a yarde space
hane often led yfearaynes and miseries
nd by thy weapons unholyly seruies (he said)
hane tryde too much, I shewe, setteth his
hat none of all the Grecches or mad ydhu may
my secrete part dom knowe, cold dene clothe a
orsake and as an abise somme remedie gaue
me, if it prove not fained of aduertisement
but if I should demande (he said) what I haue
an othe of thee againe, I saye to him attred
that thou hauest with none other Lasse, but me
but with thy Briseis layne, and vntold ghet
nd say, Thou valiant wight, worth great to be
hast thou not past in playnes idly ge & royal
ince I to Agamemnon wente parsonage had
Achylles would say nay, at eell comyng to me

The

The Greces surmisse that thou
dost lead thy life in woes,
And mourne sad want of Briseis but
I see it is not so.

Thou rumblest on thy Lute,
Sweete Musicke likes thy eare, and in thy
Some lustfull Lasse wold not permitteth
Achilles coulch beare, and evill glaundell
If question were, why thou wold not yow
dost stint from wanted night :
Thou wouldest auouch that Venus were
with greater pleasure freight.
More safety is to lincke, and rowe in Venus Barge,
and rowe in Venus Barge,
Or with a pleasant Thracian Lute
all sorwes to discharge:
Than in thy hand to haue
a shield with blowy speare,
Or heauy Helmet on thy head,
and feldred locks to beare,
But worthy workes of warren
were more imbraced earth,
Than such a safety, when thy heale
with glories Launce was pearsh.
What? were thou quely stoueling and I
when I by fight was wonnesse? for now I thinke
Is all that courage quayled quite,
now Lyrnes siege is done

to Achylles

ay, Gods so bid that thou / vñlly nocht glod /
shouldest seeke thy fame to lose, / bethind yd
et rather let thy Laure the brayre / noon aon
of hautie Hector brayre, and yit vñtysq; last
end me(ye Greces) by harts, / ad smol qf it /
as seruaunt will This mordal of smot me /
into my Lord, and all my woes, / last red oage /
my kisses shall enlie, / vñtysq; and red cleare of
or Briseis will prenaile / it shal be that ony of /
farre more then Phenisian / and aqua que
nd more then wise Vlysses tale / and of elect of /
or A iax with the man / and vþne yþne yd
is much with falded armes / and vþne yþne
his necke to haue imþatting / and to dene
nd louing looks by fancy hast / at vñtysq; yd
with glauncing eye to cast / all england cap
hough thou(Achylles) / bec abowt a crone
with rigour and / with rage / Dyming only on
epleate, yet maythe lessa with teare / quoth of such
thy wþath I will aßwage, and that cum tol
nd may they now take place / and shold embo
if so, Gods graunt the faire / and hylfing hit
The wþthy Palos) to his ymre / and (b) 155
and hoped age aspyres / vñtysq; stipt out.
so thou heare my sute, youselme vñtysq; (c) 155
Gods graunt that Pythias may / and sayd hit
Thy wþthy sonne) to bataille go / and (d) 155
in god and lucky daye, and vñtysq; rebirth

Behold

Behold, thou manly wight, ad did col 260, v.
 thy Briseis clad with woe; yet still behald
 Abandon rigour in gout times. A gouty time
 that paynes thy lounes, ad 103. Heitred to
 Dye if thy loue be changing, ad 103. O my sonne
 from loue to lothsome hate that inwardly
 Force her that liues in heaþy night. If you
 to yeeld her due to fate, ad 103. And bid ym
 The fine will prove it so, having his bairn
 my corps and colour fast. I must axom erid
 The soule to keep his formes to me, ad 103. And seare
 thy onely hope hath made ad 103. xvi. A go
 Which hope, when so shall faine, glid downe all
 and be debard his herte, ad 103. And when all
 Thy Briseis to her husbands soule ad 103. And now
 and brothers shall aspye, ad 103. And when
 To force a woman die, ad 103. And when
 no glory mayst thou gather: One myghty cities
 But so thou long to haue my death, ad 103. And when
 let me with swerd beslaine, ad 103. And when yd
 Some bloud as yet remaynes, ad 103. And when
 in carefull corps inclosed ad 103. And when
 Which wold stury out, if with thy swerd ad 103.
 the vaine were once disclose, ad 103. And when
 With selfe same weapon pierce, ad 103. And when
 my weake and feeble side, ad 103. And when
 Where with (if Pallas had not beene), ad 103. And when
 Arides shold haue died, ad 103. And when

of rather tame wailings.

et rather save my life,

as thou before hast done:

and thou that beame by my meyn'.

by humble sute be knownne.

Urgent to make the switch [Executive Summary](#)

the fierce unperceived fire which surrounds us.

dog bathe in Phayrei blood, the bitches, and all

on Priams friends bestow. — *Ad T.*

chylles, say the woodpecker birds at a glance.

and where they come or stay. Quidnunc said T.

schon willt hause me wunder rettende da sagt ay A

the Briseis comes her man, and she begins to talk

which is equivalent to the adiabatic condition and

abril de 1913 em duas fases da adiacência o T.

about a dozen species of arthropods at a time. (Meadow 1972)

...and the other half of the action and effort required to implement the new system and culture. The

According to the author, the first step in developing a successful business plan is to identify the market.

Belangrijke technieken en deelname aan deelname aan T

1. Ein geheimer Brief aus dem Ausland ist der Grund für die Verhaftung von

Si sono anche studiati gli effetti della T.

... que en el caso de la otra sección de la red, denominada T-2, se observó una elevación de la temperatura en la parte central de la sección.

What is the relationship between the two? The answer is that they are both important, but for different reasons.



The Argument of the
fourth Epistle intituled

Plautus to Hippolytus, intituled

answere ad etet alijmnd yd

THE franticke Rhodes before wedded Man
In absence of the Duke her husband fell
In loue with Hippolyte, and did forsake
The worthy wight that bound his wife so well,
But he delighted with Diana more
Then cranking Cupid of Daunc Venus play:
Aye kept the chal and flou' the saunge Bore,
Not forcing what his mother law did say.
Shee maytheles attacht with glowing gledde,
To winne the chastfull youth to filthy lust:
In subtil sorte his humors sought to feede,
Perwading him her sute to be but iust,
With sundry sleights she went about to winne
The retchlesse youth, that minded nothing less
Than shamefull lust and filthy fleshly sinne,
The mothers mind this Pistle doth expresse.
These suing lines her sluttish sute bewray,
Whereto Hippolyte thus gan she say.

The fourth Epistle.

Phædra to Hippolitus.

The health & greeting that she sendes,
the same shall Phædra want.
Unlesse thou (Hippolite) such health
vouchsafe to Phædra graunt.
Receive and read what so is sent,
what damage may ensue:
In these perhaps there lurkes that maye
thy pleasure's plight tenuie.
As well by land, as surging seas,
such wris are wont to wend:
And foes that feed on rancour, read
the lines the foes do send:
Thrise was I bent to haue disclosde
to thee my couert sake: at sygnes shewed you
But thise my soltring tongue was tide;
I stood as one wees mute,
I mingled bashfull shame with loue,
till loue surpassed shame.
Wherfore the words I blusht to speake,
in writing read the same; out of dredge
For what so Cupid givies in charge,
tis madnesse to despise:
For he doth conquer God and man,
as nature did deuise.

Phædra

He, when I stood in gastfull dread,
to penne my earnest lute,
Said, write on Phædra he shall yield
and pay thy paines with fruite.
Be prest thou mighty Prince of loue,
and as thy feruent fire
Doth burne my breast, so cause him fry
with Phædras hote desire.
I mind not by enormous guilt
to b^eake my spousall knot :
For (would thou wist) my life as yet
is free from shamefull blot.
How much the longer tis ere loue
innades a womans brest :
The sozer is the cruell gash,
and b^eedes the moze distrest.
My inward parts are all inflamde,
my bowels boyle with heate :
My scorched hart sorepind with woe
a lurking wound doth create.
As Bullocks may not well abide
the crooked yoke at first :
Nor trampling Colts with bit or brake
to haue their talves yburst.
So fares it by my skillest brest
that hardly may endure :
Unwonted loue, or such vniess
as Cupid will procure.

to Hippolytus.

In youth wher skill by practise comes,
the knowledge is profound: But who so loves when youth is spent
can not with art abound? The first taste of my spotlesse fame
unto thy share shall fall, I advised yding sum
And each of vs at ones shall be And you long a.
to sinfull lust in th' all. C'is somewhat from the fraughted
to pluck the fruit at full, (boughes
And Primrose with a nimble naple
from slender stalke to pull. Euen so the former brightnes of
my passed age was cleare, obscured with no cloudy crime,
as doth in profe appeare! But well it chaunced that I am
attacht with worthy flame, A soule Aulter then the fact
doth breed a fouler shame. Though Juno woulde to Phaedras bē
of loue renounce her right: Yet Phædra woulde Hippolytas
preferre with all her might. And now (which thou wouldest scarcely
I am not as I was; I haue delight in quechie groues,
by brutish beasts to passe.

Phædra

Now Dian with her bended bowes
and shastes is all my care :

I yield me wholly to thy will,
in wracke and wealth to fare.

My pleasure is to haute hilles,
and bushy brakes to hie :

To pitch my hay, or with my hounds
to rayse a lusty crie :

Or els with weake and willing arme
a trembling Dart to shrow,

Or weary limmes in grasse & groanes
with pleasure to bestow.

Tis oft my practise in the plaine
a Charret for to guide :

And with a bit, to wrest and wind
the horse from side to side.

Sometimes by restless raging fits
much like to Bacchus Runne,

Or like to Cibils brainsick nymphes
in Ida Mount, I runne,

Resembling those whom Driades,
and Faunes force to flee:

Whom Hemi-gods we deemeid, and
halfe heavenly wights to be.

This tale is told to me at large
when furious fits are past :

To me I say, whose couert parts
with silent loue do wast.

to Hippolytus.

We may perhaps unto the fate
and fortune of our kind
impute this loue, and Venus longs,
by tribute vs to bind.

For first the faire Europa was
of mighty loue embrayst :
Who in the figure of a Bull
did play a fluttish cast.

An other brutish Bull my Dame
Pasiphae beguild :

Who with an vgly monstre was
by him begot with child.

False Theseus by my sisters shifft
and tractt of silken twine,
The crooked case and doubtfull demie
of Deda fled in fine.

And last of all, least I should seeme
to swarue from Minos trade,
The remnant of that noble race,
the like attempt haue made.

And that by fatall deuine procur'd,
one house two Sympthes hath wonne
My sister lou'd the father well,
and I imbrace the sonne.

Two sisters were a way conuayde,
by thē, and by thy Sire :
Great two Trophées of one house,
whereto you did aspire.

That time when we in Athens did
to Ceres incense yield :
Would Gods that Gnosion quiet soyle
in Creta me had held.
Then most of all (but ever well)
thou stoodst in Phædras grace,
And chiefly tho thy piercesant love
my yelding hart did race,
Thy vesture was as white as snow,
and head with garlands deekt :
Thy visage swart, was seemely then
with Rosie red insect.
Thy countnance which to other dames,
so clownish seemes and grimmie,
For clownish, comely Phædra thinks,
her eye doth iudge it trimme.
Sie on those sond unmanly men,
that seekes in nice attyre,
Against their kind, the curious tricks
of women to aspyre,
Thee (Hippolyte) thy warlike face
and staring locks commend :
Thy countnance grymed all with dust
a comely shape doth lend.
Where y with Raine dost rule thy horse
and gallop in the field:
I maruell at thy Arte, that so
canst force a Courser yold.

TO Hippolytus.

O where thou with thy nimble arms
a thirling Launce doest cast:
I muse how such a slender Dart
should pierce the ayre so fast.
O where thou hold thy hunting Arms
ytipt with stubborne steels,
Ought drestels, it glads my mind,
my hart the toy doth feele.
Wherefore this rigor to the woods
and knarry trees expell,
I am not she that doth deserve
to die for loving well.
O to what purpose wist thou put
Dianas feates in prose,
And take from Venus all her due,
and stand from her aloofe.
For what so lacks a successeure rest,
and respite after toyle,
Which shal refresh the fainting lims,
must needs sustaine the foyle.
For triall take thy crooked bowe,
and let it stand ybent,
And never cease to shooe, and thou
shalt feele his force relent.
Though Zephalus in silent woods,
were wont to wast his time,
And kill his game with dexter hand
when sauage were in prime:

Pet naythelesse to Auroras Touch

and Cabbin would he wend:

In lothed Tithons wanted roome

the toyfull time to spend.

Not once, nor twise, but sundry sythes

the Goddesse Venus lay

With Adon in the waylesse woods,

her pleasures to assay.

So with the fayre Atlantas loue

Sir Melcager glowde,

Whom in the profe of perfit loue

the monsters spoile allowde.

So let vs now at length I pray

be numbred with the moe:

The rudenes of your chasse appeares,

if Venus it forgoe.

My selfe will follow at a foote,

though rocky hilles say nay:

No gnashing Boze with threating tuske,

thy Phædra shal affray.

Two seas there are that with their waues

environ Istrom so,

That all the Iland heares the flouds

on either side that floe.

There I with thee in Trezen will

soiourne in Pitheus raigne:

For now that soyle contents me more

than all my Countrey vaine.

Now

to Hippolytus.

Now loytring Theseus doth dislodge,
not minding to retire,
As yet, Perithous his friend,
his presence doth desire.
And lest we should apparent truch
with froward will denie:
That Pyrrith he preferres before
our loues we may espie.
And not this onely wrong (thouḡ this
were much) we both endure,
But he in greater matters doth
our open wrong procure.
By h̄brothers bones with baleful blowes
of knarrie club hee brake,
By sister eke suspecting nought,
this Theseus did forsake.
The cheefe of all the Amazons,
for prowesse and for fame,
Thy mother was, who well deseru'd
great fauour for the same.
But if thou chante of her what is
become, de maund to make,
Thou shalt descrie that she her death
by Theseus sword did take:
And that before she was conioyned
in marriage. Wot you why?
For thou base-boorne shold never raign
and Princes roome supply.

And

Phædra

And more then that, on me he gat
some Impes, whom Theseus wrath
Not mine (I witnesse al the Gods)
too soone bereaued hath.

O Lord, what so she were aline,
that would thy spoyle intend,
Amidst her traauile would her life
by shamefull death might end.

Wherefore go to, do reuerence
vnto thy fathers bed,
Which he by his vnhonest meanes,
and faithlesse flight hath fled.

Be not surprisde with foolish feare,
nor rapt with gastfull awe:
That I thy lotted Stepdame am,
and thou my sonne in law.

These rites and superstitions
by Saturn were maintaineide,
But all such lawes in fature time,
are like to bee restraineide.

That rustie Saturn now is dead,
his statutes are all gone,
Now follow loue, who gouerns all,
and raignes as Prince alone.

For loue as lawfull hath allowde,
what so may breede delight,
And now the brother may his faith,
vnto his suster plight.

Ch

to Hippolytus.

They whom Dame nature hath allyde,
and linkt by law of kind,
By mutuall loue and friendly league,
the knot more firmly bind,
To kepe in couert such delights,
it is but slender skill,
The cloke of kindred will procure
the wold to iudge no ill.
When so our kissing shall bee seene,
or clipping close bee know,
That I a stepdame am so kind,
to both our praise will grow.
Thou shalt not neede to come by darke,
or blere the Porters eye,
By comming to thy lodgynge late,
where I am wont to lie.
As we haue solournde long yfeare,
so wez hereafter wylle
And as we haue in open kist,
so may we stanketie still.
With me thou maist be safe and sound,
thy fact shall purchase fame,
And though thou in my bed were seene,
it will not b^ræde thy shame.
Wherfore expell all fond delayes,
and hast to Venus soy:
So Cupid, that on me doth rage,
procure thee none annoy.

Thou

Phædra

Thou seest I take not in disdaine,
in humble sort to sue.

Lord, where is all my pride become,
and haughtie words that flue?

I was in mind and fully bent,
resistance to have made,

Reuolting aye: but now I see
no stay in louers trade.

Thus conquerde, with erected hands,
and falling at thy knee

I sue for grace. What best besemes
we louers cannot see.

Now honest shame hath fled my face,
and makes no longer stay:

Relent, and since I do confesse,
ridde rigour cleane away.

Since Minos that doth owe the Heas,
my stately sise is knowne,

Since from my Grandfires weakfall
þ thundring bolts are thrown. (hands)

Since Phædra that doth make request,
of Phœbus line discends,

Who to the soyle his blazing bands,
for earthly comfort lendedes.

(In this my loue great honour lurks)
let noble stocks dissent,

(If Phædras lute may not be heard)
enforce thē to relent.

to Hippolytus.

All Creta, where the myghtie loue
Was fostered is my dovre,
Which I will wholly yeeld to thē,
To vse thereon thy power.

Exile this ruthfull rage, my Dame
A savage Bull could moue:
Boze cruell then a brutish beast
Wilt thou thy selfe approue?
For Venus sake I craue remorse,
Whom I do honour faine,
So grant ye Gods that Hippolyte
May never loue in bathe.

Diana chasse in silent woods
So prest be at thy call,
And Lawndes so lend thee store of game
To glad thy mind withall.

So Satyrs friendly shew your selues,
And Mountaine Panes eke,
So on the cruell tusked Boze
Thy Jauylaine thou maist breake.
So, (though ȳ hate ȳ hurtles Nymphs)
Let Nymphes from Christall cloud,
Allow thee liquour to expell
Thy thirst i[n] desert wood.

Unto these milde requests of mine,
I added teares withall,
When so thou reade the lines, surmisse
Thou sawſt the drops to fall,

The

The Argument of the fift Epistle, entituled, Oenone
to Paris.

King Priams wife with child,
and neere her time did dreame,
That she was brought to bed with flashe,
and flaming firy streme.
The doubtfull Sire demaundes
the Oracles aduise,
Which told that domage by the babe,
to Troy should soone arise.
The father gaue his charge,
the child ishould die the death,
The Dame deliuer'd sought the meane,
to saue her babe his breath.
Ahyard had the child,
that growne to mans estate,
Of Oenon was enathored,
and tooke her to his Matc.
But when the Ladies stroue
for beautie, Paris gaue
His verdit on Dame Venus side,
that promisde he shold haue
In token of good will,
a passing wench for hue:
Meane while the Sire by secret signes,
his sonne sir Paris knew.

The Argument.

To *Greece* the gallant goes,
and steales *Atrides* wife,
That was the cause of wailefull warte;
and roote of ranckling strife;
Whiche when *Oenon* knew,
(report had blazde it so)
Agreeu'd she made her iust complaint,
and prayd him to forgoe
The wrongfull Greekish rape,
and take her to his Feere.
The words she wrote with painfull pen,
began as you shall heare.

The



The fift Epistle.

Oenone to Parris,

T^D Parris that was once her owne,
though now it be not so,
From Ida, Oenon greeting sendes,
as these her Letters shew.
May not thy nonell wife endure
that thou my Pittie reade?
That they with Grecian fist were
ȝ needst not stand in dread. (wrought,
Pegasian Nymph renound in Troy,
Oenone hight by name,
Of thée, (that art mine owne) complaine
if thou permit the same.
What froward God doth seeke to barre
Oenone to be thine?
Or by what guilt haue I deseru'd
that Parris should decline?
Take patiently deserved woe,
and never gruch at all,
But bndeserued w^zongs will grieue
a woman at the gall.
Scarce were thou of so noble fame,
as flatly doth appeare,
When I (the offspring of a cloud,
did choose thée for my faere.

And

Chorus to Lazarus.

And thou which now art Priams sonne,
(all reverence layd apart)
Wllere tho a viard to behold,
when first thou wantst my heart.
How oft haue we in shadewe layne,
whilst hungry flockes haue fed?
How oft haue we of grasse and groanes,
prepar'd a homely bed?
How oft on simple stacks of straw,
and bennet did we rest?
How oft the dew and foggie mist,
our lodgynge hath opprest?
Who first discouer'd the holtes,
and Lawndes of lurking game?
Who first displaid the where y welps
lay sucking of their Dame?
I sundrie times haue holpe to pitch
thy toyles for want of ayde,
And forst thy hounds to climbe the hils,
that gladly would haue stayd.
The boystrous Beech Oenos name
in outward barke doth bear,
And with thy carvynge knife is cut
Oenon euerie where:
And as the treés in time do ware,
so doth increase my name:
Go to, graue on, ered your selues,
helpe to aduance my fame.

C

There

Oenone

There growes (I m^{ind} it very well)
upon a banke a tree,
Wheron there doth a fresh record,
and will remaine of me.
Live long thou happy tree, I say,
that on the brink doth stand,
And hast ingraved in thy barke,
these words with Paris hand.
When pastor Paris shall revolt,
and Oenons loue forgot:
Then Xanthus water shall recoyle,
and to their fountaines floe.
Now river back ward bend thy course,
let Xanthus streame retier,
For Paris hath renounst the Nymphs,
and p^reou'd himselfe a lier.
That cursed day bred all my dole,
the winter of my ioy,
With clowdes of froward fortune
procur'd me this annoy. (straught
When cankred craftie Iuno came,
with Venus, (spurce of loue,
And Pallas eke, that warlike wench,
theit beauties pride to prove:
No sooner heard I of that hap,
which thou thy selfe didst tell,
But straught through all my quivering
a trembling feare there fell. (bones,

And

to Paris.

And plunged all in doubtfull dreade
of aged folkes I sought,
What might this gasty matter mean,
some haynous thing they thought.

Then with a trice the trees were cut,
the timber went to wacke,
And fallowed keles did sorrow seas,
and made the Cables cracke.

At parture saltish teares were shed,
thou canst but say the same.

In faith this latter loue of thine
deserves the greater shame.

Then shoures of brackish brine began,
of either side to raine:

And both repleat with griefe alike,
at parture gan to plaine.

Hot Bacchus branches so imbrace,
ne limber limmes of vine,

Environ that whereof it growes,
as thou this necke of mine.

How often were y wroth with windes,
when winds did serue thee well?

Thy tourney Dales began to suryle,
when they thy sleights did smell.

How oft didst thou me sweetely kisse,
and then unkisse againe?

How did thy (last adue) procure
thy soltring tongue to paine?

Oenone

With wished wind thy sayles were
that hung upon thy mast, (stuff,
The waters wert as greene as grasse,
the Dares went on so fast.
With sight as long as sight would serue,
thy Barke I did pursue,
And when mine eie might see no more,
my heart began to rue.
To greene Neriedes I did sue,
that thou myghtst soone retire,
And I (to further this my woe)
thy gaine-come did desire.
Whose comming is to others vse,
procured by my sute:
(Alas) of all my travayling toyle,
a harlot hath the fruit.
A huge and haughtie hill there is,
that gapes into the floud,
Repelling all the waltring waues,
that beate his banks a god.
From thence I tooke my prime prospect
and knew full well thy ship:
A sodaine ioy wel-nigh hath made
me from the Mount to skip.
But whilst I staid, I saw in toppe,
a purple banner shone,
Which colours made me sore adrade,
I knew they were not thine.

The ship that slacked not to sayle,
came by and by to shore;
With quaking heart I saw a Lasse
I never knew before.

She yet could that perdie suffice,
(but wherefore made I stay)

The hatefull harlot out of hana
her manners did display.

Then mourning gan I renf my robes,
then beat I on my brest,

And with vnfriendly fist my face,
in wailefull wise was drest.

By yelling clamors I da heard,
and witness all my woe,

I carred thither to my Cotte,
my teares that fell as snow.

So grant ye Gods that Helen true,
and spoyled of her make,

Of these my greeves procur'd by her,
the greatest share may take.

Now hast y brought the home by seas,
and ouer wandred waves,

That haue their loyall husbands fledde,
and left as lothsome slaves.

But when thou were in vile estate,
and led a viards life,

Poor Paris had but Oenon tho,
to his approued wife.

Oenone

I am not she that wayes thy wealth,
thy Wallace moves me nought,
Ne to be Priams daughter I
by earnest sute have sought.
Yet needelesse is that Priam should
of such a daughter shame:
What shold procure old Hecuba
to blush to be my Dame?
I well deseru'd, and very faine,
a Princes spouse would bee,
A Scepter would beseme my hand,
and passing well agree.
Though I with thee in open holte,
amid the sedge were seene,
Disvaine me not, a purple bed
were fitter for a Queen.
In fine, my loue is boyde of dread,
thou needst not warre at all.
Reuenger ships are yet in sight,
to sack the Trojan wall.
But hatefull Helen is requir'd
with weakfull warre againe.
This is a daintie dolwe indeede,
where bloudshed is the gaine.
Aske Hectors counsell in this case,
where thou sholdst her restore,
Deiphobus, Polydamus,
with other Troians more.

LETTERS.

Let sage Antenors tale be heard,

let Priam giue advise,

For they by long experiance of yeres,
haue gotten to be wise.

It is a shamefull thing indeade,
a strumpet to preferre,

The godnesse of thy cause appeares,
the Grekes do iustly warre.

Mayst thou assure her to be true,
so ought in her affie,

Whom thou so quickly wantest wth words
and made her countrey flicke.

As yong Atrides both lament,
and sorrow this his fate,

And takes in griesse a stranger shoulde
entoy his wedded mate.

So Paris shall in provesse prooue,
and sweare that gaged faith

Once falsed, may not bee restor'd
till life doe end by death.

But eare shē loues shē (Paris) well,
so did shē loue the Greke:

But now the silly man is sole,
his Helen is to sēke.

Thise happye was sir Hectors wife,
her lucke was passing good.

Thou shouldest haue follow'd Hectors
and to thy bargaine stood. (trade,

Oenone

More light art thou then parched leaues,
when suck and sap is lost,
That with the wind soz want of weight
from place to place are lost.
In this lesse surette to bee found,
then weight in beard of wheate,
That is surprisde with sunnie raires,
and Phœbus seruent heate.
I call to mind thy sisters lawes,
which tho I tooke in vaine,
The Propheteesse pronounst in profe
that now is passing plaine.
What madnes makes thee thus inrage,
to sow thy seede in sand.
O nymph (she said) with bootesse plough
thou breakst a barraine land.
A Greekish Hayfer comes to Troy,
that both thy Countrey soyle
And thee, thy house, (which Gods fore
will bring to vtter soyle. (send,)
With spedde go sinke that shameful ship,
let drowne the beastly Warke,
That fraughted is with Phrygian blod
repleat with Troian carke.
No sooner had this Sybill said,
her Massals thought her wrode:
But I with quaking feare was rape,
my haire erected stood.

The

to Paris.

Thy words (Cassandra) were of weight,
thou art a Sibyll true:
The hayfer leaps within my lease,
that makes my heart to tue.
Durst passing though her beauty be,
dishonest is her life,
That leaues her Country Gods, and he
become a straungers wife.
Once was she earst away connayde
from Greece by Theseus the st.
I wote not by what Theseus, but
by Theseus was she rest.
Right she with Maydenhead refyde
from such a wanton ghest?
No, no, I know the trade of loue
as well as doth the best.
Well, pose it to be rape and stealth,
so cloake the crime with name:
Yet she that was so often wrongde
assented to the same.
Oenon neuer swarude her hest,
though Paris were vnust:
Of right y shouldest haue beeне beguilde,
in whom was slender trust.
Sage, swift, and seemely Satyrs woulde,
with me beeне coupled faine,
Whō they in leauie woods haue sought,
with great and griesfull paine.

The

The fonda Faunus oft in Ide
my frendship did request :
Whose head with hurtleſſe hornes, and
of Pine was branely drest. (bowes
The faithfull Phœbus (Trotans trust
and rampire) lou'd me well:
Untill suchtime my dainty fruit
vnto sir Phœbus fell,
And that by force : in proſe whereof,
I rent his golden heare,
And scratcht his face with froward fist,
the ſignes as yet appeare.
No iewels I, ne Gemmes receiude
for filthy iukers hyze :
It is beaſtly ſo t'ingage the corps
for grēdy mucks deſire.
He deeme de it recompence ynough,
his Phisickē to beſtow :
My ſkillesſe hand and barraine ſkull
he caught his Art to know.
What hearbe loeuuer were of poſte
or vertue to recure,
To learne his force and lurking might
I could my ſelſe affore.
Aye me, the moſt vnhappy wench,
vnluckiſt vnder Hunne :
Though I in Phisick haue good ſight,
by loue my ſkill is wunne.

Apollo

Apollo Phisicke that depisde
Admetus flocke did feed:
And had his godly brest incensit
with Oenons partching glēd.

But Paris wotst thou what? the health
that neither hearbes may lend,
The Gods may graunt, thy friendly fīends
at once to me may send.
Thou canſt, and I haue well deseru'd,
take mercy of a Mayde:
I come not like a Greekish ſoe,
A trides poſte to ayde.
But thine I am and from thy youth
thy louer haue I beene:
And will (whilſt lungs shall lend me)
thy faithful friend be ſene.

The



The Argument of the
sixt Epistle, entituled Hyp-
siphile to Iason.

THE Oracle pronounst
to Pelias, that he
Should then daunger stand of death
when he did chaunce to see
One barefoote, doing rytes
vnto his fathers ghost:
T'was Iasons hap to meeete him, that
by hap his shoe had lost
In flood Anaurus foord.
the Vnkle wayng then
The prophecy to stand in doubt
of dreadfull death began,
To Colchos he perswades
the lusty youth to fleete
To fetch the golden Fleese a spoyle
for such a Gallant meeete,
In hope the daungers would
the wanton with deuourd
Sir Iason with a troupe of Greekes
through choking channell scourd.
At Lemnos he at length
and all his route arriude,
An Ile where cursed women had
their husbands liues depriude.

Hypsiphile

The Argument.

Hypsiphe the Queene
did entertaine the Greeke
and all his traine for courtesie,
they neuer saw the like.
There two yeeres he sojournde,
his Mates at last bespake
Their Captain, & persuades him thence,
his voyage on to take.
The Queene was great with Babe,
away the Grecians go,
Arriuide at Colch he wanne the Fleese,
Medea lou'd him so.
The Conquerer conuayes
the mayde with him to Greece,
Which Queene Hypsiphe hearing of
and of his pretie peece,
Repynd at Iason sore,
that Medea had posselt:
The place which she had wonne before
by vsing well her ghest:
She ioyes at his returne,
the Witch she felly hates,
And thus with ioyfull Iason in
her Pistle she debates.

The

The first Epistle.

Hypsiphil to Iason.

The flickring fame reports
that to Thessalia soyle
Thou art with lucky Barke returned
enricht with golden spoile.
Ioy (as much as thou
wilt give me leane mine owne)
To heare thy health, but yet I shoulde
thereof by letter knowne,
For that thou shouldest not leave
my land at thy returne
Unseene : thou couldst not haue þ winds
to serue thy hoped turne.
Thou shouldest haue sent me lines
though weaþer did not serue:
Istand assur'd that Hypsiphil,
a greeting did deserue:
Why came report before
thy Letters made me shewe,
That bluddy Mars his sacred Bulles
the pinching yoke did know?
And that of scaffred sed
there weapned wights arose?
And that thy baleful hand was prest
to deale them deadly blose?

And

Hypolite to Iason.

nd that the waker Fenne
the glittering spoyle did keepe:
Whch thou in fine with manly hand
hast rest the shning shēpe :

So such as hardly woulde
believe the wonders told,

ow blest were I, if I might daunt
thus Iason to note. Behold.

What? shall I say thou hast
not playd the husbands part?

o I be thine, thy frēndship farre
surmounts my small desart.

The brute doth blast there is
a barbarous Witch attide

With thee, who hath me of my spouse
and bridel yed deplude.

ouc lightly will beleue:

would to God I might be sed
rashfull Dame, and false reports

of Iason to haue spred.

ghest of Thessal came

from Hemus parts es late,
Who scarsely had set fote within
my t'naquainted gate.

How fares my loue (quoth I)

old Actions sonne I pray?

But he with countenance cast to ground
for shame had naught to say.

Then

THEY PHYLIPPE.

Then forth I skipt in hast,
and renting mine attire,
Lyues he (quoth I) or do the fates
my death also require?
He liues (quoth he) an othe
in profe thereof I craue:
I made him swaue, yet to his Gods
I hardly credite gaue.
When to my selfe I came,
Thy manly acts to know,
I longde: and he how Mars his Bulles
had turn'd the spoyle did shew.
He said that snaky teeth
for seele were cast on land:
And up stans men with armour clad
both sword and shield in hand.
And that the earthly brome
in ciuell warre was slaine;
And in a day lost suddaine life
by suddaine death againe.
And of the Serpents fall
againe where Iason lies.
I aske. So hope and doubtfull dread
for chæself credite strives.
Whilst he ech thing displayes
desirous for to prate.
He makes me shew how y hast wrongd
thy leuall spouse of late.

O where is plighted faith?
where nuptiall othes and band?
and that which should ben cast in flame,
I meane the spousall brand?
Thou knowest me not by stealth,
dame Juno was in place,
(who hath the marrige charge) & there
did Hymen shew his face.
But neither Juno did
nor Hymen hold the light:
Some furie fell with bloodshot eyes
did frame this cankred spight,
Why I with Minyes did deale?
or Pallas sacred pine?
O (Typhus) what hast thou to do
with any soyle of mine?
Here was no famous Lamme
with fléxe of glowing gold:
In Leinno was no Pallace so
your aged Prince to hold.
First was I fully bent,
but destiny me withdrew,
By womans powre to put them off,
and wandring ghestes subdue:
For Lemnian Ladies know
too well to warre with men:
My life with such a valiant troupe
should haue heene garded then.

Hypphile

I gave the man at once
my hostage and my hart :
For two yeres bate thou wert with me,
and never didst depart.

When third Autume came on,
that thou of force were faine

To holde thy sailes, these words thou spakst
With gushing teares amainer
Mine owne, I must depart,
If Fortune say Amen,
From hence I passe thy spouse, and will
thy spouse repasse agen.

The Impe within thy wombe
Gods grant that it may live :
And we his parents both yfears
a decent name may give.

Thus much (I mind) thou spakst,
when salted teares berainde
Thy faled face, the remnant of
thy sermon was restraint.

The last of all thy Mates
thou clambst the sacred Arge,
That spind along, thy sailes did stroue,
they had so great a charge.

The ship was shou'd apace
vpon the grayish flood:
Thon threwst thine eyes to shone, & we
to sealward lookt agen.

Then

to Iason.

There standes a Turret by
that ouerlooks the place:
To whom I ran, and did with teares
imbryue both breast and face.

I looked through my teares,
mine eyes as friendly light
Had larger behnning then of course,
and farther stretcht their sight.

Add therunto my boves,
and prayers ioynd with dred,
which sacred boves I will perfitt,
since thou hast haply sped.

But shall I pay my boves?
Shall Medea them enjoy?
My hart doth ake, and wrath with long
combined doth annoy.

Shall I beare gifts to Church,
or be at charge at all?
To loose my louing Iason should
there any Hayfer fall?

I was not calme in mind,
I alwayes stood in awe,
Thy father would not entertaine
in Grece a daughter law.
Of Grece I was in dred,
but other woake my woe:
I haue receiu'd a hurt of one
whom earst I did not know.

Hypphile

By beauty nor desert
She wonne thee, but by charme,
With Sovereyn synthe sheares the grasse,
whereby she workes thy harme.
She saies from wooned stakk
the wayward swyne to wryg:
And dimme with duskie clowd y godes
that prawnce in open skie.
She bridles running streames,
and fleeting floods doth stay:
She makes the hols and ragged rocks
for ioy to skip and play.
Disheeld with her locks
she walks by buriall graues:
And certaine of the lothscine bones
from wasting flame she saues,
She curseth absent wights,
of Ware she pictures makes;
And prickes with pins the piseue langes
wherewith the bowelsakes.
Thus loue, that should be wonne
with beauty and desert,
Is got (which would I had nottide)
by Herbes and hurtfull Art.
What? canst thou coll and clip
or sleepe in selfe faine bed
With her, deuoyd of waking care,
and frise from carking drede?

to Iasonique

Is earth thee yoke the Bullen,
so hath she bound thee faste for to have you
and tamde this as the Dragons fell. for ther
were conquerd by her caston and smiting
so that the spoyles both they did make and alene
and all thy Mates of prayson in smiting
and by the meane of such a wife
the husbands fame decayes in reyning
In Thessalie are soune
to poynson that imputeth this unto her
Thy facts: and there will be shew
which will beleue the bryter tounes sayng
Not this old Aelons soune, for you addeit a sonne
but Oeetes daughter wrought: a murther
I was she, not Iation, that the fleet
of gold from Colchos brought, whom Iuno
Aske Alcimedes advise, to gyve her an giles
thy Dame doth this dislike; yet addeit to
Thy father she frownt thilly Wolfe
who did a daughter seek; hee had no sonne
Let her to Tanays goe, for you addeit a sonne
and seeke in Scythian soyle
Her louing spouse, and gape for him
from Phasis farthest goylouet; an addeit
fie, faithle Iason, fie, as if our sunne wold
more light then windie blast:
why dost thou thy painted wordes am boord
with ded confirme at last?

Hypsiphe 31

Thou partedst hence my spouse,
why art not so returnd?
O barre not that at gaincome which
at parture was not wound.
If noble line thou like,
and gentrie move thy mind:
That I king Thaos darling was,
and daughter maist thou find.
My Grandstre Bacchus was,
and Bacchus wife ycrownd
Doth farre surpassee the lesser lights
that her environ round.
Lemnos shalbe my dower,
as fruitfull as the best.
To such as there solourne: and me
account among the rest,
Who now am brought abed,
let double ioy possesse
The heart, the father made the thowres
of trauaile saeme the lesse.
The number glads my mind,
(Lucina thanked be)
Of good successe, a lucky twin
to light are brought by mee.
Whose shape and shew they beare
if thou deuaund, I vant
Thou mayst be knowne by the, saue they
the fathers fraude do want.

Without

Whom I was even at point
by Legates to conway,
I haue that the cruell stepdame was,
the onely cause of stay.

Medea made me dread,
Who iustly may be thought
Toze then a stepdame, with her hand
each cursed fact is wrought.
She that her brothers bones
and flesh could sling in field,
Kent first with cruell fist: would she
haue ruth vpon my child ?
Yet her the fames reports,
(D wood and wretched wight)

That thou before Hypsiphe
preferrest with all thy might.

She going for a mayd,
hath playd a harlots cast:
But with vnspotted brydey chaine
we two were lincked fast.

Her father she betrayd,
I sau'd king Thaos life,
She fled from Colch, in Lemnos I
remaine thy louing wife.

But whereto? if a djabbe
an honest woman winne?
And that her crimes for sainture haue
and stead of doowy binne?

Hypipamee.

I blame the Lemnian spaydes,
I muse not at their daed:
For dolour to the angry will,
bring w^reakfull toles with sped.
Say on, if sofit with winds
(as right did will thee dw) so ym gheset des
Both thou and all thy troupe at once
my Port had commetwo:
And I with this my b^wode
had met thee at the doore:
The wold thou not haue with the gas-
ping soyle the corps deuoure?
(Unthirsty) with what face
upon those Babes and me
Wouldst thou haue lookt? se traitor what
had beene fit death for thee?
Thou mightst haue liu'd at ease
and safe by my consent:
Not so thou didst deserue so well,
but cause I did relent.
I with that witchesse blood
my face should haue imbrude,
And Iason eke, which with her herbes
the harlot did delude.
To Medea I should
haue beene Medea then,
(And if in skyes be any loue
that will giue eare to men)

INTRODUCTION. 1511. 1512. 1513.

As Hipisphy le doth plaine,
and sob alone her fill,
so let that beast (Medea) mourne,
plagu'd with her handie skill.
And as I lose my Imps,
and am bereft my Maie,
so grant, that her as many babes,
and husband may forsake.
pe that she may retayne,
but leauue with wroser hap
all gotten goods : and banisht begge
her bread with dish and clappe.
As louing sister shée,
and daughter eke hath veene,
To father and to brother both,
Gods grant shēe may bee seene.
So spitefull to her spouse,
and armde with irefull rage,
Euen to her tender children, whome
she ought to gard in age.
When sea and land she hath
consum'd, up to the Skie,
Let her go rangle like a Rogue,
and by selfe-slaughter die.
Thus I bereft my spouse,
King Thaos daughter pray,
In cursed Tabbim leade your lues,
you beastly folks I say.

The

The Argument of the
vii. Epistle, entituled, *Dido*
to Eneas.

When Priam was opprest,
and Troy was brought to sack,
Eneas with his aged sire
and Reliques on his backe,
Ingagde himselfe to seas,
and shope his course aright,
But yet at length it was his lucke
in Libie land to light,
By force of froward floud,
where *Dido* gan to raise
A stately Towne. The curteous Queen
the wandering Troian praises
To make abode with her,
she lik't *Eneas* so.
As hostage with her heart at once
on him she did bestow.
The messenger at length
from mightie Ioue was sent
To new *Carthago* to demand
the Troian what hee ment
In Libie land to lodge,
and loyter so in loue,
And not to seeke the lotted land
that was for his behooue.

Away

The Argumente.

way the Trojan trudgde,
whose will when *Dido* knew,
Was fully bent to leaue her land,
the Princesse gan to sue,
that either he would staye
according to his hest,
Or grant her space to banish griefe
from her agrued brest.
When she had wasted words,
and many teares yshed,
At point of death the quivering Queene
thus to *Eneas* sed.

The



The vii. Epistle, Aug 1

Dido to Enneas.

Euen so when fates do call,
ystretcht in moysted spring, or
Upon Meanders winding banks,
the snowish Swanne doth sing,
Not for I thinke my words,
may ought preuaile I write: yet when bus
For why? I know the haughtie Gods
at this my purpose spite.
But since my fame, my corps,
and spotlesse mind are lost,
By cankred hap : to waste my words,
I recke it little cost.
Now art thou bent to passe,
and leauе poore Dido so,
And with the selfe-same winds thy
and sickle faith shall go. (sayles,
Enneas now thou mindest,
thy Paule with thy vole
To lose : and seeke Italia land,
but where thou dost not know,
Not Carthage built anew,
ne yet the rysing wall,
No not my stately Scepter may
conuert thy mind at all.

Thon

Dido to Eneas

Thou fleest the thing atchin'd,
for those that are not done,
Thou hast haue in one land, and now
wilt to another runne.
Suppose thou find an Isle,
who will giue thee the place
To rule? will any yield his soyle
to men of sorraime race?
New loue remaines for thee,
another Dido eke,
With other troth to be impaun'd,
which thou againe maist breaake.
When wil it bee that thou
wilt build Carthagoes paere?
Or view from Turret top a troupe
of such as stourne heere?
Though all these came to passe,
and thou hadst wish at will,
Yet where wouldst thou haue such a
to beare thee like god will?
Euen as a waren torch
with Sulphur toucht I burne,
Both day and night to Didos thought,
Eneas makes returne.
Euen that bugatesoll ghest,
that scornes the gyst I gane,
And he whom I might want full well,
as wisedomes loue doth craue.

Pet

Duo

Yet hate I not the man,
though he deserve despight,
But make complaint of his untrouth,
and lesse imbrace the wight.
O Venus, use her wel,
that married with thy sonne,
O Cupid, friend thy brother, let
him in thy number runne:
Or else let him (for why
I ne disdaine to loue,
Whom I began to lantie) forre
me greater cares to proue,
I see I am deceiu'd,
his Image bleard my sight,
He differrs from his mothers trade,
and swarues his manners quite,
The rocks and ragged hils,
and Dkes in Mountaines bred,
Begat, and thou of brutall beasts,
in desert hast beene fed,
Or of the gulfe which now,
thou saest turmoild with wind,
On whō (though waues rebell) to passe
thou fixed hast my minde.
Why? whither fleest the stormes
do rage, let stormes haue power
To ayde my case, see how the seas
do surge with Eurus scowre.

to Elisa.

Let me indebted be
To stormes, for that which I
had rather owe to thee: more iust
than whom the waues I trie.
I am not so much wroth,
(though thy desert be small)

That flaeing me by waltering seas,
thou lose thy life and all.
Thy hate is deere indeede,
and of no slender price,
I whilſt thou goe from me, to die
thou recke it but a trice.

Within a while the seas
wil cease their swelling tide,
And Triton with his grayish Steeds,
on calmed waves will ride.

O that with winds thou wouldest
exchange thy ruthlesse mind:
And so thou wilt, unlesse of Dkes,
thou passe the stubburne kind.

What if thou didst not know,
how raging Seas could rore?
Yet thou that hast so often triide,
wilt frauable as before?

Though waues were ne're so smoth
when thou shouldest leaue the bay:
Yet dure and dolefull things God wot,
might happen by the way.

And

And further, they that false
their faith, in danger are
On perillous seas; the place with them
for treasons guilt doth warre.
And most when loue is wrong,
cause Venus hath beene thought,
Thau her offspring of the waues,
that in Cytheris wauoight.
. I feare least I vndone,
shall be thy cause of woe,
Or left by wracke of ship I should
endanger thee my soe.
I pray thee live, for so
I may reuenged bee,
Farre better then by death: thou shall
be said to murther mee.
Put case that thou were caught
with sway of whirling windes
But vaine be this abodelement sell,
what then would be thy mind?
Then wouldest thou oft reuoke
to thought the Phrygian tongue,
That did pronounce the periurd talke,
which wroght pore Didos wrong.
Before thine eies the forme
and Idoll of thy freare
Deceiu'd, would stand in saddest sorte,
With bloudy fletred haere.

The

to Eneas. obid

Thy selfe would grant, thou hast in night alwaies
deseru'd these tormentes all; yet soone thine eye
And thinke the thunder cast on thee, and thou
what so shoulde hap to fall in thy night hauis
Wherefore giue time to wrath, and as E enes
and rage of roaring cloud; when godnesse hath
Great is the pasee of little stay, 145
thy passage will be good. 150 no male guifles an
Hast no respect to me; 155 yet say E enes
yet spare Iulus breath, 160 it shoulde no man flise
sufficeth this to haue beeene thought 165 and
the Author of my death. 170 let sondre smal yelte
What poore Ascanius hath, 175 and with alweys
or Countrey Gods deseru'd? 180 alweys he got
The sea shall sink the saints which were 185 from
from Phrygian Dame preseru'd; 190 and this
But neither thou thy sise 195 alweys
ne priuate Gods didst heare
Upon thy backe; thy haunting crakes 200
these to Elisa were.
Thou lyest at euerie word,
not now thy tongue doth ginne
To gloze, ne I the first in trap
and guilefull snare hath binne
If question were what of 215
Iulus Dame became,
Her cruell husband her forsooke,
to his eternall shame.

G

This

Dido

This shou to me displayd,
which made my brest to bend:
Much swner will my torment find,
than this my crims an end,
And I do nothing doubt,
but that thy guiltie mind
Will thee condemne. Thou leuynyeres
no resting place couldst find.
At length I gaue thee post,
cast vp on blisfull shore,
And did infesse that with my Realme,
thy name scarce told before.
Would Gods this had beene all
the friendship I had showne,
And that report of bedding had
not beene so lightly blowne.
That day procur'd my bale,
in which for suddaine raine
That pour'd adowne, to couch in one
selfe came we both were faine.
I heard a boyce, I thought
the Symphes had howld for isy:
But they were furies that soze-spake
of this my fell annoy.
Now broken saith I owde
to old Sychus name,
On me take vengeaunce that to hell
must goe herest of shame.

to Eneas.

In Shrine of Marble made,

I haue Sycheus bones,

Whom boughs and snow-white horses

Appoynted for the nonce. (Shrowde,

Four times with wonted mouth

He call'd me to the place,

To whō with whisping boyce he said,

Come Dido, come apace:

Without delay I came,

Sometime thy wedded Faere,

But this my shamefull fact p̄deur'd

Me slacker to appeare.

Forgive my fault: a like-

ly man hath me betrayd,

And one that hatred of the fact

and soule despight hath staid.

His Dame a heavenly wight,

his lire on shoulders boȝne,

Did forze me iudge he would haue staid,

And not haue biene forsworne.

If needes I must haue err'd,

This erro; hath a shew

Of iust pretence: Be true, and then

I shall not yke it so.

But as my life at first,

vnluckie was begunne,

Euen so the tenor of the same,

To latter day doth runne.

Dido . acte I .

At sacred Altars slaine,
my husband fell to ground,
And of the fact the Spyle vnto
Pigmalion did repound.
I as a wight erilde,
my natvie soyle did lose,
And left the cinders of my spouse,
pursude by breakfull soes.
At length escaping seas
and brothers wrath, was brought
To coast vnkowne, where all the soyle
I gaue to thee I bought.
I framde it vp a towne,
and with farre stretching wall
Enuirond it to neighbour townes,
which was a deadly gall.
Then battailes bypeople beganne,
With warre a foraine wight,
And silly woman was pursude,
when gates were scarcely pight.
A thousand suters came,
which ioyntly did complaine,
That I a rascall had preferd,
and had them in disdaine.
Why staggerest thou to yeld
me to Hiarbas hands?
My selfe wil stretch mine armes abroade
to bide thy cursed bands.

to Encaſe obit

I haue a brother eke, whose hungrie hand doth long
For Didos blood, as earst it did; it neither can
Sichæus life to wrong, all of each diuine
Lay downe thy Gods prophand, and medes aR
and reliques brought to lande old yore 11
It fits th̄e not such sacred things to cling ouer
to touch with hurtfull hand, every a spone
If thou of force were he, that stonē of iron ruck
that shoulde transport the same,
Reseru'd from fire: no sorte had bee[n]
if they had burnt in flame, (Inthrist) perhaps thou leauish
thy Dido great with child, in th̄e same am
And in my awnme is part of thee, that did me
whom so thou hast beguilde.
The Riser Impe will addresse entred
vnko his mothers death: and willed creame
So thou shalt kill a sillie babe, that never tasted breath.
Iulus brother with his Dame shall so be claire,
And one selſe torment shall bereue the lively poures of twaine.
But God doth forſee thee fere, would God had kept away
Such guilefull gheſſe, and Troians had
in Carthage made no stay.

Dido

No doubt that God procures
the wayward winds to blow,
And makes thee waste the weary time,
in sandie seas so slow.
As when that Hector liv'd,
if Troy did stand againe,
To passe to Troy thou scarcely shouldest
endure a greater paine.
But not to Symois thou
but Tiber mindst to passe,
Arrived there, yet shalt thou bee
a stranger naythelesse.
Thou seekst a lurking land,
and vnconth place to hold,
which scarce would bee thy lot to find,
till thou be warden old.
Ambages layd apart,
more better were for theſe,
Pigmalions wealth to haue in hand,
and ſcourne here with mee.
With luckie hap to Tyre,
thy Troilan ſtocke tranſport,
And ſacred ſcepter hold in hand,
in place of Princeſly poſt.
But if thou long for warre,
or yong Iulus ſeeke,
By manly Mart to purchafe prayſe,
and giue his foes the glæke:

Can

cause nought shall want, he shall
haue foes to breake his wrath,
This place of lawes & armes godlike,
and bjoying battailes hath.

For old Anchises sake,
and bowes of Venus boy,

For all those sacred Gods which thou
hast safely brought from Troy.

So Gods agree that they
which from thy Countrey came,

May Victors be, and all mishap
conuert to gladsome game.

And yong Alcapius live,

white siluer locks to haue,
And old Anchises browed bones,
may lodge in quiet graue.

I pray thee spare the house
that yeilds it selfe to thee.

Sauie that I lou'd, what crime at all
mayst thou impute to mee?

Not I from Pthia came,
ne from the Mycene lyne,
By husband, ne my father were
no spitefull foes of thine.

Thine hostesse let me bee,
if of thy spouse thou shame,
So I remaine thy Dido still,
I force not on the name.

Dido

The wawes on Afrus bankes,
that beate I know full well,
Sometime they favour passageryng,
sometime they doe rebell.
Then launch thy ship from shore,
when weather doth applyng,
But now the wawes will let thy barte
on waltring seas to hie,
Give me in charge to marke
the tide, and then be bold.
To sorrow clouds: though thou wouldest
then will I not withhold.
Thy wearie wandering Gates
do lacke and looke for rest,
Thy nauie faine would stay, till time
her tackle were addrest.
For my deserts and that
which after I shall owe
To thee, for marriage hope do not
as yet thy thrall forgoe.
Till surge of Seas do cease,
and loue do temper trade,
Meane while for to sustaine the worst,
I stronger shall bee made.
If not, I mind to waste
my lothsome life ere long,
It is but for a time that thou
shalt worke poore Dido wrong.

SONG TO ENEAS.

Mine Image whilist I writte
D that thou sawste with eye:
I writte, and in my lap the white
thy Trojan sword doth lie :
Downe by my cheakes the feares
 B
 Upon the weapon fall :
Which now in stead of mine with blood
Shall be imbued all.
Full well thy gifts agree
 to this my wretched fate :
My grauer shall be small charge to thee
 unsitting to my state.
Not now my brest at first
 with cruell Launce is pearst
That place with dure and deadly dint
hath Cupid crazed earst.
Thou sister (Anne) that wast
 of counsell in this case ,
Now offer vp thy latter boone
 to Dido in the place.
When that my corps is burnt,
 I will not then be sed
Sicheus Dido ; on my Verse
this scripture shall be red :
 Aeneas gave the cause ,
 and sword wherewith I dyde :
But desperate Dido on her selfe
 her ruthles hand hath tryde.

The

The Argument of the viii. Epistle, entituled, Her- mione to Orestes.

Before the stirre at Troy, to Pyrrhus was
Hermion by sir Menelaus beight :
The father hauing cause from Greece to passe
To quaile the courage of his foes in fight,
Left all the rule to Tyndarus that than
Despoised Hermion to an other man,

Orestes had a promise of the pecece,
Who thought himselfe assured of a Mate :
But whē proud Pyrrhus made returne to Greece
He left the Mayd when she pursude with hate :
For that indeed she lou'd Orestes so,
As loth she was with Achylles sonne to goc.

But choysē was none to chooſe : ſhe naytheleſſe
By ſecrete ſtealthe aduertisde him that ſhe
Might reſcude be, and from his priſon paſſe.
Which fell in fine: for when Aegyptbus hec
The Lecher had deſpoyl'd and Mother eake,
Oreſtes gaue Achylles ſonne the gleake.

The viii. Epistle.

Hermione to Orestes.

To him that both my spouse of late
and brother was I wright:
My brother now, son of my spouse
another hath the right.
That Pyrrhus, that Achylles steps
son courage doth ensue:
Gainst law and right hath closde me vp,
and keepeſ me fast in meue:
As much as lay in me to doe
I stoutly did withstand:
But I could do no more then might
a weake and womans hand.
What doſt thou (Pyrrhus) now, quoth I,
will none reuenged be
Thinkeſt thou: I am but as a May-
den ſeruant vnto thee.
He differethen the ruthleſſe waves
when I (Orestes) cald:
He by the locks with cruell hand
into his Cabbin halde.
If Troian Dames me thral had tane
or Lacedemon wonne:
I ſhould no worse haue beene abuſe
then now by Achylls ſonne.

Epope

Acte III. Scene II. *Hermione* & T.

More friendly found Andromache

Achias famous soyle:

When with the gally Grecian flame

The Troian wealth did bwoyle.

But oh Orestes (if to mannes beth mid Q.T.
thou haue respect at all) but 13. to 14. I

Lay hands on that which is thins owne,
and to thy bootie fall. 14. to 15. and 16. II

What? if by falsoode from thy sold
thy flocke be boorne away, 15. to 16. and 17. II

Wilt thou take armes? & for thy spouse
to fight in field wilst stay? 16. to 17. and 18. II

Let Menelaus my roour be
that for his rapied wife 17. to 18. and 19. II

Did vndertake such honest warres 18. to 19. and 20. II
and stird such stately strife. 19. to 20. and 21. II

Who if had slept and slugde at home
or loyfred like an Asse: 20. to 21. and 22. II

My Dame had bene to Paris kncht,
as to my Wife she was. 21. to 22. and 23. II

Thou hast no need a thousand shippes,
or bending sayles to haue, 22. to 23. and 24. II

Nor any Greekish Souldiers help,
thy onely ayde I craue. 23. to 24. and 25. II

Pet rather so (than not at all,) 24. to 25. and 26. II
I shold be set againe: 25. to 26. and 27. II

This famous for a man to fight,
if wedlock suffer straine. 26. to 27. and 28. II

What?

to Orestes.

What? was not Chamberlaine both iudicall and
A treus king Pelops somwhat the lead man
At least thou art my brother, I thinke you quicke
the marrige were undone. And my I thinke
I pray ther brother help thy sonne iustice and ouer
ster, Husband help thy sonne Quicke and a knyght
A double tylle will prouesse vngage him selfe
thee in my cause to sterte him selfe alaynt me
My Grandfader for his aged yeares had his wisedome
and wisedome passing graunt, all alaynt him
(Who of his partie had all thys rule) am affeid
me to Orestes gatheren in shewe redyness
To Pyrrhus not acquainted withall his dede
the match, my father wold be out wold I am
But most of both by Grandfader wold he shew
as elst should be allowde people to have the most
When I with ther conioynd, I wronke am yd
none by my sposall right, I wronke not wond
But if I knyght with Pyrrhus thennes shew
from thee I am not quide, It wold redynesse
My father Menelaus dwelle a noys and chaleng
winck at my face, I knowe and am alaynt her
For cause himself hath felte the force of winged
of winged Cupids bothe iustice and ouer
That will he graunt his sonne in law
which he himselfe hath lou'd,
My Dames example aydes my case
that Venus spoyle bath prouid.

Luke

Hermione

Loke what my faire is to my Dame,
euен that art thou to me :
The slypp̄y practise Paris playd,
with Pyrrhus doth agree.
And he is stolte and stately for
the facts his syze hath done :
So thou maist bragge and boast vpon
the spoyles thy father wonne.
Who all the troupe of Tancalstraine,
Achylles eke did lead :
A chieftaine he among the Dukes,
a Souldier stout at need.
Thy Grandsire great king Pelops was,
and Pelops worthy syze,
And if thou count aright from Ioue
thou art the fist esquire.
Thy manhood is well knowne enough,
thou foughtst I wote well whan :
But what shouldest thou do in that case?
thy mother sune the man.
Would God vpon a better cause
thy stoutnes had bene wrought :
Yet dare I vaunt the cause was given
to thee, and never sought.
But thou didst bring it to effect
that Aegythe did with gore
Of gaping wound defile the floure
as had thy syze before.

And

to Orestes.

And therefore Pyrrhus often p̄ates,

and to reproch doth wryte

Thy earnest prayse, and yet endures

my presence with his eye.

I fret, and as my face both puffes,

so swelles mine inward mind:

And burning breast with silent flame

of dolor scorcht I find.

Before Hermions face imbrazed

bed should Orestes bee?

I want but force and braulich blade,

to be revengde soz thee.

But wepe and wayle I may my self,

which lessens part of woe?

And downe on eyther side my face

my teares as conduits flow.

Them onely to command I haue

and out I poure them still:

Alongst my stained cheakes each houre

the welling teares do trill.

This fortune followes all our race

and to our age is brought:

And all that are of Tantals line

a seemly rape are thought.

I will not here alleage the lies

of false and fained Swanne:

Ne yet complaine that loue in plume

did lurke both God and man.

And

Where

Hermione

Where I stmos stretching out at length
two Seas did so devide.
Hippodamie by warren whales
and counterfeit cart did ride.
Fayre Helen once comynd a man
by craftie Theseus straine,
By Castor and sir Pollux was
in fine restord againe.
The selfe same Ladys through the seas
by Trotan ghesse was brought,
For whom the noble Greekish Dernes
in wreakefull manner sought.
I scarce remembred yet I mind
how tho the people wept,
In mournefull mode : and dismal mead
into their hearts is crept.
The Grandsire gronde, the sicker sobde,
the brothers gan to bryde;
Lamenting Leda with the Gods
and loue did kepe a coyle.
And I with locks not long as then
rent al about my head,
Exclame, O mother leau' st me thus,
and from thy child art fled?
(For then her husband was a lack)
and lest I shoulde be sed
No Impe of Pelops brude, I am
a pray by Pyrrhus led.

to Orestes.

O that Achylles had beeне free
and scapt Apollos bowe:
Then would he blame the beastly rage
of Pyrrhus pryde I know.
It never pleased, ne now would like
Achylles, if he liu'd,
To heare a wisebound wight lament
of liked loue depriu'd.
What guilt of mine hath made the Gods
and heauenly powers so rage?
What cursed starre might I accuse
to gouerne this my age?
By name I was bereft in youth,
my father waged warre:
And though they both did liue, yet I
from them was kept afarre.
Not I to thee in tender yeres,
nor Cradle clowtes did cry,
Deare mother mine: nor from my lips
the lisping words did flie.
I did I with my pliant armes
thy seemely neck vnfold:
Nor thou upon thy louing lap
thy babling Brat didst hold.
No carke of clothing me, ne care
did pierce thy pensue brest:
I didst thou cause a marrige bed
for; Wido wise to be drest.

Hermione

But when thou didst returne againe
(the trath I not deny)
I met thee, but my Mothers face
I could not then descrie.
But for thy beauty did surpasste,
for Helen thee I tooke:
And thou didst make enquiry then,
and for thy daughter looke.
God hap in one respect I had,
that Oreste was my Wake:
But he vnlesse he fight it out,
Hermion must forsake.
Be Pyrrhus as a Bassall kepes,
though Victor be my Sire:
This godly guerdon haue I gaine
for Troy that burnt with fire.
When golden Titan gins to guilde
his glistring steads by day,
Then I (vnhappy weinch) some easse
of pensive payne assay.
No sooner blackfast night doth grow,
in howling sort I hie
Unto my cankred carefull couch
appointed there to lie.
In place of swete and slumbering sleepe
mine eyes with feares doe floe:
And from the man in all post hastle
I flee as from a foe.

Off times mishaps do make me muse,
vnmindfull of my case
touch with hand proude Pyrrhus parts
vnwitting of the place.
leauue to touch the man as soone
as ever I know the fact:
And thinke my hands polluted straight
With such a shamefull act.

Off times for Neoptolemes name
Orestes do I call:
And loue the erroz of my tongue,
right well content withall.
I sweare by this unlucky line
and Lord of all the race,
That land and seas, yea haughty skyes
afrayes with frowning face:
And by the bones of him that was
mine Uncle and thy Sire:
Who owes thee for reuenge of those
that did his death conspyre:
Or I will in these flowing yeeres
abandon lothsome life:
Or I (that came of Tantals b^rode)
will be Orestes wife.

The Argument of the
ix. Epistle, entituled, De-
ianera to Hercules.

THE heavy stepdame *Inno* by her fraude
And friend *Eurythens*, purposde to destroy
Alcydes: for the Prince of *Mycens* land
Sturde him to conquer monsters. But with laude
And life he scapt away, nor had annoy
By any beast the Champion tooke in hand:
Bullis, Dragons, Dogges, & Semitaures he slew,
And aye more greene his gotten glory grew.

He conquerd all till filthy loue at length
Of king *Eurytus* daughter made him thrall,
Whose Sire and Country he had earst atchiu'd:
Fled was his force, stint was his stately strength,
To spinne and carde he thought no shame at all,
Nor of his Lyons spoyle to be depriu'd:
Which *Deianeira* hearing by report,
(His louing wife) sent to him in this sort.

Amid whose lines and letters that she wrought
Came newes (a dolefull thing to written heere)
And tydings, that the shirt the wife had sent
Alcydes bane, and spitefull spoyle had brought.
The louing wife had slaine her manly Feere,
Which she poore silly woman never meant.
But to requite her husbands death with paine,
At point to hang her selfe thus gan she plaine.

The

The ix. Epistle.

Deianeira to Hercules.

O Echalia to be wonne

Joy to heare the same :

It grieues me that the *Viceror* Should
haue yeelded to the same.

Report was brought of late

to Grecia that agrees

full yll with any fact of thine,
the tales we heard were these,

That whom not Iuno could

nor dreadfull trauailes foyle,

The selfe same man had Iole made
in seruage yoke to foyle.

urystheus would it so,

and Iuno passing faine

Would learne that y with such a crims
thy former facts would staine.

What ? t'was not thou I trowes
that could not be conceiu'd.

In one whole night? I thinke herein
my selfe to be deceiu'd.

Dore domage Venus doth
than Iuno earst to thée.

This raisde thee vp by spitefull hate,
She makes thee bend I see.

The Argument of the
ix. Epistle, entituled, De-
ianira to Hercules.

THe heauy stepdame Inno by her fraude
And friend Eurythens, purposde to destroy
Alcydes: for the Prince of Mycenē land
Stirde him to conquer monstres. But with laude
And life he scapt away, nor had annoy
By any beast the Champion tooke in hand:
Bulles, Dragons, Dogges, & Semitaures he slew,
And aye more greene his gotten glory grew.

He conquerd all till filthy loue at length
Of king Eurytus daughter made him thrall,
Whose Sire and Country he had earst atchiu'd:
Fled was his force, stint was his stately strength,
To spinne and carde he thought no shame at all,
Nor of his Lyons spoyle to be depriu'd:
Which *Deianeira* hearing by report,
(His louing wife) sent to him in this sort.

Amid whose lines and letters that she wrought
Came newes (a dolefull thing to written heere)
And tydings, that the shirt the wife had sent
Alcydes bane, and spitefull spoyle had brought.
The louing wife had slaine her manly Feere,
Which she poore silly woman never meant.
But to requite her husbands death with paine,
At point to hang her selfe thus gan she plaine.

The

The ix. Epistle.

Deianeira to Hercules.

O Echalia to be wonne

Joy to heare the same:

It grieues me that the Victor shoulde
haue yeelded to the same.

Report was brought of late
to Grecia that agrees

full yll with any fact of thine,
the tales we heard were these,

that whom not Juno could
nor dreadfull trauailes foyle,

The selfe same man had Iole made
in seruage yoke to foyle,

Urysthcus would it so,
and Juno passing faine

Would learne that y with such a crime
thy former facts woud staine.

What? t'was not thou I trowe
that could not be conceiu'd.

In one whole night? I thinke herein
my selfe to be deceiu'd.

More damage Venus doth
than Juno earst to thee.

This raisde thee by by spitefull hate,
she makes thee bend I see.

Deianira

Behold the world by thee
that liues at quiet easie,
As wyde as watrie Nereus gyrdes
the ground with frothy seas.
The greater part of earth,
and all the floods as farre
As both Apollos lodges reach,
to thee indebted are.
The skies thou hast sustaine
that shall thy carkasse beare :
And Atlas holpe thee at a pinch
when thou too wearie were.
But what saue open shame
by these thy facts is got ?
If those thy valiant feats of armes
with bawdy rule thou blot ?
Doo men report that thou
(for Ioue a worthy child)
In cradle crasht two crawling snakes?
in faith they are beguilde.
That Babe was better farre
than is this boorely man:
Thou nothing mak'st an end so well
as thou thy deedes began.
Whom not a thousand beasts
nor Steneleus atchiude,
Nor Iuno could for all her spite,
hath crafty Cupid guide.

to Hercules.

But for I am the wife
of Hercules, and he

My fetherlaw that guides the Skies,
and lets the thunder flee :

I am surmisde a happy dame
and maried well to be,

How ill vnegall Steeres

in painfull Plough accord ;

So ill a simple woman matcht
with such a stately Lord.

No honour comes thereby,
but burthen and debate.

Who so will well be wedded, wed
with one of thine estate.

My husband is a lacke,
my spouse is absent aye :

A straunger better knowne to me,
he dreadfull beasts doth stay.

In my desert home
do nought but wish afright,

And sore tormented, lest my spouse
be spoyl'd of foes in fight

And the Serpents I
and grædy Lions pawes,

And tusked Boares am tost, in feare
I stand of gaping iawes :

Of dogs, y with their teeth frō bones
will rent thy flesh by flawes.

And me debowled beasts,
and ydle dreames of night,
With griesly pictures of the dead
do make me soze afright.
For fleeting fame I hunt
and rumors rashly spred;
By doubtfull hope is feare exilde,
and hope by feare is fled.
Thy mother is alack,
and greuously doth grutch
That to haue lik't the mighty loue
her destinie was such.
Amphytrion is a way,
whom men surmisse to haue
Thy Sire and Hyll the stripling eke
of vs can not be seene.
Eurytneus that doth forge
the cruel Iunos wrath,
Is felt of vs: endur'd too long
the Goddesse anger hath.
But these are trifles, oh,
thou addest forraine loue:
And each may be a mother made
by thae that list to proue.
I spare to speake as nay
of Auge whom ere while,
(Alcide)amid Parthenian vales
thou sowly didst defile.

End

to Hercules.

And thē (Astydame) I mind
of purpose to conceale.

He meanes thy wife, God wot,

Tēuthracian trullis to name,

(Of whō there scapte not one vntoucht)
to b̄āde thy fater shame.

A recent crime there is,

a foule ill fauourd iade,

That vnto Lamus mee of late,

a mother law hath made.

Meander (that so oft

in one selfe circle runnes,

And eke rebounding waues againe,

upon his shouler's shunnes)

Saw when about thy necke

there hung a chaine of gold.

That necke that thought the burthen

the Welkin to vphold. (light)

What? didst thou nothing shame

those brauned armes of thine,

With Goldsmiths wōrk, with glittiring

and owches braue to bine? (Gemmēs

Euen those selfe armes (I say)

the Lyons life that rest,

Whose noble spoyle for mantell serues,

Upon thy shouler left?

What? didst thou dare also

Upon thy curled haire,

Deianeira

For which a Popple fitter was,
a mytred Hat to weare?

He didst thou blush in guise
of Lydian Lasse to do' n

A silken Scarfe, and Riband fine,
thy bourley Waste upon?

Was Diomede forgot
that cruell Carle then?

That fatted vp his trampling steades,
With flesh of murthred men?

In such a nice attire
if Busyre thee had scene,

No doubt he would haue scord of thee,
yconquerd so to beene.

Let Antæus loose for shame
these iewels from thy throake,

For feare he lothe that thou the palme
in wressing colours got.

Tis blัสsted that thou stoodst
of womans threates in awe,

And eke amid Meonyan maides,
the twisted swine didst drab.

What? didst thou nothing shame
that hand with flare to soyle,

That had long earff in valiant fight,
ygot so many a spoyle?

With thwacking thumbes thou dravest
a very boylstous thredes:

to Herctiles.

And to thy stately Mistrelle yeldit,
a iust account with dredde.

How often whilst thou spunne,
with fingers nothing fine,
Amid thy crabbed crushing hands,
hath crackt the twisted twine?

And standing of the whip
in trembling feare (they say)

That thou before thy Mistrelle stete,
in dread of lashing lay.

And spoyles ylaid apart,
of gotten praise the price,

Thou soldst thy deeds that shoulde beene
conceald in any wise. (tho

To wit, in cradle how
the crawling snakes thou slue,

And rent their gaping iawes in two,
and did their force subdue.

And how Tegean Boare
in Erymanthus lyes,

And with his weight doth wrong the
so monstrous is his lies. (ground,

Thou dost not let to tell
of Diomedes head,

Firt on his Thracian gate, his steedes
with flesh of man that fed.

And of the triple beast
Geryon thou diddest boast,

That

Deianira

That for his heire the welthiest was
in all the Spanish coaste.

And of the hellish hound,
that Cerberus was height;

(Three headed Curre) whose pate with
of Snakes was fowly freight. (locks

The serpent eke, whose wounds
reseru'd him from the death,

And gashing scotches giuen afresh,
infest wsth bitter breath.

And how Anteus hung,
with broken iawes betwene,

The left side (an ilfauourd wight)
and shoulders right behine.

Or dost thou then conceale,
how Centaures thou didst chase,

(That double shaped were, and darst
not trust their legges in place)

Athwart Thessalian craggie cliffes,
and made them runne apace.

And canst thou clad perdie
in Sidon soft array,

And womans nice attire, for shame
haue any word to say?

Beside the Iardane Symphe
upon her shoulder threw

Thine Armour, and did conquer thee,
that monsters didst subdue.

Goe

to Hercules.

Goe now, and proudly vaunt
Thy noble deedes of fame,
A man thou shouldest not bæne of right;
She best deseru'd the same.
Than whom so much thou art
inferior, how much moe
Thou stronger were, then such as thou
hadst slaine with hand before.
She hath atchieu'd the fame
of all thy former deedes,
To her, as to thy lawfull heire,
thy purchas'd p[re]aise procedes.
Oh, shame, the shagheard case
the Lyons ribs bereft,
Environ'd round a womans corps,
and to her carkasse cleft.
Tush, thou art soule deceiu'd,
no Lyons spoyle it is,
But thine, thou slew'st the beast, and she
hath conquer'd thee ywis.
A woman bare thy darts,
with venom ranke that were,
And Hydras beastly bloud imbrude,
in hand that scarce could beare
A Distaffe fraught with flare,
thy knarrie club she held,
And gazing in a shining glasse,
thine armour she held.

Thus

This brute I heard, but gane
no credite to the same,

But yet from eare some part of griefe
vnto my sensess came.

But now before thy face
the hatefull Whore doth ride:

For I the secret smart I seele,
hauie further powre to hde.

Thou wilst not hauie her gone,
she passeth throughe the strate

A captiue: whom of force we see,
not as a captiue meete.

With tresses hanging downe
declaring her estate,

And hidden face to shew that chance
hath giuen her the Mate:

But braue in beaten gold,
she passeth to and fro,

As thou ere this in Phrygia were
accustomed to go.

From stately seate she yelds
the people such a cheere,

As though Oechalia stood againe,
and eke her father dære

Did liue, and thou(Alcydes) by
Euritus conquerd were.

Perhaps diuorcement made
twixt Deianeira and theſe,

TO FAIRIES.

No more thy drab this hatefull w^tho^re
but wedded wife shall be.

Th' abodement makes me feare,
the chillie cold my corse
Doth ouerrunne, my hand doth lie
in bed withouten force.

Ind me among the rest,
as wise with honest zeale
Thou hast pursude: I causde thēe twise
with warlike twiles to deale.

For Achelous vp
his broken hornes did take
With dreery cheere, that lay desperst,
and hid in durtie Lake.
His maymed front & crowne yrackt,
for Deianeiras sake.

The Monster Nessus with
thy deadly dart was slaine,
And with his Horses gozie bloud
the waters did distaine.

But whereto write I this?
for tydings now is brought,
The shirt I gaue my husband, hath
his cruell death ywrought.

Aye me, what haue I done?
what forst me this to trie?
O Deianeira, O cursed wench,
why dost thou doubt to die;

And

Deianira

And shall thy noble feare
in Ossa Mount bee rent?

And thou surue that were the causes,
and wrought that soule intent?
What now remaines to make
a perfect proose that I

Was Hercules wife: the truth theretofore
my dolefull death shall trie.

Thou Meleager in me,
thy sister shalt descrie:

O Deianire, O cursed wench;
why dost thou doubt to die?

O linage of mishap,
O haplesse house I say.

My aged Syre Oeneus liues,
at poynt of last decay.

Tideus my brother is,
a poore exiled Squire,

The other syde by mothers meanes,
alire in fatall fire.

My Dame vpon her corps
the cruell sword did trie,

O Deianire, O cursed wench;
why dost thou doubt to die?

By geniall rights I craue
this onely thing of thee,

Not to surmisse this wicked death
of purpuse meant by mee.

TO Hercules
For Nessus strok with Dart,
declar'd me that his blood
Would sorcen love, and said it was
for that exceeding god.
I sent a Shirt to thee, A
imbvide therewith to try,
O Deianira, O cursed wench,
why doost thou doubt to die?
Now crooked Wre farewell,
and sister Gorgo adieu,
Thou countrey with my brother exile
farewell I say to you.
And thou that art so like
to be the latter light,
Nine eies shall see; and Hercules }
my spouse (O that thou might)
And little Hyl (my pretty Boy)
I bid you all god night.



The Argument of the tenth
Epistle, entituled, Ariadne
to Theseus.

A ndrogenus by deceit was done to death,
And murthered by the men of Athens towne.
King Minos warrde to wreake his losse of breath,
And brought in fine his sturdie ennies downe.
Seuen Maiden babes, as many men by th' yeere,
They yeeded vp to make his monster cheere.

By lot they went, yntill they came at last
To Theseus, he into the doubtfull denne
(Clept Laberinth) to Minotaure was cast;
But ruthfull Ariadne taught him then,
How to destroy the Monster, and to passe,
By tracke of twist from prison where he was.

With Ariadne he and Phedra scapes,
Arriuide at Naxus, Bacchus gaue him charge
To leaue him one of those his gnodly rapes,
(That Ariadne hight) and let her large,
When night was come, and she to slumber led,
With Phedra he from Ariadne fled.

The Nymph (whē sleepy nap was quite exilde)
And senfes came to former force againe)
Seeing her selfe so shamefully beguylde,
In wretched wise with teares beganne to plaine
Requesting ruth, and platly making shew,
That he to her a better boone did owe.

The tenent Epitale.

Ariadne to Theseus.

M
Dre friendly I haue found
then thee, the brutish kind,
I wosser gardthen thou hast beeene,
I daeme I mought not find.
Theseus, the lines thou biewest,
from that selfe shore I waight,
From whence (forlaking me by meane
of sayle) thou tookst thy flight.
Where me, my sleepe and thou
a wofull wight betrayde,
Thou (out alas) that chose thy stemme,
when I to sleepe was laid.
It was the time when soyle,
with foggie dew was dight,
But latelie faine: and shewded fowles
In thadie bushes shright.
Where I were walking then
so slumbering I wote ne're.
But out I flung my fist to seele
where Theseus were there.
Was none such. Backe I drew
my hand, and out againe
Grousd mine armes about the bed,
but(oh) it was in vaine.

The Argument of the tenth
Epistle, entituled, Ariadne
to Thesens.

A ndrogenys by deceit was done to death,
And murthered by the men of Athense towne.
King Minos warrde to wreake his losse of breath,
And brought in fine his sturdie enimies downe.
Seuen Maiden babes, as many men by th'yeere,
They ycelded vp to make his monster cheere.

By lot they went, vntill they came at last
To Thesens, he into the doubtfull denne
(Clept Laberinth) to Minotaure was cast:
But ruthfull Ariadne taught him then,
How to destroy the Monster, and to passe,
By tracke of twist from prison where he was.

With Ariadne he and Phedra scapes,
Arriuide at Naxus, Bacchus gaue him charge
To leave him one of those his goodly rapes,
(That Ariadne hight) and let her large.
When night was come, and she to slumber led,
With Phedra he from Ariadne fled.

The Nymph (whē sleepy nap was quite exilde)
And senfes came to former force againe)
Seeing her selfe so shamefully beguilde,
In wretched wise with teares beganne to plaine
Requesting ruth, and platly making shew,
That he to her a better boone did owe.

The tenth Epistle.

Ariadne to Theseus.

M
ore friendly I haue found
then thee, the brutish kind,
A wosser gard then thou hast beeне,
I deeme I mought not find.
Theseus, the lines thou vewest,
from that selfe shore I wright,
From whence (sorlaking me by meane
of sayle) thou tookst thy flight.
Wher me, my sleepe and thou
a wosfull wight betrayde,
Thou (out alas) that chose thy stemme,
when I to sleepe was laid.
It was the tyme when soyle,
with foggie dew was dight,
But latelie faine: and shrewded foulles
in shadie bushes shright.
Wher I were walking then
or slumbering I wote ne're.
But out I flung my fist to feele
where Theseus were there.
Was none such. Backe I drew
my hand, and out againe
I rous'd mine armes about the bed,
but (oh) it was in vaine.

The feare all slēpe erilde,
I rose in gassly dread,
And from my widowish couch I fell,
and soule forsaken bed.
Forth-with with ruthlesse hands,
I strake my bared breast,
Andrent my locks, that hung (as I
abhaide from sleepe) vndrest.
The Moone gaue light, I looke
to view the countey round,
But saue the strand, and stonie rudge,
was nothing to be found.
Now hither, thither then
I ranne, and so and fro
I taungde, the sand did lode my legges,
I had much wortke to goe.
Thus whist about the shore,
on Theseus name I crle,
The hollow rocks at e're call,
and cleapsg did replie.
How oft I call'd, the place
so often Theseus namde,
As though it wold a wosfull wight
her aide and succour framde.
There was a mount, whereon
few trees alost did groow,
Which now is wore a hanging rocke,
yfret with waues that flow.

with her

to Theseus.

Whereto I clambe, the heart
my limmes doth strengthen so,
As round about the surging seas,
my wandering eies I thow.
From thence (for tho the windes
on mee did bse their powre,) I
I saw how with a Southren gale,
thy strouting sayles did scowze.

I saw it, or at least
for that I so surmisse,
More colo I wore then ice, and dead
ly plagues my heart surprisse.

Whom long to languish, grieve
would not permit vs than:

Abrayde from traunce byzift to call
on Theseus I beganne.

Why whither flest? (quoth I)
retire, unthriftie wight,
Do turne thy barke that lacks his lode,
and is not throughly fright.

Looke what my voyce might not,

my plangoz did suppie,
And with my words I medled strokes,
each blow ensude a crie.

But case thou didst not heare,
yet mightst thou see it plaine,
By hands displaide gaue siker signes
and tokens of my paine.

Ariadne

Upon a pole I hung
a flittering ketchisse white,
That might reuoke to mind that thou
hadst me forgotten quite.
At length I lost thy sight,
then teares gan flush apace,
My cheeks long earst were woren wan
and flecked was my face.
What shold mine eies haue done
but wauld my wofull plighe,
Whē that they saw they might no more
haue Theseus ship in sight?
Or I with tresses then
depending sole did runne,
Incited by the Ogigan God,
as doth the drowsie spunne.
Or casting eie to sea,
did sit vpon a stome,
My selfe as much a rocke as was
the seate I late vpon.
Oft times to bed that had
receiu'd vs both I haste,
The bed which could not yeld againe
the man that thence was past.
And (as I might) for the
thy steps I did embrace,
And eke the couch not thronghly cold,
where thou thy corps didst place.

I lay me downe, when teares
 my deadly charkes distaine;
 And crié, Keyold account of this,
 that hast received t waine.
 Since hither both we came,
 why part we not yfeare,
 Thou traiterous couch, the cheffest part
 make shew where it is: where
 what might I do: or sole
 why whither should I flee?
 Within this Isle ne works of men,
 nor toyles of Dren bee.
 The sea enuirons round
 the land on euerie side,
 No shipman haere, nor Yulek that dares
 on perillous lands to ride.
 But case I had both mates,
 and winds with wished sayle,
 My dire debars me to returne,
 what shall the rest preuaile?
 Though in a blissfull Barke
 through calmed seas I passe,
 Though Acole peyse the winds, I shal
 be banisht naythelesse.
 Not Crete that fostered Ioue,
 is lefull for to see,
 Wherin of great renowned famed,
 a hundred Cities bee.

For not alone the soyle
where Minos beares the sway,
But eke my father by my face,
I souly did betray.
When lest thou vanquish, shouldest
in Laborinth haue dide,
I gaue thee twist, thy skillesse foote,
and twine thy steps to guide.
When thou me spakst (by these
my present perills I
Protest that thou shalt aye be mine,
till both of vs do die.)
As yet we both doe live,
and I am not thy make,
(If women may be said to live,
whom periurd men forsake)
If with thy Pace it rest
my brother monsters breath,
Thou me hadst slaine, thy heft had bene
accomplisht by my death.
Not now to mind alone
my future haps I call,
Which must ensue : but such as to
forsaken wights do fall.
Unto my troubled thought
a thousand kinds of death
Resort, which lesse would grieue me
then this my lingred breath. (ghost,

TO I[n]ICIEUS.

Who feare I shagheards W^{ol}ues
from every coast that come:
With gnashing teeth, & rampling pawes
my griesfull guttes to nome.
Perhaps the sauage soyle
the Lion browne doth b*red*:
Who wots the ruthlesse Tygers where
this ykesome yle doth feed?
To that, the seas are said
great Whales to cast on land?
And who (if I with sword were w^{ro}gd)
by me would friendly stand?
Oh let me not be bound
as Wallall caught in band:
Be waste the day at turne and twist,
o^r carde with captiue hand:
That Minos haue to Syre
and Pasiphae to Dame:
And (that I chiesly lire in thought)
thy paced spouse that am.
When I suruey the Seas,
the land, o^r stony sleate
The ground doth manace many things,
the waters eke do threate.
Then onely skies were left
the formes of Gods I feare:
A pray in wild Desart forlorne
for hungry beasts to teate.

Though

Ariadne

Though men posseſſe the ſpoyle

I give no truſt at all:

For wronged once, the forraines faith

into ſuſpect I call.

O would Androgeus liv'd,

nor Athens bought ſo deere

His dolefull death by yielding ſuch

a tribute by the peers.

Re thou with knotty Mace

hadſt done to death the beaſt

That was a man for upper parts,

a Bullock for the reaſt.

O that I ne had giuen

to thee the twiſted Clewe,

Whereby the darkſome denne to ſcape,

when thou the Monſter ſlewē.

That thou art Victor aye,

I nothing muſe perdie :

No; that thou madſt the ugly beaſt

of Creta ſo to die.

Thy ſteely heart could not

be pierſt with hurtfull horne

Thy breaſt was garded well, thereon

though were none arnour borne.

Thou thither flints conueydſt,

and Adamant diſt beare :

And that which flints dothſar ſurmount

a Thſeſus hadſt thou there.

to Theseus.

O cruell sleepe, why did
you tho my limmes detaine? I
I should as then with rachelle dea^tre,
but once for all beene baine.
Pe windes were spitefull eke,
and ready (oh) to soke;
Pe puffing blastes to fore my teares
ye haue your deuo^r done.
The hand was cruell that
my brother and me hath baine:
And faith ygraunfed me that was
a name requird in baine.
Sleepe, wind, and gaged troth
did all at once coniure:
One silly symph by triple cause
was guild without recure.
Oh that my mothers teares
I dying shall not see:
No^r any for to close mine eyes
with freendly fist will be.
My haplesse ghost to straunge
and uncouth skies will flie:
No louing hand will nownt my limmes
and carkasse when I die.
But for my bones vngrau'd
the seaoule towle will staine:
A worthy Sepulture for one
that well deseru'd alme.

To

Ariadne

To Athens thou wilt passe,
where in the citie when
Thou art receiu'd, and plast in pride
amids thy countrie men:
And shalt declare the death
of double shaped beast:
And stonie lodge so doubtfull wayes
that doth so often wreast:
Display how me forloyne
thou leftst in Delart tho,
I must not be forgot, ne seeme
to spoyle thy title so.
Not Aegeus was my sire,
nor Aethra gane the brest:
Of rocks & waues that thou were bred
may easly be gest.
From ship top would thou mightst
me miser slight haue biewde:
My grisly picture would haue forst
thy stony hart t'haue rewde.
Now not with eye behold
but in thy mind suruay,
Me clinging to the beaten rocke,
which makes the wanes to stay.
See how my locks do hang
in wailefull mourning mead:
Behold my clothes with teares as moist
as they were wash't in flood.

TO Thesus. 91
By earkas quakes as come
enforst with Boreas might:
By trembling fist the letters matres
as I my lines do wright.
By no desert of mine
(for that it framde awry)
sue to thee: let not my facts
deserue such thanks perdy;
Be griesfull paines procure,
soz though thy lively breath
me did saue: yet hast thou no
just cause to haste my death.
These fainting fist with bea-
ting of my brest a god,
(wofull wretch) extend to thee
through ouerwandering stod.
These locks (which yet are left)
in dolefull wise I shew:
And by these teares I pray, with feares
thy facts enforse to flowe:
(God The(u)) turne thy ship
with wreted wind reture:
Though ere thou come I die, yet of
the bones thou shalt be sure:

The

The Argument of the
xi. Epistle, entituled, Ca-
nace to Machareus.

King Aeols sonne Machareus fell in loue
With Canace beyond the bounds of kind,
To bed this beastly braode are gone to proue
Vnlawfull lusts delight, nature repinde:
She naythelesse sowlie begot with child
Was brought a bed; a signe she was defild.

The Nurse conuaide the Babe, who at the dore
Exclamde: The Gradsire heard the yelling souđ,
And found the filthy fact: he made no more
A doo, but sent the Babe in blankets bound
Into the fields, of Rauens to be rent;
Or hungry Dogs, or wandring wolues he ment.

Beside, a sword to Canace he sendes
By cursed death to end her beastly life:
To worke her fathers will the wench entendes,
But ere she felt the force of fathers knife,
To Machareus (to Delphos that was gone
For succours sake) thus gan she make her mone.

The

The xi. Epistle.

Canace to Machareus.

If any blots do blind, or blurre my lynes,
The murther of their Mistresse makes þ same.
My right hand holdes the pen, the left a sword,
And in my carefull lap the Paper lies.

Of Canace such is the grisly forme,
Whilſt to her brother ſhe deuide to write;
For ſo I may ſuffice my wrathfull fire.
Oh, that himſelf were here a gazer on
His daughter's death; Oh, that the Author ſaw
With preſent eye, the thing he gaue in charge
So ruthleſſe he, and paſting farre in rage
His whirling Southren blaſtes, that he with drie
And tearles cheeks my gaping wouds wold biew
Tis much (in faith) with raging winds to liue
Unto his peoples kind his nature grēs,
A Ruler fitt for ſuch a ruthleſſe race.

He checks the Southren wind, and Zephyrus
With Northren Aquilo he keepeſ a coyle,
And (Eurus eke) thy ſtubboorne wings he rules.
He maſters all the winds, not ſwelling wrath,
Unto his vice, his conuerd kingdome yelds.
What now awayles by Grandſires to the skies
Aduaunſt to be? With loue to be allyde?
If naytheleſſe in womanish hand I hold

Th-

Unsitting tolles the sword, a scathfull gift?
(O Machareu) the day that vs conioynde
After my death one houre shold haue bee faine,
A brother why, more then a brother ought,
Imbast thou me? and why to thee was I
More then a sister to her brother shold?
Eke I was toucht with loue, and I wote nere
What God it was that set my heart in flame.
My colour quite was fled, my carkas leane
And bare became, my mouth refusde to feede.
Full hard by stæpe I came, each night a yere
Did seeme, I gronde, and had no hurt at all:
Ne could account my selfe why so I did,
Ne knew what lotie did meane, and yet did loue.
My Nurse with aged mind perceiu'd it first,
And said at first, I was with loue attacht.
Wherat I blusht, and cast mine eies to ground,
And whist, which tokenes were of guilty mind.
At length my growing wombe began to stroake,
And with his weight my weakned lims opprest:
But then, what herbe or drench was to be found,
That she ne brought, and boldly did apply?
To fine (which onely ppancke thou never will)
My venter might of burthen be releast,
That wore so fast within my growing guttes:
But (oh) the infant was so ripe, and slack
So nere my ribbes, as it was safe from scath.
When Phœbus sister ninthly worn was,

to Machareus.

And tēth Mōne gan to chase her lightsome dedes:
I wist not what proeурde my sodatyn thowes,
A skillesse wight (God wote) to beare a thiloe.
No longer I from crying could refrayne,
O hold my peace. What will you so vnſold
(O d Welden Nurse) þ crime? & ſtopt my mouth,
What might I unſer do? grēfe forſt me grūnt,
But feare and shame, and Welden it forbodes.
Then dolor I repreſt, and uttered wordes
Renokt, and was enforſt to drinke my teares.
Death ſtood before my face, Lucina quide
Denide to help: and death it ſelſe had bēne
A monſtruous crime, if I as then had diue.
When thou, with garments rent and toren locks
Relieuued with thy breaſt my dying limmes,
And ſaydſt, O ſiſter liue, liue ſiſter deere,
Re in one coſte deſtroy thou bodies twayne:
Let hope reduce thy force, that brothers ſpoufe
Shalt be, and wife to him by whom thou art
A mother made. In faith I was reuiu'de
At those thy chearefull wordes that lay aſtrāught,
And was releaſt of grēfe and guilt at once,
Why doſt thou ſo rejoyce? King Aeole ſits
Amid his ſtately Hawle, my fathers eycs
Mull never ſit this filthy fact of mine.
The bulie carefull Nurse with fillets fine
The Infant hid, and boughes of Olive white
A ſacrifice ſhe ſaynde and prayd apace.

Canace Mo

My fater and all the people gane her way,
And licensit her with samed rites to passe.
When shē to Threshold came, the yelling crē
And clamor of the Babe the fater heard:
And so the silly child it selfe bewrayd.
The Infant all intragde, A colas raught,
And with his furious shrinch the Vallace sild,
The falded sacrifice revealing quide.
Euen as the Sea doth shake & trembling quappe
When with a gentle gale it is enforst,
Or as the Ash with Southen wind doth wagge
So mightst thou see my bloudles mem bers shake,
Who lay as then ystraight vpon my bed.
He rushing in, and with an open trie
Disclosde my fault, and from my Myser's face
His ruthlesse hands with much a doo withheld,
I blushing, noight, saue flushing teares gan she
With quaking feare my trebling tong was tyde
He gave in charge the Babe, (his nephewe) shal
To dogs and rauening soule in fields bee flong all
The child exclaimde, as though he had conceyde
The Grandsire's mind, to whom he sude so
With voyce, as he the silly Myser could.
What heart had I then (Brother) to your domme
(You may my rale conjecture by your owne)
When fore my face into the desert groue,
My cruell foe, in hand my bowels bare,
Of Mountaine Wolves to bee in quarters torn ch

to Machareus.

But out at length he ston my lodge ditturtes.
Then beat I on my breast with baleful strokes,
And with dispitious nailes I rent my face.
Meane while with mornfull chære from Acole
In message atte, & thus bespake metho. (comes
Acole (My Lord) to thes this sword hath sent,
(And therewith tooke it me) and bids thee know
By thy desert and merit what it meanes.
I wote and will this sword with courage vse,
Stabbing my fathers gift into my brest.
O thou that gau'ſt me life, with such rewards
My marrige doſt thou mind for to enrich?
O father, ſhall thy daughter thus be dolewe?
Hymen deceynd, doo way thy bridall bands,
And ſcāe this wicked loſe with troubled ſcōte.
On me, ye swarth Erinnyes, fling the flames
You beare, therewith to make my buriall blaze.
O happy ſisters linckt with better lucke
But aye my fact in mindfull b̄easte retayne.
Alas, what hath the ſilly Babe deseru'd,
eynde lately brought to light and lothſome ſkies?
What fact of this y Grādūres wrath might stir?
Let him be thought to haue deseru'd the ſame,
If ſo he could deserue. But (out alas)
His Mothers guilt the Miser Infant byes.
O ſonne thy Mothers dole, the pray of beaſts,
O thou the day of birth thy Dame bereft,
O child of hapleſſe loue, the pittious pledge:

Canace Met.

This day the first, and this shall be thy last :
He lawfull was for me with yolded teares
To bathe thy corps : noz on thy graue to cast
My clipped locks, and tressles cut thereto,
He lay I on thy limmes, ne from thy mouth
The chilly kisse I caught and latter b'reath.
But greedy beast s my rapted bowels rent.
And I by lurching wound the infants ghost
And shadow will pursue : ne wilbe said
A mother long, or void of Babe to be,
But thou (whom all in vaine, and all fo:z noughe
Thy wretched sister hop't) the scattered bones
Collect in field of thy yong Sonne and mine,
And bring them to their Dame, & place the there,
Let one selfe v:ne our bodies both containe.
Remember me, and bathe my Verse with teares
He feare the corps of her that lou'd thee well.
I crave thee to fulfill thy sisters vales.
A Miser most of all: and I will seeke
My cruell fathers will to put in vre.
Thy dying wife and sister sayes adue.



The Argument of the
xii. Epistle, entitulcd, Mc-
dea to Iason.

Iason in youthful yeeres to Colchos came,
And with the Fleese he flesht away a Mayde
Medea cleapt, and gan his voyage frame
To Thessalie, where once arriu'd he stayd,

The feeble *Aeson* she reduc'd againe
By soleinne charme to lusty youthfull age,
With fresher blood enstuffing euery vaine,
She made him young to sight that earst wassage.

King *Pelias* daughters deere she did perswade
(A monstroos act) to kill their aged Sire,
In hope she would the Prince a princox made:
Which they poore sillie Maydes did most desire.

With other fowler facts, which when she had
For *Iasons* loue (as she reported) donne,
He shooke her off, which made *Medea* mad,
And causide her write these lines to *Aeson*s sonnes
She sight, she sude, she sobde, she menast eek
To be reuengde vpon the guilefull Greeke.

The xiij. Epistle.

Medea to Iason.

I Mind it yet how I of Colchos' Quene
I Applide to thee, when y my succor cranedst,
That I by Arte would gard thee from annoy.
The sisters tho, the mortall twylt dispence,
Their flaren web shoud haue vnfolden quite:
Then might I Medea well haue lost my breath,
From that my lingred life is but a paine.
Aye me, Why ever forst with youthfull armes
Came Iasons ship to fetch the Phrygian flesse:
And Colchos why Magnetian Arge arriu'd?
And Grekissh rout of Phasian fload did drinke?
Why more then needed I thy golden lockes
Did like? thy featurde shape, and glosing tongue?
If once (for that a forraine ship to shore
At Colchos came, & brought vndaunted wights
And dreadlesse men to land) Iason vnwares,
Not Phisickt first, had runne to breathed flauens,
And poyntant hornes offell and pefull Bulles,
Or swyne the seede and had as many foes,
And Tilman had of tillage so beene slaine:
How much deceite (vnthrift) with thee had dide?
And y of how much wo acquited beene?
It is some pleasure to vnthankfull wights,
For to obiect the good forspassed turnes.

Tha

IV. EDCA. TO IAHON.

That I will use of thee, that onely toy
And solace I will gaine, thou fayleſſe man.
Thou having charge at Colchos to arrue,
In vncouth Valke my weathfull kingdome, and
My countrie camſt unto, where I was then
The ſame that heere thy nouell ſpoufe is deuid.
My father was as rich as is her Syrie,
He Ephyren with double ſea poſſeſt,
In froſtie Scythia to her gouern'd all
As farre as Pontus leſter ſide doth lie.
Oera tooke the youthfull Greces to guesſes,
With him, you men of Theslaie did ſojourne,
Then ſaw I thee, and gan to know thy name:
That ſeafon brought my mind to ruine firſt,
I both did ſee and periſht eke, inſiam'd
With fire vnkowne, & ſride with ſtrangy glead.
As foze the Aultars burnes the torch of Pyne.
Both featurde wel thou were and ſates me diewe:
Thine eyes my dazeled lights did rauish quicke,
Which quickly thou diſcriſte. For who may wel
keepe loue in me we, that no man it diſcerne?
Aye flame it ſelſe by caſting light, be waryes.
Meane while þy king comands, & giues in charge
The bulles with brawned necks to bring to yoke
Mauors his bulles there were dreadfull for horne,
Not ſole, but breathing out a gaſſfull flaſh:
Whose houres were brasse compact, their noſes ſet
With gads of ſteele, which black with breathing

IVICCA
Moreover in open fields to cast the seed,
Engendring men, that were commandned tho,
Whiche wold assaile thee with their late born darts
A thanklesse crop for him that tild the soyle.
The waker Dragons eyes that never slept
To guile, of all thy travels was the last.
Thus spake Oretes, vp in gastfull dread,
He rose ech one, and from the Table sturt
How farre from thicke was then Creusas downe;
And raigne in toynture giuen : thy Fatherlaw
How farre : and mighty Creons daughter deere:
Away thou wentst dismayd with vapord eyen,
Whom I pursude ,and softly bid adue.
As soone as wanted I to Cabbin came
Wherellay my couch: I spent the night in feares.
Before mine eyes the balefull Bullocks stode,
The cursed seed, the watchfull Dragon eke :
Here feare & quinering dread, there loue did stand
The feare it selfe my loue to more increast.
Indawning to my lodge my sister came,
Wherellie with sorre tresse, and lying grouse
Upon my fate, besperent with teares she found,
She crav'd my help so: men of Theslalic :
What she requir'd, that I to Iason gaue.
There stade a grove with beech & houme so black,
As scarce Apolios raves may pierce the same :
There is in that (or tho at least there was)
Dianas Church, the Goddesse standing there.

With

to Falon.

With barbarous hand yframde of malle gold,
Mind you: or is the place with me forgot?
Whither we came, yfeare, with ruthlesse tongue,
And guleful mouth, when y didst bouri me thus.
To thee hath fortune right and powre assignde
Of life and dreadfull death: within thy hand
(By her appoynted lore) my state doth stay.
Sufficeth powre to spoyle, if any take
Therein delight: but I reserv'd from scath
Shall make thy former praise and glorie grow,
And blast thy brute in trumpe of endlesse fame.
But my sinister haps (which lies in the
For to redresse) and by thy noble race,
And Grandsire, that all mortall things suruayes,
And by the triple forme of Dian, and
Her priuie sacred rites, this countrey Gods,
(If any haere within this soyle do raigne)
Rue on my Mates and mee, (O Queene) I pray
And oblige me unto thee by this boone,
And so a Grecian thou not seeme to scorne.
(But how might I the Gods so friendly finde?)
Sooner my soule to weightlesse ayrs shall waste,
Then any (saue your grace) with me be linckt
In spousall band, and briedely knot be tyde.
Let Iuno witnesse be, that hath in charge
The mariage rites: that holy Goddess too,
Within whose Marble Church we stoden now.
These, or the least of these, a silly Nymph

Eight

Medea

Might moue to ruth: our hands were soyned eke
I saw thy trickling teares. Where part of guile
In them doth lurcke: so I was quickly wonne,
And sone entrapt with thy dissembling tongue,
Thou broughtst to yoke the brasen fowled Bals
Whhurt of flame, and brakste the bidden soyle
With poyneted plough, whereon in sted of grain
The serpēts tēth y longist, wherof there sprong
A troupe of souldiers sterne, with sword & shield,
That I who gaue thē oyntment stood in dreade,
To see the sodaine brode with armour clad:
Eil timie the earthly brothers twixt themselves
To ciuill combat fell, and fought yfeare
A grisly fight, a wosull thing to tell,
Behold, the waker Serpent hissing came,
With crackling scales, & with his bēding breast
Did sweep y soyle. Whē where was dowre becōe?
Then where thy Princeley spouse? & Isthmos that
The double sea diuides, and cuts his course?
Euen I, that now so barbarous am become
To thē, (a pore and hurtfull person thought)
With forced sleepe, the Serpents eies did feede,
That falsely thou mightst reue the golde flēse.
My father I betraide, my natuir soyle
An̄ kingdome I forsooke, and got the gift,
Whch in exile a woman may attaine.
My chalice was a wandring Rovers pray,
My sister and my louing Dame I left.

But

to talon.

But thē (O brother) I ne left behīnd
At time of flight: my letter in this one
Place gins to faint, the thing my bētrous hand
Did dare to do, it dārēs not to record:
So I (but even with thē) shōuld haue bin rent,
Pet dare I not (for what shōuld me appal
As then a woman, and a guiltie wight)
My cursed corps to surging seas to gage?
Where are those Gods, where those celestiall
On vs amid the gulfe deserved plagues (Gates,
And tormentes send: on thē for thy deceit,
On me for that I gave such credite light.
O that the ruthlesse rocks, Symplegades, had
Dur limmes surp̄is'de, and rent our bodies so,
As might my bones vnto thy carcasse clōng.
O; cruell Scylla sent vs to her whelps,
And Dogs to be deuour'd: for Scylla ought
Ungrateful wights to plague, & pray with paine
Charibdis eke, that belks the swallowed waues
O that it had vnder Sicilian surge,
Our yokesome corses cast, & whelnde in gulfe.
Haste thou, and Victor to Aemonia comſt,
And to the Gods presentſt the golden Fleſe,
What shōuld I Pelias daughter name, that did
A guilt to pikkie moon'd: who rent with hand
Their aged fathers bones: though other blame
Medea, yet thou hast cause to like her well,
For whom I haue so often done amisse.

Thou

Medea

Thou didst not shame (O that I words do want
To shew thy iust complaint) thou didst not shame
To say: from Aelons house dislodge in hast.
Commaunded I departed, follow'd with
Mine Infants two, and loue of thee, that aye
Pursues my track, and followes where I goe,
Unto mine eares as soone as Hymen came,
Carold aloude, and kindled Torches shone,
With Banen blase, & Shalme began to sound.
Ditties of loue, ioyfull to thee, but more
Dolefull to me then is the Trumpets clang:
Afright I woe, suspecting no such ill,
Ne yet so soule offence: but naythelesse,
Through all my breast the frostie cold did run,
A route of people ran, and Hymen cryde,
Repeating oft the same: how much the voyce
More neere approcht, the more increast my woe.
My seruants sobd, and couertly did mourne,
Who gladly would so great an ill report?
And me auailing more had beene, what so
It were, not to haue knowne. Yet sad and trist
I woe, as though I had the truth desriide
Wher of my Boyes the lesser, for desire
To see tofore the doore at Wicket stood.
Oh mother mine (quoth he) forgo the place,
With iolly pompe my father Iason comes,
And glittering twirt two chained chiuals rides.
I out of hand (my vesture rent abrode)

to Iason.

Did plague my brest wth blows, with nailes my
My mind perswaded me amids þ throng (face
And thickest prease to runne; the garlands gay
From tresses smoothly trimde to rage to pull.
I hardly mee withheld from crying out
(As I dishelued was) t^s is mine and scarce
From laying hand^s thereon I tho abstaind.
O wronged Syre reioyce: ye men of Colche
Be glad: and of my brothers ghost receive
Th' infests. My countrey, house, & kingdom lost,
My spouse insteide of all that stood to me,
I rest resulde, and utterly forlorne.
Serpents I did subdue, and furious Bulles,
One man to daunt vnable or to tame.
And I that raging fire by art repelde,
Can by no skill my wasting flame eschew.
Inchauntments, herbs, and sorceries failen now
The Goddesse nought, or mightie Hecate
Prenailes, or helps Medea in needfull time.
Not pleasant is to mee the day, the nights
(That bitter are) I wake: no gentle sleepe
Doth daine to lodge in lamentable breast.
I, that my limmes to slumber cannot force,
Was able well the Dragons cies to close.
Other my Arts, then me, do more auayle.
The corps that I preseru'd, a strumpet straines
With folded armes, and of my pains hath fruit,
And thou perhaps whilst to thy fended spouse,

Dost

Medea

Dost braue, her eares desirous to content,
Against my face and maners new found crimes
Dost forge. Wel may she laugh at these defaults
Of mine: well let her laugh in stately seate
With purple robe attyre: the time will come
That shē shall mourne, and weepe again as fast
And far surmount these hidden scotching flames.
Whilſt yron, fire, or poyson may be found,
No ſoe of Medeas ſhall unbroken wo.
If ſo by hap my prayers be of powre.
To touch thy ſteely heart, now lend an eare
To words that are inferiour to my mind.
For I to thee in humble ſort do ſue,
To me, as thou full oft haſt done of yore,
Ne prone to lie before thy ſcete refufe.
If me thou ſet ſo light, yet haue remorſe
Of theſe our Babes, that common are to boþy.
A cruell ſtepdame will thy children wrath,
And rigorously entreate in ruthleſſe ſort:
And they too much reſemblē theſe, that are
Trapt by thy form, whose iimage moues me ſore
And whom how oft I ſee, ſo oft my face
And moifted cheeks with teares are al bedewd,
By Gods I make request, by flaming light.
By Grandſire giues, and by my earneſd boone,
And by thy Babes (the paunies of perfite loue)
Repeelo the bridely bed, for which I ſhunnde
So many things: accomplish thy behest,

And

Acte VIII To Iolafon.

And do with ayde thy Myser spotise reliues.
Gainst men or bulles, of thē no ayde I crave,
Se that thou shouldest þy watchful dragō drench,
And force him yeld his daunted eyes to slape.
But thee (that art mine owne infest) I crave,
That by thy fact hast mee a mother made.
Demaundst thou for my dowre? in the scise field
(That was to care for golden Flese) it lay.
That verie floese of Gold my ioynture was,
Which if I shoulde reclaime, shoule woulde debar
Thy selfe preseru'd my dowre: þy Greekish youth
My ioynture was, therewith the wealth compare
Of Creons darling, iudge the price of both.
That thou dost live and art a wife-bound man,
Linckt with a spouse and hast a fader law,
And that thou canst now shew thy selfe unkind,
To me impute it whence the guerdon came.
Whom I will out of hand. But to foretell
The paines that wil availe; aye swelling wrath
Is full of threates, disclosing secret thought.
Euen whither yre shall leare, I will issue,
And then perhaps he shall repent his deede,
As I lament, I gane a faithlesse man
Such credite, and beleue the words he speake.
That God discern y' same, which stirs my breast
I ne wot what greater thing my heart intends.

The

The Argument of the thir-
teenth Epistle, entituled, *Laodamia*
to Protesilanus.

With fortie sayle when *Protesilanus* went
To *Troy* ward, to fight for *Helen's* rape,
The tempest so withstood the Greekes intent,
As they from out port *Aulide* could not scape.

Whē flickring fame this brute had blasted wide,
His louing wife *Laodamia* wrought
Him thus, she shewes her dreams, she wils beside
That he the Prophets words should print in

(thought)
Whose answere was, that whoso leapt to land
First of the Greekes, when they to *Troy* came,
Shuld die the death, t'was bootlesse to withstand,
For why the Gods appoynted had the same.

He naythelesse for all his spouses words,
(Couragious Lad) first leapt from ship to shore,
And for his paine was done to death with sword,
As had the Oracle prouount before:
This was the cause *Laodamia* pend
These lines, this made the wife this Pistle send.

The

The xiii. Epistle.

Laodamia to Prothesilaus.

Aemonian Laodamia sendeth health,
And greeting to Prothesilaus her spouse,
And wisheth it where he sojourns to stay
Report hath spred in Aulide that you lyse
In rode, by meane of fierce, and froward gale.
Ah, whē thou me forswest, where was the wind?
Than broyling seas thine Dares should haue
(with) wood,
That was a fitting time for wrathful waues.
Hoe kisses with a greater charge, I would
Unto my spouse haue giuen, and parled more.
But hedlong hence thou wentst, & wished wind,
Of Seamen, not of me, thy sayles allurde:
That gale was mette for mariners, but
for those that loue. O spouse and Faere elect,
To see me I was thy clasping armes bereft.
Unperfite were the words my soltring tongne
pronounist, scarce could it speake and bid adue.
Then Boreas blew, and bare thy sayles away,
And y(O spouse) were quickly hence conuaide.
It did me god (as long as lawfull was)
To gaze vpon thy face, and with mine eyes
At parture to behold thy countenance.
When thou were out of sight, I saw thy sailes,
Thy sayles, that long my staring eies detainde.

L

When

Laodamie

When neither thee at last nor sayles I saw,
And nought save waltring waues was to be seen
With thee my eye-sight fled, and bloudesse all
(With darksome cloude beset) I fel to ground,
My fainting knes refusde to beare my corps.
Whom I phyclus my father-law nor old
A castus lod with yeres, ne mother scarce
With water cold, frō swooning might reduce.
A charitable deede they wrought, to me
Gainelesse, I loth that I ne tho had dide.
Euen with remembraunce, griefe renude againe,
And loyall loue did gripe my chalfull brest,
No care had I as then, my tresse to trim,
Ne yet with curious robes my lims to wappe,
As they with leavie thrise whō Bacchus beats:
So to and fro as furie forst I ranne,
Phylacian Matrons came to me, and cride,
Laodamie, do on thy brauest weedes.
Shall I in purple robe and silks be clad,
And he wage warre vnder the walles of Troy?
Shall I go kembe my tresse, and he an helme
Upon his head sustaine? fresh garments should
I weare, and hee his clattering Armour weld?
As neere as euer I may, thy trauailes I
Resemble will with dole: and during time
Thou art in siege, will leade a dismall life.
Duke Paris, Priams sonne (whose beantie byd
The scath of thine) I wish thou maist as low

to Protesilanus.

An enemie be, as ill thou were a ghett.
Oh that so thou disliked hadst the face
Of yong Atrides spouse, or she thy port.
Thou Greeke, that for thy raper wise too great
A strife dost stirre, and ouer-much dost toyle:
(Aye me) dolefull reuenge to many wilt
In future time, and wailefull wreake procure.
Pee Gods I pray for vs, th' abodement fel
Remoue, and grant that my reuerted Feare
In Temple may to loue his armour yeld.
But sore I dreade, and looke how oft I mind
The lamentable warre, and fearefull fight,
Teares from my cheeks, as thalwed snow do frill.
Ide, Tenedos, Xanthus, and Ilion
With Symois, are gastfull names to tell.
He wold the ghett presum'd or beane so bold,
Away to haue a Grekissh Feare purloynde,
Unlesse he had by power and strenght of hand,
Beane able to maintaine and beare it out.
His puissant force to him was not unknowne.
He came reported, all betrapt with gold,
And Troian wealth vpon his body bare,
With men and armour stro'd, the ayds of war.
And who with all his countrey strenght at once,
And Princeely power to soraine lands doth goo,
These Helen (I surmise) did ther attach
And vanquished, whiche may the Greeks annoy,
Of Hector I adrad, I know not whom,

Laodamia

But Hector (by report of Paris) fights
With bloudy hand, & deales with deadly sword,
That Hector, that beware, what so he be,
If any loue of me as yet be left,
His graued name in mindfull breast insculpe,
Him when thou hast escapte, auoyd the rest,
And many Hectors there surmisse to bee.
And say (when thou art euен at poynct of fight)
Laodamie my spouse did bid me spare.
If lawfull be that Greeks shall conquere Troy,
And Ilion by sorted lotte subdue,
Without thy wounds let it to ruine runue.
Let Menelaus march against his foes,
And Pai is spoyle of that which Paris left.
Let him amio the spoyle of enemies throng,
And win in armes, whom he in cause subdues.
The husband ought the wife to rescue, yea
Though she were plaste amid a troupe of foes.
Thy cause is farre vnlke, contende for life,
And harmelesse to escape, and onely to
Thy Ladies lap in safetie to retire.
Pee Dardanes, of so many spare me one,
He from his corps enforce my bloud to stanch.
He is not one whom may beseeme to fight,
Or to his martiall foe his breast to gage.
He better may that fights for heartie zeale.
Let others slash, let Protesilaus lotte,
Him I confesse I would withheld at home.

to Proteſilaus.

My tongue for ſearc of ill abode ment ſtack,
When from thy fathers house to Troy ward
Thou wentſt, thy ſoſt at threshold ſtumbled tho.
Which when I ſaw, in ſilence mourning ſayd,
Grant Gods that thiſ pretend a good returne.

Now do I thiſ diſplay, for thou in armes
To ventrouys ſhouldſt not bee : proceſure that thiſ
My feare to vain and vacand winds may turne
And ſoſt (I wote not whom) appoynted hath
To vndeserued fatr, that firſt of Greces,
With forwarde ſoſt ſhal tonch the Troian ſoyle.
I curſed ſeme, that firſt ſhall waiſe the loſſe
Of her adempted ſære. I craue the Gods
Thou ſhew not then thy ſelfe exceilive stout,
Of thouſand ſhips let thine the latter be,
And laſt of al the ſundred waues deuide,
(And thiſ for warning take) go laſt on land,
Eiſ not thy native ſoyle thou flittest to.
At thy returne let ſayle and Dare be plyde,
And haſte thy Barke to thy well knownen ſhoze:
Where Phœbus lurke, or elſe do ſhine aloſt,
Both day and night thou breaſt my grie ful wo.
But moſt by night, for that a ſeafon is
To women, that with clinching armes imbrace
Theiſ louers limmes, of ſugered ſport and toy.
For falſed ſlæpes I hunt in carefull Couch,
Feeding on falſe delight for want of true.
But why to me thiſ Image pale appears?

Laodameia

And from thy mouth why such complaint procedes
Enforst to watch, the yksome ghosts of night
And visions I adore: no Aultar through
All Thessaly my fuming smoke doth lacke,
Incense I yeld with intermedled teares,
Which mingde doe surge as wine ycast in flame.
When I with grædie armies, shal thee returnd
Imbracing lie, and sencelesse ware foroy?
When lodge with me in one selfe careles couch,
Wilt thou the valiant facts of battaille blaze?
Which whilst y shalt describe, though I to heare
Shall long, yet will we coll and kisse betwixt.
For kissing decks the tale with better grace,
And stay procures hongre more prompt to parle:
But when I think of Troy, both wind and seas
Returne to mind: and hope by hōfull feare
Is vanquisht cleane, and put to sodaine flight.
And that the windes your middle passage barre
Moues me. In spite of waues you mind to passe
Who to his countrey would with froward gale,
Against the will of winds shape his returne?
And you frō Greece in troublous tempests trudge.
Unto his towne Neptunus barres your course.
Whither haste you: catch unto his home retire.
Why, whither go you Greeks, behold the winds
And counterthwarting blasts. Some god procur's
(Not sodain chance) no doubt, this lingring stay.
What saue a shameful drabbe and harlot ranckt

By

to Protelilau.

By this your war & battailes broule is fought:
Whilsh yet you may, and lawfull is your sayles
And flittering Barkes backe to Achaia bend.
But why do I reuoke, or call thee home?
Let all abodeiments go. I pray the winds
And calmed wavyes to further thine intent.
I spite at Trojan Dames, that shall survey
The funerals of their feares & wailfull spoyles,
Nor haue their foes far fro their country boundis.
The late betrothed spouse her selfe will do
Her husbands Helme & harnesse with her hand,
She will armour, and whilst armour she
Doth giue (a gratesfull thing to both) will kisse,
And fellowsooth her spouse, wchage to make
Reuyre, and say (to loue thy weapons bow)
Reseruing he his recent charge in mind,
Will warily fight, and cast an eie to home:
She at returne will loose her spouses Helme,
And do his Large awaie, his wearie limmes
Releving with her ayde, as best she may.
We doubtfull in suspence and dread do stand,
Fearing each thing that may by fortune fall,
Yet whilst in foraine coast thou wagest warre,
Of ware that represents thy face, I haue
A table made, to whom I tell my tale,
And kisse, as I thy coorse was wont to coll.
The picture is more then it seemes to sight.
In faith allow the waxen forme a sound,

Laodamia

And it will be Protesilaus outright,
That I behold, and in my husbands stead,
Betwixt my paps do place, & frame complaint
Thereto, as though it had the powre to speake.
By thy returne and corps (my saints I sweare)
By egall lights of marriage and of mind,
And by thy hed, (which fright with silver locks,
To fine that I may see, and that thou mayst
In health revert) I sweare that whither thou
Shalt give in charge, to thas I will repayre
As following Matre, whether thou liue, or oh,
That more I dread, and stand oh, more appald.
With this precept and onely charge I end,
Respect thy selfe, and haue remorse of me.



The

The Argument of the

xiiii. Epistle, entituled Hy- permnestra to Lynceus.

To fiftie daughters *Danaus* was Syre,
His brother *Aegypt* had as many sonnes:
Whom he to match did earnestly desire,
With *Danaus* daughters he the marriage shunes,
And reason why: the Oracle had sed,
His sonne in law should hewen off his head.

Aegyptus wroth with this his brothers deed,
(Ot purpose that to *Argos* went his way
For caule the marriage ishould not so proceed)
Sent all his sonnes with Souldiers for to stay
Their vncle: or his daughters at the least
To take to wiues and make a marrige feast.

The siedge was layd, and *Danaus* in fine
Offorce compelde for safetie sake to yeeld
His brothers sute, although he did repine:
When marrige day approcht, the father willde
His daughters to destroy with cruell kniues
Their husbāds, & to reaue their Nephewes liues.

The day was come, ech slew their slubring Make
Saue *Hypermnestra*, that of all the rest

Spared

The Argument.

Spared her spouse, and warned him to take
His flight : such ruth did lodge in louing breast,
According to her counsell so he did,
And by that meane himselfe from daunger rid.

In dawning when the father came, he saw
Each daughter had her sleepie husband slaine,
Sauc Hypernestra: whom withouten law
He sent to ward, in prison her to paine,
Where being lodgd, these lines to *Lyncens* she
Deuisde, and sent from Gyues releast to bee.

(Boettcher's) and (Scholes) [in my opinion] the best work
you can get hold of in the subject matter involved.
I hope to see you again at the meeting at The
University of Michigan in the beginning of August.

The xiii. Epistle.

Hypermnestra to Lynceus.

¶ O him that of so many brethen liues,
And sole surviuves, I Hypermnestra sende :
The rest by their wifes guilt were foully slaine.
Iode with Gines in prison am detainide,
And not agnulting is my cause of scath.
Or that my hand to murther not presumde,
Did offence : but so I had done euill.
And ruthlesse beene, I semblant praise had wonne
Dore lesser I account guilt to sustaine
Than in such sort to please my angry Syre !
Ie lothe I hands of murther boyd to haue.
Though me my Syre (whom I ne wrongd at al)
With threatfull flame consume, or menate with
The fire that present was at sacred rytes,
Or slay with sword which shamefully he gaue,
And wife sustaine the death her husband shoulde ;
Let shall he not my dying lawes enforce
Or to repent, or lothe such frändly ruth.
Let Danaus, and my sisters for their fact
Grise : This end such mischiesle aye ensues !
Recounting of that bloudy night doth make
My heart to quake, and suddaine tremor force
My hand to fly from that I thought to wryte
He who they deuid could haue her husbād slain

¶ D

Hyperrrhicstra

11

Of murthe not committed dreades to wryte:
But yet I will assay. With mantle black
When yokesome shade gan overspread the soyle
And sayling day did yeld to growing night,
The sisters led to Danaus castle came,
And there Aegypt his daughters entertaind,
Which prynly were arm'd with wreaful blade.
On every side the golden Lampes did shine,
And in unwilling flames the incense fumde.
The people Hymen cride, but Hymen fled
The place, and luno tho her towne farewent.
When staggering they with wine, yellowes cry
With garlands fresh about their moysted locks
To lodgings glad(their buriall places) goe,
And on their funerall beds their corpses cast,
With Wine and slumber now they loden lay,
And quiet rest throughout all Argos was,
When (to my seeing) round about I heard
Of dying men the grants; which I indeed
Did heare, and as I dread, it fell at last:
My blod was fled, the heate forsooke my limmes
And in my nouell couch full cold I lay.
As Zephyrus the slender Reedes doth stirre,
And winter ayre doth shake the Popple tree:
Even so (or more) I quake: a straught thou laist
The wine I gaue thee, was to forcen sleepe.
My fathers charge all feare had quite erilde,
I rose, and tooke in trembling hand the sword.

to Lynceus.

I tell but trouth) thysse caught I vp the tolle,
And thyse from out my reaching fist it fell.
Soyle naythelesse unforced by my syres
Ruthles pcept, and waylefull warning givene,
Unto thy throte applyde the threatening sword,
But feare and pity my attempts withstood :
By ruthfull fist resulde my fathers charge.
Renting my purple robes and tresses downe,
In whispring wise then I thus gan to speake,
Thy father (Hypermenstra) cruell is
To thee, fulfill his West: a fellow let
Thy husband Lynceus to his brothers goe.
I am a mayden am by nature and
By age debonaite, ne my and he for warre
And slaughter unsitting is, seemely sat.
But what? goe to, and while occasion serues
Thy valiant sisters sue: I daeme by this
They all their faeres haue sent to Plutos Court.
Oh, if this hand could any murther done,
Unto my bloud it shold an issue given.
For bearing rule within their uncles raigne,
They not deserued death, which naythelesse
To foraine sonnes in law shold haue assignde.
But case the men had well deseru'd to die?
What haue we misers done? o; how aguist?
What makes that I shold not be ruthfull aye?
Fie? what with cruell sword haue I to do?
What shold a Maid with warlike weapons deale?

My

Hypermnestra

My hands for turne and twiss more sittir wen
Thus I, and whiles I playne, my teares enside
And from my face vpon my carcasse fell.
Whilste me to coll y threwst thy sencelesse arme
The swerd welny thine armes had rechf a wou
At length, of Hire, his seruants, and the day
Dreading these wouds to break thy sleepe, I spak
Lynceus, that of thy brothers sole dast live,
This night (vnlesse thou haste) will be thy last.
Thou uprise afright, and sleepe abandoned,
In trembling fist thou sawst the cruell swerd.
To thee, that tho didst long to know the cause,
Whilste night wil give thee leue ffe, ffe (quoth I)
By night thou fledst, and I remains behid.
Aurora rose, when Danaus gan to count,
And tell the coyses of his murthered sonnes:
Thou onely of the tale were found to lacke.
That of his nephewes one had scapt the death
He toke in rage, complayning not enough
Bloudshed to be: such was his egar thirst:
I from my fathers feete was taken straight,
And haulde by the haire, to cruell prison thrust:
Of rushfull pitty such the guerdon was.
Dame Iunos wrath hath euer sith endurde,
That so of a Pympha Cowe became,
And from a Cowe to Goddesse was transformed.
Alas, twas prime ynough a silly mayd
To lowgh in fields, and not her loue to please.

Bu

But lately made a Cowe, her fathers banches
 And upon the hoynes, which earst were never hers.
 And minding so to speake she lowght a god,
 Both of her forme, and of her boyce astrayd.
 Why Misericordie dost thou stille ? why musest at
 Thy selfe in sorde, and numbrest so thy feete ?
 Thou art to other members now transmude.
 Thou, whom dame Juno had in great suspect,
 With boughes, and sedge thy famine dost expell,
 Of floud thou drinkest, and gazest all agast
 Upon thy forme, dreading y hornes thou bearest :
 And one, of late so rich as might accoy
 The mighty loue, lyest bare upon thy soyle.
 By seas, by lands, and colin clouds thou runn,
 Both sea and land, and lakes do give ther way,
 Passage both sea and land, and lakes allow.
 What is the cause of flight ? why (lo) why
 Doest thou range the largie seas about ?
 Thine own countenance thou maist not wel avoid
 Why (lo) whither steepest ? the thing thou shunst,
 Thou followste aye, and dost by flight pursue.
 Thou darfst both lead and follow her that leades.
 Nilus, to sea with seuen fold streame that flowes,
 Made her do way her brutish shape at last.
 What need I name the rest, that aged folke
 Recite ? my yeres occasion yeld of plaint.
 By Syre and Uncle warre, we sisters we,

Hypermnestra

Of realme and raigne exilde, are banisht farre,
He cruell, both the seat, and Scepter rules,
The neddie rangle with our neddfull Syre.
Of brethen now the lesser part doth live.
Whom I (as well the parties done to death
As Authors of the cruell fact) bewayle,
For loke how many brothers I am bereft
So many loving sisters lost I eke.
For either part my dolefull teares I shead.
Lo, I (cause thou dost live) sustaine the smart,
What should I gally beare? what torment bide,
What wrongfull paine without desert endure?
I that was one of hundred allies earst,
One brother lyuing Pyser shall be slayne.
But thou (D Lynceus) if regard at all
Of ruthfull sister lodgē within thy breast,
And worthy be, the querdon I thee gaue:
Or ayd me, or with death fozedoe my corse,
And lay my limmes deuoyd of life by stealth
In earth my bones engrauē with faithful teares,
And on my Tombe this slender title wryte.

A boone vysit for ruth, in wrong exile,
The death, that Hypermnestra from her spouse,
And brother turn'd shee myser wight endurde.

Much more in heart yet could I find to wryte,
Saue that my hāds the clinking chaines do lode,
And gally feare my wondēd strength bereues.

The

The Argument of the xv. Epistle, entituled, *Paris to Helen.*

Sir *Paris* gone to Greece
fayre *Helen* to coy,
In *Lacademone* landes at length,
receiuued like a Roy
At *Menelau* house:
the Host to *Creta* goes
Astreus goods but lately dead,
in order to dispose,
Whose absence gaue the ghest
occasion to bewray
His sute to *Helen*, whilst (goodman)
her husband was away.
He shewes his secrete loue
and what good will he beares,
And to make breach into the Fort
the subtill souldier swears:
He bragges of stately stocke,
he vaunts of Princely kind:
He telles of *Dardan* dames of *Troy*
and more then was to find.
The Ladie to allure,
his painted sheath he showde:
And in this wise his Peacockes plumes
the Trojan spread abrode.

The xv. Epistle. of P

Paris to Helen.

This greeting Paris sendes
to Lcdas daughter d're:
Whose helthful state doth whole depend
upon thy frendly cheere.
What? shall I speake? or needs
not this my flame be showne?
And more then I could wish to be,
is loue already knowne?
More lesser should it lurcke
(if I might haue my will)
Till fortune framde, as feare ne dread
my gladsome ioyes might spill.
But I to cloake my craft
my loue not know the wales:
For who can hide the flanckring flame
that kill it selfe betrayes?
But if thou looke that I
with word confirme the deed:
Take this as profe of hidden heart,
I syg with feruent glæd.
Let him that doth confesse,
find at thy hand such grace,
In reading frendly all the rest,
as fittes thy seafurdes face.

Paris to Helen

It made me ioy to heare
my letters w're receiv'd :
Whereof that he shall fauour find
thy Paris hath conceiu'd.
Which hope I wish to be
of force, nor thou for noug't
Of me th'rough ouerpassest Deas
by Venus Hestes be sought:
For lest thou wittlesse ere,
I came vnto this place
By warning of the Gods, and no
small God doth ayde my case:
Great guerdons I demaund,
but not vndue to me :
For Venus did compound that
Should fast be linckt with thee.
By her conduct I from
Sigeus littor came
In Phereclean Barck, and did me
by seas my tourney frame.
She gave me windes at will,
and weather safe to sayle :
So maruell if she that was borne
of waues, on seas preuaile:
Her persist, and calme,
the raging of my brest,
So earst she did the seas: and bring
my bothes to harbooz rest.

¶ Paris

I brought with me this fire,
I found not here my flame :
Which was the cause that hither I
my boiage long did frame.
Not hither Winters stormes
or errore me did bringe,
At Teneris was ay my mind
and purpose to arrive.
Harmise not me with wares
or Marchants Mart to wend
Through fishful floods: the welch I haue
immortall Gods defend.
Be as a gazer I
to Grecian Cities came :
For Troian towne (my native soyle)
thy Grece would lightly shame.
But thou whom Venus eat
vnto my bed behight,
Didst cause me come, for whom I wiste
or ere I knew the wight.
In mind I viewd thy face
before I saw with eye :
And brute by flickering flame at first
thy beauty did descry.
And maruell is it none,
if I as one that was
stroke afarre with thirlings shaft,
in loue my time do passe.

to Helen.

For so it please the fates,

which lest you seeke to break,

I end eare to such vndoubted truths,

as I intend to speake.

When me within her wombe

my mother did detaine,

And that the weary popse thereof

her stroking corps did paine:

She seemd by Morpheus meanes

in dashed doubtfull dzeame,

To haue as then beeне brought a bedde

with flaming fiery stremes.

Afright with feare she rose,

and what she saw she told

The aged King, and he forthwith

consulted sages old.

Who preaching did pronounce

that Iion shoulde flame

With Paris fire, this ardent loue

I feele it was the same.

My forme and forward heart

(though then I seemde but base)

Was p^{ro}use and token that I came

of hault and haunty race.

A place there is in Ide

mid bushie lands below,

Whereto no open way doth lie,

but Pire and Holme doth grow:

Paris

Where neither simple sheepe,
nor Mountaine Goate did graue:
Nor lumpish Dre with flapping lippes
had sild his mownching mawe.
From thence the Dardane walles
and buildings huge to see:
And waltring waues of drenching seas,
I leant against a tree.
With trampling feete me thought
the soyle began to move:
(Though I display but trueth, yet thou
wilt scarce my tale approue:)
By force of flickring wings
was brought unto the place
Cyleneus, Atlas Nephew neare,
and stode before my face.
(As lawfull twas to see,
be lefull to recite)
And in his hand a golden rodde
the God did hold upright.
And heauenly Ladies three
dame Venus, Juno, and
The Princeely Pallas all at once
set footing on the sand.
I quoke for dread, my hayre
stode staring on my head:
When (set thy feare aside) to me
the winged Herauld sed.

The

Thou art a Judge of somes,
 stint all this godly warre
 And tell whiche of these thare by right,
 thy verdite doth prefarre.
 And lest I shoule refuse,
 from loue he gane me charge
 And therewith fles with gate dire
 into the heauens large.
 My strength began to grow,
 and courage come anew :
 And then I drede not of the thrée
 to take a perfyt view.
 All were surpassing wights,
 but yet I stod in dread :
 (Assigned Judge) that e're one
 might not alike bee sped.
 For one among the rest
 surmounted other so ;
 And that it were the purse of loue
 thy selfe wouldest lightly know.
 Such carke they had to winne,
 as echē one did intend,
 By largesse, and their godly giftes
 my doubtfull doome to bend.
 An Empyre Iuno gaue,
 dame Pallas vertues raigne:
 I doubtfull stod where powre or vert
 tue were the best of twains,

When sweetly Venus smild,
 let gifts not moue thy mind
 (Quoth she) friend Paris : both replaie
 with trouble thou shalt find.
 By onely boone shall be,
 that thou shalt loue, and hane
 The snow-white Ledaes darling deere
 and daughter passing bjaue.
 She said, when iustly scand
 both formes and gerdons were :
 The last with pricke and prayse began
 to mount vp to her sybore.
 Meanewhile (as froward fates
 to better fortune grewe)
 By certaine signes for Priams childe
 the Troians Paris knew.
 The sonne receiu'd the house
 long time was fild with ioy :
 And that selfe day continues still
 as halowde yet in Troy.
 And as I long for thea,
 so Haydens lou'd me well :
 Thou onely maist their wish atchiae,
 and beare away the bell.
 Not Princes heyres alone
 or daintie dames imbaiss :
 But seemely Sympthes in ardent loue
 with me were coupled fast.

But

To Helen.

But lofhsome was their loue,

I wayde them all ake,

When I of Helen had in hope,

whom Venus wil'd me take.

I wakyng with mine eie

did seeke thy face by day,

And in my heart I view'd thy forme

when Phœbus was away.

What wyls thou present do,

that in mine absence so

Didst Paris please? I fryde though farre

the fierie flame were tho.

Se longer this my hope

I could deferre at last,

But that my purpose to aspyre,

to Sea I went in haste.

With Phrygian axe were cut

the Troian trees to ground,

And Timber, what so for the seas

most fittest then was found.

The haughtie hils were spoyld,

of great and woren woods,

And I da lent me many a tree,

with all their sturdie shrowds,

The Dkes soz warped keeles,

and rudder were ysquarede,

And with his crooked clinching ribbes,

the ship was well p reparde.

We added Mass and toppe,
and hanging sayles thereto:
And in the sides our painted Gods
were postred all aroe.
In ship wherein I went,
was with her little boy.
Dame Venus grauen, whose behest
was causer of my joy.
When Parie was address,
and readie was the charge,
To passe upon Egæan seas,
was giuen me in charge.
My parents by request,
my voyage would haue stayd,
And that I wold sojorne with them,
as earnest suters prayd.
My sister with her locks
(Cassandra) loiling downe,
(When ships were readie to auale,
from port within a towne)
Why: whither go'st (quoth she?)
thy freighting shall be flame.
Thou little know'st what fire thou sett'st,
that doth this iourney frame.
I sin her words a troth,
I feele the foresaid heate,
And raging loue in yelding breast,
as kindled Cole doth create.

to Helen.

With that I left the port,
by meane of blisfull blast,
And friendly gale, I did arrime
Upon thy coast at last.
Thy husband tooke me ghett,
with whom I harbourde tho.
And not without the Gods aduise,
be practisde that I know.
Who made me shew of all
that goodly was to view,
In Lacedemon or else where
in stately Grece he knew.
But nought might please mine eie,
or hungrie fancie leake,
Who for thy passing praysed shape,
with longing heart did sace.
Whom when I saw, I misde,
mine inward parts I felt
Surprise with new unwonted cares,
in monstrous wise to melt.
A face resembling thine,
(of troth I mind it well)
Had Venus, when to judge of hues
to Paris lot it sell.
If thou hadst there beeene prest,
contending for the game,
I doubt where Lady Venus should
so lightly wonne the same.

Re,

Report hath spread thy praise,
 and fame her trumpet blowne,
Ho that in euerie countrey is
 faire Helens beautie knowne.
In Troian towne is none,
 ne from the rysing Sunne,
Afamous lasse that for her hue
 A semblant prayse bath moon.
And if thou darst belue,
 thy beauty doth surpass,
And common rumor doth impeach,
 and bædes thy beautis lasse.
Here find I more then me
 th^r Goddess hath behight,
And all that glorie by thy face
 and forme is passed quite.
Not Theseus lou'd for nought,
 that knew so well thy shape,
That were of such a noble Duke
 surmisoe a seemely rape.
When by the Greekish guise,
 a naked Nymph did sport
 With naked wights, in place of play
 where Grecians did resort.
I prayse him for his rape,
 I muse he would forgoe
So god a pray : with valiant heart
 it shold bæne held you know.

to Helen.

For from these shoulders first
should fall my scotched skull,
 Ere thee out of my griping hands;
 a moftall wight should pull.
 Would ere these armes of mine
 have let thee so depart?
 O; during life might thou at all
 from Paris clummes astart?
 If noedes I should for gone,
 I would haue had a share,
 Nor all in idle should haue layne
 the lufffull Venus ware,
 O; I thy maidenhead woulde
 and dauntie flowre haue gaind:
 O; that which might haue bin allowde
 if maiden-head were restraint.
 To Paris ply, and thou
 his constant heart shalt trie,
 Who bowes with thee in self-same fire,
 and funerall flams to trie.
 For I haue thee preferd
 before the regall state,
 Which wealthfull Juno offred, when
 I late in Judges place,
 And to thee fine I might
 with armes thy necke enfold,
 I scornd the vertue Pallas gat,
 more worth then glowing gold,

That

Fox

Paris

That time when Ladies three
appearde in stately Ide,

But derter iudgement there to haue
their doubtfull matter tride.

I sorrow not my choyse,
ne yet repent at all,

My stable minde doth aye persisit;
as then it did and shall.

This one request I make,
let not my hope be vaine,

(O famous dame) that well deseru'd
pursute with endlesse paine.

No Rascall seekes to match
himselfe in Gentles bloud,

Be thou to be my wedded spouse,
mayst thinke thy selfe too good.

The Pleyades mayst thou find,
and loue with stately stile

To me alide, the middle Grand-
sires, though I shoulde concile.

In Asia raignes my Sire,
(a fresh and fruitfull soyle)

Whiche scarcely may enuirond be,
with long and painefull toyle.

Of Cities many one,
and lodges shalt thou see,

And Temples such as fit for Gods,
thy selfe wilt daeme to be.

Great

to Helen.

Great walles with towreis tolwys, and battaynes,
and Ilion shal thow view,焉可見也
whiche stately buildings by the sound
of Phoebus musick grew.
What of the hugie prease
of people shold I tell?
The countrey scarce containes the folke
that in the Cities dwelle, 乃有三萬家
A troupe of Trojan Dames
and Matrons ther wil meeete,
The Phrygian Femmes wil stusse each
and euerie other strateynest dyl (poach)
How often wilt thou say, 哥特人之歌
Achaia is but poore, 然而吾等亦不無
The wealth of Grakish towres is foud,
in euerie little polwe,
Ne lawfull is for me to spake about Sparta
thy Sparta to despise, 乃有三萬家
The place where thou wert solstred, 乃有三萬家
more blissfull do surmisse, 乃有三萬家
Yet Sparta is but spare, 乃有三萬家
more pompe thou doft deserue, 乃有三萬家
So meane a soyle for such a face, 乃有三萬家
doth nothing fitly serue. 乃有三萬家
Such beautie larger coast, 乃有三萬家
would wel beseme indeede; 乃有三萬家
And aye on new delights wete meete,
for such a face to sée.

Waben

When thus thou view our men,
attyde and branely bight,
What wilt thou judge of Troian truis.
and of their vesture bright?
Now shew thy selfe a friend,
nor of a Phrygian scorne:
Thou daintie dame, in Therapne-
an countrey that were borne,
For he a Phrygian was
and come of Troian line,
That to the Gods their Nectar givē,
commirt with water fine.
A Troian Tython too,
and yet she lik't him well,
That with the golden dawning doth
the drowping night expell.
Anchises was a Troian borne
and bred, (as men do say)
With whom the Dame of Love in Ide
in shrowding shadow lay.
Thy spouse with me compare,
(though thou thy selfe were judge)
For yeeres and seemely shape would bee
a rascall and a snudge.
I will not give to thee
a fatherlaw, that by
His cursed fact did force the sonne
his fearefull stedes to wry.

to Helen.

He Pelops was the Spye
of Priam that with blood
Of Oenamus imbrude his hands,
and Mertill drencht in cloud.
Now doth our Grandfere gape
for fruite in flattering lake
Of Stix, no; seekes for wanes in Well,
his growing thirst to slake.
But what availeth this,
if one be linkt with these
Of their discent? loue is enforst
this families head to be.
Fie shamefull act, all night
that same vnworshipe patch
With thee doth sleepe, & with his armes
thy sugerred ames doth catch.
Thee scarcely I descreie,
when table-clothes are led,
And that selfe time with care and care,
and sorrow enough is sped.
Unto my mortall foes
such banquets fall I craue:
As when that Bacchus comes to bzoode
I silly Paes haue.
I hate mine harbour soze,
when so the rustick layes
His armes vpon thy snowish necke,
and with mine Hostesse playes.

I swell with wrath (but what
should I now all declare?)

When he w^t his clothes displaid, the chuffe
thy husband hides thy bare,

But when you gan to kisse
and coll each other apace:

(For that I would not see) the Cup
I set before my face.

Look when he thee imbrasse,
to grotnd mine eies I threw,
And in unwilling mouth my meats
and yokesome prawnder grew.

And grutching oft with griefe,
I saw full well when thou

At those my woes in wanton wise,
wouldst smile with laughing brow.

With wine oft times I would
that fuming flame opprest.

But drunckennesse was flame in fire,
and thus my heate increast.

And sundry sights to shunne,
away my head I turne:

But thou eststones wouldst make mine
and fancie to returne. (eyes)

Thus doubtfull what to doe,
a griefe these things to see,

But yet a greater griefe away,
from such a face to be.

to Helen.

As much as lay in me,
this rage I strive to hide:
yet naythelesse, villembled lone
is quickly to be spide.
We art thou ought deceiu'd,
to thē my wounds be knowen;
And wold to God that of my grefed
thou prisis were alone:
How oft when feares gan flussh,
turn'd I my head awry,
Lest hee the cause of mournefull moode,
Should fortune to discryed:
How often with Cup erasure,
haue I some loue exprest:
And wold unto thy featur'd face,
each word and sentence wrest:
And of my selfe in close
and fained name made shew:
Euen I am he that lou'd so well,
if thou the same not know:
And that I frankly might
vse wanton words at will,
I would make wise of Bacchus ware,
as though I had my fill,
Thy breast (I well record)
(thy vesture being loose)
Displayd vnto my staring eyes,
thy beautie did disclose.

Paris

Thy breast than Mountaine snow
Or morning milke more clare, I or sayd
O loue that in the forme of Swanne
To Leda did appeare.
Whilst at the sight I gazde,
(I held a Cup by hap)
And from my selfe the Cup it fell,
and in the flooze did snap,
When thou thy daughter kist,
I would, the kisse to winne,
Hermions cheakes and rherie lippes
eftsoone to smack beginne.
Sometime laid bolt upright,
of former lone wold sing,
And other sighes by becke would give,
a signs of secret thing.
The chiefe of all thy mates
I boured but of late.
To Clymen and to Eshira I
in humble wise did prate.
Who answered nothing else,
but that they stood in dread,
And euer amidst my earnest suits
away from me they fled.
Would thou were platt as price
at some notorious watch,
That he who best in armes deseru'd,
thes for his faere might catch.

Then

to Helen.

Then as Hypomenes swaine
Atlanca in the field,
To whom a flocke of futers earst
in running race did yeild:
As Hercules the hornes
of Achelous broke,
Whan Deianeires loue to fight,
the Champion did prouoke:
I would my valiant prowesse
in semblant sort haue showne:
And that thy beautie causde the same,
to theē it shold be knowne.
Now nought remaines, but euen
to sue to theē (faire Dame)
And grouse to force thy fete to fall,
if thou permit the same.
O flowre, and present prayse
of both thy brothers hyre,
O worthie wiffe of mighty loue,
if loue were not thy hyre:
O to Sigeian port,
with theē I will retire,
O in exile at Tænaris
my carkasse shall expire.
For why? no slender dart
hath cleft my breast in twaine,
The mortal wound hath brold y bones,
and ransackt eueris vaine.

In this (I mind it well)
Cassandra spake aright,
Whoso said in future time on me,
A heavenly shaft shouldest light.
Wherfore, doe not despise
The loue allowde by fate:
So maist thou haue the gashly Gods
Thy friends in needfull state.
I haue a thousand things,
Which frankly to recite,
Receiuue me to thy carelesse couch,
In sere and silent night.
What dost thou shame, or stand
In such a bashfull dzed,
For to de file with secret scape,
Thy chaste and baredly bed?
Or simple sure thou art,
A rustick might I say?
Thinkest thou that so well form'd a face,
From guylt may scape away?
Or thou must change thy hue,
Or not be heard at least,
Twixt beautie and an honest life
Was never warre in feast.
For loue delights in stealths,
And Venus loves the same,
If loue had bene thy syre valesse,
Had Leda lik't the game.

to Helen.

If grieses of loue haue force,
scarce chaste thou maist be thought,
When lustfull loue and Leda light
into this world hath brought.

Then leade an honest life,
when we in Troy shall be,
Let none be able to defame
faire Helen but by mee.

Now let vs forze the fact
which mariage shall amend,
If Ladie Venus words be true,
as tho she did pretend.

Thy husband not in words
but deedes perswades thereto,
Who, for he would no hindrance be,
deuisde from Greece to go.

He had no fitter time
to ride from home but than:

O Lord it is a world to see
the subtil craft of man.

Mine host is gone, who sayd
at parture, wife I will

Thou take in charge my Troian ghett,
thy husbands hests fulfill.

I sweare, thou dost neglect
thy absent faeres request,
For why? thou hast no carke at all,
to entertaine thy ghett.

What doss thou thinke indeede
that doltish silly man,
The thewes of Helens passing forme
may iudge or throughly scan?
In faith thou art beguild,
for if the god the owes
He knew, therewith he would not truse
a ghest he scarcely knowes.
Though neither thee my boyce,
nor friendship may procure
To yeeld me grace, conuenient time,
may cause vs to play sure.
Or else we are but dolts,
and more then he too blame,
If such occasion we permit
to slide deuoyd of game.
In manner with his hand
he gaue his ghest to thee,
See thou do vse such simplenes
that hath such care of mee.
The long and lothsome night
thou lodgest all alone,
And I poore Paris to redresse
my haplesse harmes haue none.
Let intermedled ioyes
conioyne vs both yfeare,
And that selfe night shall see me to vs,
than bryghtest day more cleare.

Then

to Helen.

Then will I make my volve,
appealing Gods to othe :
And by a sacred band to thee
for pawne ingage my troth,
And then (vnlesse the trust
I in my selfe repose
Be vaine) I vnto thee eftsoones
my Scepter will disclose.
But if thou shame, and dread
to condiscend thereto :
I onely will sustaine the guilt
and thou exempt shalt goe.
For why ? thy brothers fact,
and Theseus will I take
As mirrois : nerer p̄pose then this
I know thou canst not make.
The Theseus earst, they two
Lucippids haue bereft :
And I as fourth example made
and myrrour shalbe left.
My Pavie is at hand,
of men and armour stoe :
We shall to Troy flit in hast
by meane of winde and Dre.
Thou like a stately Queene
through Dardan strees shalt ride.
The commons will some Goddesses new
surmise to haue espide.

What

What way soever thou goest
the perfumes they shall sweate :
And slaughtred beasts the gorie ground
with bloudy strokes shall beate.
My sisters with my Dame,
my brothers with the king,
And all the Troian Patrones shall
their ample presents bring.
Oh, scarce one parcell I
of future things recite :
Thou shalt haue more then in these lines
my feble pen can write.
Ne doe thou rapled stand
afdeadfull warre in awe :
Ne feare y grutching Grece her force
to weake this rape will drawe.
Though sundry were conuayd,
was never none pursude
With clastring armes: of troth this dread
vs caus elesse doth delude.
In Boreas name the men
of Thrace Oritchia stole :
Yet Byton had no hatefull warres,
nor enimies to controle.
In nouell Warck was brought,
by Iason through the seas,
Medea: Colchos kept no coyle
ne Thessale did disease.

to Helen.

And he that stale thee first,
rest Minos darling deare:
And yet his men of Creta did
not once in armour stoure.
The feare in these assayres,
the daunger doth expell:
But afterward of feare we shame,
when every thing is well.
Put case that warre were wagde?
(if so thou list to thinke)
What, I haue men, and armou'reke,
yea such as will not shynke.
And Asia is no lesse,
then is your Country wide:
Of valiant wights we haue god store,
and startling steedes to ryde.
So Menelaus shall
of greater courrage be
Then Troian Paris, nor in armes
more stife and stout then he.
So being yet a child,
I slew my hauty foes
That stale my hierde iand of that fact,
my valiant name arose.
And being but a Ladde,
in sundry combats wanne
The palme from Illioneus, and eke
Deiphobus the man.

And

Paris. I. 1. 1.

And least thou sole surmise
me to preuale at hand,
I can enforce my thirled shaft
full neare the Marke to stand;
The like attempt in youth
Atrides never made:
Ne Menelaus mayst thou match
with Paris so; his trade.
Though all things els thou graunt,
yet Hector cannot be
His brother, which will stand in stead
of thousand men to me.
Thou little knowst my power,
my force from thee is lockt:
Thou canst not tell what man is he
with whom thou shalt be shockt.
Or with no tumult thou
shalt me require againe:
Or Greekish tents to Paris Part
to yeld they shall be faine:
Yet nev^r I not disdaine
to warre for such a wife:
For why? the p^rice doth well deserue
to stirre a greater strife.
And thou, if all the world
for thee shall seeme to strive,
Shalt stand assured in after time
for aye to be aliue.

gathered

to Helen; in ARIEL
wherefore hath dreadlesse hope
departing from this shore,
And blisfull Gods, demand the gifts
I thee beight before.

The T
hous about this first to come to you? O
fruicibz hysell be base of all thyngs
y, a herte full of for hys caribus am
midst thy glorie, wherofe he comfyteth his
merry, and helpefull herte, betwixt you both. Spes
A
But



The Argument of the
xvi. Epistle, entituled,
Helen to Paris.

When Helen had the Troian writ perusde,
She thought her self too shamefully abusde:
She deemde it not the part of any ghest,
To whoredome so his Hostesse mind to wrest.
To quale the Pritocks pride, & make a proose
Of spotles fame, at first she stands aloofe:
At length, when to and fro she had discourt
Of this and that, and choler well disbourst,
She fawnes, she frownes, she frets, she speakes him
She offred hope, but fed him with despaire, (faire,
As women wont, devising many a toy:
But Paris her in fine conuaide to Troy.



The xvi. Epistle,

Helen to Paris.

No since thy letters have Ie sent me
thus rashly wrongd my sight :
I thought it needfull with my penne to say
thy Epistle to requite.
And didst thou dare a ghest,
(the bounds of hostage broke)
And honest Matrone well espousde,
to pleasure to prouoke?
For this by whistling windes
yflost on Waving Seas,
Did Teneris thee with port relieve
thy painefull pligt to ease?
Por (through inuestred thou
camst from a Country farre)
The P^r Wallace did against thee as then
his churlish gates debarre:
That such a wrong should be him and they ad
reward for god desart?
Thou that didst enter so hast playd vnto me
no ghesstes, but enmies part.
Though lawfull be my plaint,
yet doubt I not at all,
But thou (whenso thou heare thereof)
a rude complaint wyl call.



Helen

A rustick let me bee,
so I not passe the bound
Of honest shame, and in my life
no cankred crine be found.

So I in fained loke
do cloake no churlish cheere:
Nor in my face no grim disdaine
nor bended browe appeare:

Pet honest is my fame,
I live deuoyd of spot:
No lustfull Lecher for his life
is able me to blot.

Which makes me muse the more
what should embold that so,
To take this straunge attempt in hand,
a maried wife to won:

Cause Theseus wronge me once
well worthy am I deem'd
To be a Russians rape againe,
and so to be esteem'd?

The guilt was mine, if I had playd a knyght
allured were to ill
But I so rapted were by force,
what could I do but nill?

Be he by that his fact
his hoped booty got:
Set feare and womans dread aside,
I sought abode God wote,

to Paris.

The wretch by wrestling wonne
at Helens hand a kisse :
And laid her on the lip sometime,
he had no more but this.
Scarce would you bee content
(vnthirsty so you are:) 100
With that : I thanke the Gods, that he
and thou didst differ farre.
He yelded me againe,
and me did scarcely touch :
And did repent him of his fact,
his modesty is such.
Did Theseus so recant
that Paris should succede :
For feare least on my blazed armes
the people should not feare :
Yet I am nothing wroth,
(for who can angry bee
With that she loues?) if this my loue
be faithfull unto me.
For thererof doubt I soore,
not for distrust at all:
Or that my face and featur'd soyme
into suspect I call.
But for such light beleefe
and credite workes our woe :
Adulters tales are freight with fraud,
and fixed faith forgoes.

D

But

But others do aguilt, and will saye his selfe
an honest Patron rare:
Who barres that I among those few
Should haue a partie share?
For cause my mother erde,
perhaps thou thinkst me light
By her example to be wonne,
by meane of natures might.
To cloake my mothers crime
and errore is in stoe:
For why? the Lecher lurketh in plume
to worke his will the more.
If I should do amisse,
of force there of I know:
There is no errore mine offence
to hide from open shew.
Her scape is well allowde,
the Autho^r made it lesse:
There is no loue at al to cloake
my fault if I transgresse.
Thou braist upon thy stock,
thy Grandires Princes are,
This house of worthy Auncellos
and Nobles is not bare,
I will conceale that loue
was Atreus Grandire great:
Of Tantalus, or Pelops I,
nor Tyndaris mind to treate.

to Paris.

But Leda lendes me loue
my stately hire to be
Whom soule begaide with swannish forme
and falsoed byrd wæsse.
Now vaunt thy Troian heads
and ginners of thy race i
Let Laomedon be in presse
and Priam eke in place,
Whom I commend : but he
that fist is of your line,
(Thy greatest pride) I find the same
the foremost man in mine.
Though Troian Scepter I
account to be of fame,
Yet iudge I not our Empire ought
inferiour to the same.
Suppose our wealth you passe,
and Teucrian troupe excell
Our Grækish soyle : yet barbarous is
the Countrie whete you dwell.
So great rewards your lines
and letters me behight,
As well they myght accoy, and cause
to yeld a heauenly wight.
But so I minded were
to breake the bounds of shame:
Thy selfe sholdst sooner make me yeld
than all thy gifts of fame.

O I for aye will live
and lead vnspotted life, dat er glosset
O thee more rather would ensue
then all thine offers rise :
As I not scorne the same,
in price so are they thought
The greatest gifts to whom the giuer hath their beauty brought.
But most of all I weigh
thy loue, that for my sake
Such paines abod'st, whose hope to passe
the seas didst undertake.
And eke at tables set
(though with dissembling brow,
I seeke to hide thine amorous tricks)
I note them well ynow.
Sometime thou (wanton wight)
dost cast a glauncing blink
With wretched looke, whereat welnake,
my daunted eyes do shanke.
Againe you sigh as fast,
another time you take
The cup, and where I drank, even there
your falsoed thirst doth slake.
With fingers (Lord) how oft,
and with a talking brow,
Past thou me giuen secrete signes,
I wote well where, and how.

to Paris.

And oft I stood in feare
my husband saw the same
And often dreading to be spied
I blusht with bashfull shame.
Oft times with whispering words
Unto my selfe I sed
(This is a shamelesse ghes) my words
did hit the nayle on head.
And often wrought in wine,
I read upon the boord,
Even vnder Helens name (*I tane*)
I well record the word.
But that I had distrust
thereof, my looks did shew:
But now (alas) to write the like
dost haplesse Helen know.
These fancies might haue soothed
my ruthfull brest to bend,
And turn'd my heart, if to a guilt
I would at all intend.
Thy feature I confess
is rare, and such to see,
As might allure a womans heart,
to lincke her selfe with thee.
I wish that hap to fall
upon some single Dame;
Cre I with foraine loue should seeke
my bryvely bed to shame.

Helen

Well liked things to lacke
by my example leare: not in doing so don
It is a vertue to abstaine
from what thou hast so deare. not in doing so don
How many youths haue wished
for that which thou dost craue? not in doing so don
What? Paris dost thou deeme that thou,
alone good iudgement haue? not in doing so don
Thou seest no more then they,not in doing so don
but madder is thy minde:not in doing so don
Thy courage is no bett then theirs,not in doing so don
lesse shame in thee I find.not in doing so don
Would then thou hadst repayre,not in doing so don
and hither come by fload,not in doing so don
When me in prime and florwing yeres,not in doing so don
a thousand suters woo'd.not in doing so don
Of thousand thou the first,not in doing so don
if I thee tho had spene,not in doing so don
(My dome to beare withall I craue,not in doing so don
my husband) thou hadst beene.not in doing so don
To things possell thou comst,not in doing so don
and gotten goods too late:not in doing so don
Too slow thou were, another hath
in that thou craust, estate.not in doing so don
As then thy Trofan wife
I would haue wished to bee:not in doing so don
So now A trades not against
my will enjoyeth me.not in doing so don

Teale

to Paris.

Cease thou with words therefore
to ransack Helen's heart,
To her (thou say'st thou lou'st so well)
procure no gretching smart.
But let me keepe the sort,
that Fortune hath allowde:
Hooke not my shame and god report
to darke with shadie cloode.
But Venus so behight,
and in the vales of Ide (came
Three heauenly wights stark naked
to claime their beauties pride:
Of whom one gaue theraigne,
th'other Bellonas skill:
The third pronounist that Helen shoulde
be pliant to thy will.
In faith I scarcely thinke
such Ladies would vouchsane
For chieffest beauties peerelesse price
thy doubtfull domme to haue.
Suppose it were a troth,
the rest was all vntrue:
That for such iudgement I should bee
a recompence to you.
I stand not so much on
my beauties pride, to deeme
That me the greatest gift of all
the Goddesse did esteeme.

My feature is content
of men to purchase fame :
I like it not that Venus should
so much commend the same,
But nothing I denie
the prayeſe full well I like :
For to what end ſhould I gainsay
the thing I cheſely ſeeke :
Ne let it wrath thee that
I hardly thee believe :
To matters of impoſtance great
we ſcarcely credite give.
Wherfore I joy it moſt
that Venus lik't me ſo :
And next for ſuch a ſtately gift
that thou diuſt take me tho.
And that thou diuſt preferre
my blazed beauties god
For Pallas gift, and Junos raigne
that there in iudgement god.
Then I thy vertue am,
then I to thee a raigne :
I were too ſtonie if I would
not loue the like againe.
God faith I am no ſteele,
but him to loue I ſhone
Who (scarce I thinke) may be my ſpoſe
when all my woſke is donne.

to Paris.

Why should I fondly seeke
to plough the barren sand? old book
Or hope on that, which place it selfe
doth very much withstand? good chancery
I skillesse am in scapes. factual action
the Gods record I call, distrust astylls
I never by deceitfull sleight deceitfull
beguilde my faere at all. truth to the day
In that to couert scrole, old book
my words I now committ, not yett record
My letters do attempt a thing clasp but laſt
they never practisde yet. simpler saying
These blisst that are ininde, old book
I wote not how to play in quill of ad
That part as yet, to guiltfull hard druay chancery
I do formyse the way. old book
This dread doth much annoy distrust in you
and sore I am agast, and shewes gidez
Suspecting all the peoples eyes old book
on vs are fixed fast. old book on day
Nor this I feare in vaine, old book on day
the buzzing brute I know: not to syde you
And Eþra what report had gone, old book
to me but late did shew. old book on day
Unlesse thou mind to cease, old book
dissemble thou therfore; old book
But why shouldst thou now stint thy old book
thou canst dissemble soze. (late)

Helen

In secret vse thy loves,
and spare thou not to play:
Now scope we hane, though not y mōst,
my husband is awāy.
He now is farre from home,
affayres compeld him so:
A iust and god occasion hee
had out of towne to goe.
When in a doubt hee stood,
his iourney forth to take,
Dispatch (quoth I) good sir, and see
a quicke returne you make.
Th' abodement lik't him so,
as he to kissing fell,
And gaue me charge of house & goodes,
and bade me vse thee well.
I scarce my laughter held,
which whilst I strive to stay,
Haue that it shoulde be so indeede,
I had no word to say.
To Crete he went in hastē,
by helpe of wind and tre,
But thou, that all things lē full are,
must not surmise therefore.
So is my spouse alacke,
as in his absence well.
He doth me gard: that Princes haue
long reach canst thou not tell?

Fame

to Paris.

Fame doth impayre our iyes,
for how much more you leke
And prayse me: so much more you cause
to stand in feare the Greeke.
The lawde I loue so well,
(as now consyts the case)
Annoyes: mox better were that faine
had never blazde my face:
That I am left with thee
now he is farre away,
Vuse not: he trusst my maners well,
and thinks in me some day.
My face did make him dreade,
he trusst my life full well:
The suretie which my maners bzaede,
my beautie doth expell.
Thou wilst me to be wise,
and vse the present tide:
And not to let so fit a time,
deuoyde of game to lide.
I would, and am astrade,
as yet my heart doth quake,
And fearefull bzeast in doubt doth stand,
and knowes not whiche to takis.
My Spouse doth now dislodge,
and thou alone dost lie:
Thy beautie likes me well, and He
lens shape contents thine eye.

The

Helen

The nights are passing long,
and we to chat begin,
And thou art even a pleasant ghess,
and both one house within.
God sooth each thing doth seeme
this fact to further aye,
And yet I know not how the same
my quivering feare doth stay.
As thou persuadest but ill,
would well thou mightst constraine
Me to thy will, this rudenesse then
should be expeld amaine.
Sometime receiued wrong,
availes the patient much,
How blist were I, such force to bide,
if Helens hap were such:
More better were while lone
is raw and greene to stay:
For flame that scarcely kindled is,
full soone consumes a way:
Few drops of sprinkled water will
the sparkling fire delay.
As strangers starters are,
uncertaine be their loues,
And when thou thinkst them sur't of al
their wauering faith removes,
Let Hypsiphil record,
and Minos daughter trie:

Fo)

For they themselves with wandering
 in bride ly band did tie. (wights,
 And thou of whom Oenon
 was many yeres imbrasse,
 Art said without a iust desert,
 to shunne the Nymph at last.
 Which thou doest not denie,
 and verie troth to tell,
 By chiesest care was to enquire,
 where thou didst use thee well.
 And though thou woldst full faine
 be stable now in loue,
 Thou canst not, for thy Teuctrian shipp
 will out of hand remoue.
 While we do tale yfeare,
 and fixed night shall be,
 The wind will serue thy sayles so well,
 as thou wilt part from me.
 Amid his pleasant course,
 that vnacquainted play
 Will stint, & with þ whisking winds,
 our friendship passe away.
 Shall I (as thou perswad'st)
 go view the Troian towne?
 Or unto great Laomedon,
 a daughter-law be knowne?
 Perdie I more account
 of swifte and slickring same,

Than

Than that in euerie land it shoulde
hauen powre to spred my name:

What Sparta might of me,
and all Achaia speake?

What aunctient Asias famous townes,
and Priams mansion eke?

What Priamus of me,
and Priams wife might say?

Thy brothers, with the Trojan dames,
what might they blast I pray?

And last, how mightst thou hope
me faithfull spouse to finde?

Thine owne example would procure
distrust within thy mind.

What ghest soever shall
to Ilion repaire,

Will brede suspect within thy breast,
and make thee stand in feare.

How oft wilt thou irragde,
terme me by harlots name,

Forgetfull that thine owne offence
was causer of the same?

Thy selfe wilt both procure,
and blame the fact at last,

Ere that I wish in hollow bant,
my carkasse to be plast:

But I shall haue the wealth
of Troy, and braue array:

And

TO PARIS.

And mo rewards then promise was; thus did thy Pistle say.
Of precious Purple I and Arrasse stoe shall haue,
And be enricht with hugie heapes
of massie gold so braue:
forgine that I confesse;
I wey not all the gold:
I wote not how this soyle doth seeme;
thy Helen to withhold.
For if I wonged were,
in Troy no succour is:
My brothers ayde I stand assurde,
and lathers helpe to misse.
False Iason euerie thing
to Medea behight,
And yet in fine from Esons lodge
she was expelled quite.
And being so refusde,
She could not make returne
To Etes, Ipsea, nor with Chal-
ciope for shame sojourne.
I nothing dread the like,
no more did Medea tho:
But sundrie times abodements do
good hope delude, we know.
The sh ips that now in surge,
and yresfull seas do ryde,

when

When first they waid their Ancoys had
 a calme and pleasant tide.
 The brand roth brede my dread,
 wherewith thy Dame was sed,
 Before her wonked time of birth,
 to haue beene brought a bed.
 The Soothsayers sawes I feare,
 which spake the time would be,
 When men of Troy within their wals
 the Grekishe flame should see.
 As Venus friends theē, for
 she wanne the glittering fruit,
 And soylde the other two, that were
 her riuals in the sute.
 So dread I their disdaines,
 which (by thine owne report)
 In iudgement were so put abacke,
 in such reprochfull sort.
 And if I follow theē,
 I doubt it not (alas)
 But that throughswords & weakfull
 our haplesse loue shall passe. (blades,
 With Centaures to discord,
 and bloudy warres to wage,
 Did Hippodamia cause the men
 of Thrace in yrefull rage.
 And dost thou deeme my Feere
 will wireuenged goe

to Paris.

In quarrell with my brothers both

and Tindaris also:

For that in brauerie you

your Martiall deedes recite:

The truth is thus, that fro your wmonds,

your feature differ's quite,

For Venus fitter thou

then Mars dost seeme to be:

Loue Paris, and let men of force,

go fight in field for thee.

Let Hector whom thou so

dost haunt in armour bryggle:

Another kind of warfare is

farre better for thy toyle.

If I were in my wittes,

or somewhat bolder were,

I would vse these: the women that

are wise will vse this geare,

And laying shame aside,

perhaps hereafter I

Will condiscend, and conquerde with

continuance will apply.

For that in secret thou

dost long the rest to tell,

The couert talke that thou wouldest vse,

I know it passing well.

To hastie sure thou art,

thy haruest is in grasse:

Helen

Perhaps this farrance will the bet-
ter bring thy will to passe.
This ye my letters leau,
my guiltie mind to shew,
Thou Dull, that wearied hast my hand
in this no farther goe.
The rest by Clymen I,
and Echra wll disclose:
Whiche two are of my counsallie chiese,
in whom I trust repose.



The Argument of the

xvii. Epistle entituled Sappho.
to Phaon.

Phaon in passage Boate,
his painfull living gate,
And ferryng tolke from shore to shore,
releu'd his needfull state.
T' was Venus hap at last,
without a profred hire,
To Phaon for his painfull toyle,
a passage to desire.
The wherryman agreed,
and ferried her for nought,
Whom he no heauenly Goddesse, but
a mortall woman thought.
She in reward a box
of oyntment gaue to him,
That could enforce a featur'd forme;
and make the beautie trim.
Within a while this Lad
the Lasses had allurde:
But wanton Sappho least of all,
his beauties bearnes endurde.
She lou'd him passing well,
he forst her not a rush,
Her silly Nymph i[n]ragde with loue,
a thousand cares did crush.

The Argument.

To Cicill Phaon goes,
then Sappho seemde vndone,
And thought by speedie leaving life,
her wasting flames to shunne.
From Lencas she pretends,
(Epirus mount) to fall,
And so by hastned death to leaue
both loue and life withall.
To Lencas ere she came,
to suing flat shee fill,
And to vnfriendly Phaon did
deuise this friendly Bill,
In hope to winne the wight,
and purchase loue againe:
Wherein she tells her twiching griefes,
and pennes her pinching paine.

The



The xvii. Epistle.

Sappho to Phaon.

Where when thou satst at first,
my louing lines withold
Thou knowledge hadst frō whence they come
and notice by and by? I an
Where if thou hadst herein
not red the Authoress name,
And Sappho scene, ȳ hadst not knowne
from whome this witting came.
Demaund thou wilt perhaps
what me procur'd to write
This kind of verse, that meres tunes
and Luting do delight?
For that this loue of mine it is woe: This song
is dolefull, and the versel full of woe
Elegia cald a wofull kind
of myter to reherse.
No Cythron serues a mourning mind,
whom cruell cares do perte:
As straw doth kindle soone,
when Eurus ginnenes to draine
The flash into the fertill fields,
even so I frie aline.
To Etna Phaon now
hath tane his way in hast,

And meé poore wench as great a fire,
 as Etnas flame doth wasse.
 I cannot frame my stets,
 my stubburne strings do farre:
 For why? in deide of quiet mind
 Such ver ses tokenes are.
 Pyrino is forgot, and all thid resolution
 ne Driads do delite
 My fancie: Lesbian Lasses eke,
 are now forgotten quite.
 Pot Amython I force, and eke
 noz Cydno passing fine
 Poz Atthis as she did of yore,
 allures these eies of mine.
 Be yet a hundred moe;
 whom (shame playd aside)
 I fancide erst: thou all that loue
 from them to thee hast wize
 In thee doth feature flow,
 thy yeres of daliance apt:
 Thy face, O face, tis thou that hast
 my shaken seuces rapt.
 A Quiner and a Lute
 take thou in hand, and thee
 Apollo men will deere: D'on hornes,
 and Bacchus thou shalt bee.
 And Phoebus Daphne lou'd,
 king Minos darling deare.

to Phaon.

God Bacchus lik't yet neither of both,
a Cytherons string could sticke
But me Pegasian nymphs
hau learned on the Lute,
And throughout all the world is borne,
of Sapphoes song the bruite,
Nor Alcaeus thought vpon
a statelier string do sound
My Mate for art, and Countrey eke)
a greater prayse hath sound.
Though I at natures hand
no featur'd face could gaine,
Yet those defaults of kind I quise
by goodnesse of the braine.
Disdaine me not, although
but meane my stature be,
And in pronouncing very shott
you Sapphos name do see.
Put case I be not fayre
swarth Andromed to view,
Duke Perseus pleas'd : Morilco soyle
allowde her fauente hiewe.
Full oft the whitest Doves
with speckled Culuers tread;
And oft wæ se the Turtle browne,
with Popingay doth wed.
If none, vnlesse her forme
could match thy featur'd shape,

Sappho C1

Should linke with thee: thou doubtless
from marriage aye escape. (shouldst
But when thou ve wolt my berte,
then Sappho seemde in light
A comely wench, thou swar'ſt that mte
alone became to write.
I sang, I mind it well,
for louers fire in breasſt
Forepassed toyes, and thou the while,
to killing thē addrest.
Those busſes lik't thee eke,
for every poyn̄t I was
Befancide well: but most when we
to Venus pranks did passe.
Then did my wanton tricks
and loftie mounting, more
With sugred wordes delight thy mind
(my Phaon) then of yore.
And that when both our toyes
confounded were, I lay
With weary limmes, and languor lame
and had no word to say.
Now are Sicilian frulles
thy nouell pray I ſee:
In Lesbos what make I a wench
of Sicill I will be.
O Nyſian Maſtrons, O
Sicilian Dames I ſay,

This

to Phaon.

This loytring ghett of ours expell
your Countris bounds I pray.
Be let his glosing tongue
your listning eares beguile :
For why, to vs he hath ere this
yvse that selfe same stile.
And Lady Venus thou
that knownen art to dwelt
(Rue on thy Poets piteous plight)
among the Sicans fell.
Will aye this cruell chaunce
in one selfe tenor runne ?
And still persist in spitefull sort
as when her race begunne ?
For but a Babe in yeres,
and lacking thre of mine,
My parents bones I gathered vp
and bathde with saltich brine.
My needfull brother burnt
with beastly strumpet's flame : }
And did endure both wack of welthe
and spitefull losse of fame.
To beggrie brought he pite
the flyding seas with Dye : }
And gets againe with shamefull shifte
the wealth he spent before.
And me for sound aduice
pursues with deadly hate :

This

Sappho

Should linke with thē thou doubtless
from marriage aye escape. (should
But when thou be wost my verle,
then Sappho seemde in light
A comely wench, thou swar'ſt that me
alone became to write.
I sang, I mind it well,
ſo; louers fire in breast
Forepassed toyes, and thou the while,
to kissing thee addreſſe.
Those buſſes lik't thee eke,
ſo; every poyn̄t I was
Befancide well: but moſt when we
to Venus pranks did paſſe.
Then diſ my wanton tricks
and loſtie mounting, more
With ſugred wordſ delight thy mind
(my Phaon) then of yore.
And that when both our toyes
confounded were, I lay
With weary limmes, and languor lame
and had no word to say.
Now are Sicilian trulles
thy nouell pray I ſee:
In Lesbos what make I a wench
of Sicill I will be.
O Nyfian Matrons, O
Sicilian Dames I ſay,

This

to Phaon.

This loytring ghett of ours expell
your Countrie bounds I pray.
Be let his glosing tongue
your listning eares beguile :
For why, to vs he hath er this
yvse that selfe same stile.
And Lady Venus thou
that knownen art to dwelt
(Rue on thy Poets piteous plight)
among the Sicans fell.
Will aye this cruell chaunce
in one selfe tenor runne ?
And still persist in spitefull sort
as when her race begunne ?
For but a Babe in yeres,
and lacking thre of mine,
By parents bones I gathered vp
and bathde with saltish brine.
By needfull brother burnt
with beastly strumpet's flame : }
And did endure both wack of welth }
and spitefull losse of fame.
To beggrie brought he pitte
the flyding seas with Dre : }
And gets againe with shamefull shifte .
the wealth he spent before,
And me for sound aduice
pursues with deadly hate :

This

Sappho

This was the onely god to me
that my st^e speaking gate,
And eke as though I lackt
a cause to b^eede my dole,
My little daughter heapes up hore
that pretty prattling soule.
But last of all, thou art
the forger of my bale:
Aye me pore wench, my beaten Marke
flits not with pleasant gale.
Marke ouf of order he is
my lolling tresses flat:
No glistering Gem, or Juell is
upon my hand to see.
My vesture is but vile,
not spangled is my top:
My hanging hayre with Ciuit, no,
Arabian dew doth drop.
From whom (unhappy Gyde)
should Sappho gae so gay?
Whom sake to please? the Author of
my brauery is away.
My gentle yelding brest
eche lightsome darke may brose:
And aye I find a cause to loue,
and can none other chuse.
Or els at time of byrth
the sisters set this lawe:

Allowing

to Phaon.

allowing me such cruell twisshing and shrowding
that did my destiny drawe all such as right had
Or custome growes to kind, in either case where
and vse becommes an Arte, and sinnes sin
I wote not well, but sure I have shewnd already
by kind a gentle hearte. I will not wonder
What wonder is with such cleuer nof a sonne
a beardless youth I were not crooked by any
attacht, whose tender chidish yeres
allowde his chinne no heare. I
dead (Aurora) least in soe aske on Ceron to
for Cephalus thou would not shew thy selfe
chosen him: save that thy sonne (Cassandra)
mer rape doth thee withhold. If Phoebe
if Phoebe view him once, so id you alreade know
that all suruayes with eye, soe many eare
By Phaon shall be quickly forsworne and eare
in slumber long to lye. In Iuorie wagon would
dame Venus to the starres
borne him: but that she feard he would
hane coyde the God of warres.
O thou that neyther art
a boy, nor man in sight,
But aptest age of all thy race
the most excellent wight,
Come hither, come, and to
my bosome make retowre

Sappho

No loue I crave in fayth of thie, but my selfe
but thē to loue the powre, wherof god me
I write, and from my chches
the dewie teares distill. Behold how
Behold how many blot's they cause
in Sapphos dwlefull bille. And certeynly is saidyd
If needs thou wouldest haue gone, yet this allow for true:
Thou might haue said at parture, O
my Lesbian Lasse adoe.
But now no teares of mine
ne latter kisse thou had: He (to be shott) of such mishaps
as are besall, I wad.
With me is nougnt of thine,
saue wrong yleſt indaed: He gaue I warning that thou hadſt
of faithfull loue the meed.
I gaue thē no precepts, nor wold haue done a iot:
But made a ſute that Sappho myght
at no time beene forgot.
By loue, that never farre
may from thy breast affart,
And ſacred ſisters nine (my ſaluts)
whom I embrace with heart,
I ſweare: when one exclamde
(I wote nere who to me)

An

to Phaon.

and said, now Sappho ingges thy ioy, I thinke
thy Phaon now doth flise: but as you will
had no feares to shew, my countreymen will
my lippe s did language lache,
mine eies did wat their gushing teares
my soltring tongtie it slacke
into the rouse, and yse colde
my fearefull brest did rache.
When grief was somewhat swadge,
and sorrow gan to shake:
g howlde with forne locks, and with
my fist my body strake:
As doth the loving Dame
that to the Temple beares
Her babe her corps without sense
and bathes his Tombe with teares.
Charaxe my brother ioyd,
and often pass before
My face, and to and fro did let
to make my doole the moze:
And to encrease my shame,
would wit my cause of woe:
And say, why weepes this woman? why
her daughter lies I trowe.
Oh, shame and earnest loue
can never well agree:
How there with open breast I stond
the vulgar folke did see.

Th:u

Sappho 101

Thou Phaon art my warke,
my dreames reduce to mind you told me
Thy countenance : dreames with clearer then
the shining Sunne I find:
I mete thee oft in sleepe,
though thou be nothing me,
But of this sleepe the slipper toyes
too soone away did slide.
Full oft upon thine armes
my lodging necke I lay
And then me thinks thy head as much
my limber armes do stay.
I know thy kisses well,
and am not now to seeke
How thou were wont to smack thy wench,
and she to doe the leke.
I play the wanton Gyre
sometime, and seeme with thee
To chat, and thinke thy flumbering fence
awaked wide to be.
I blush to tell the rest
that followes, but there is
Nought left vndone that breeds delight,
I could not Phaon misse.
But when that Titan splayes
his face, and all beside,
I make complaint that winged sleepe
so soone away did slide.

to Phaon.

To Groves and Cauē I trudge,
as though they did me gude :
The Cauē & Groves that witnes ther
in place of pleasure wood.
Inragde I thither runne,
as doth the franticke fro,
Whom fell Erichtho hath in chace,
my locks at randome goe.
There plainly I descry
with rotten Tō the pspred
A place that earst in lieu was
to me a better bed.
I find the wood where we
with booghes and gallant greaves
Shadowdes haue full often laine
among the flittering leavens.
The owner is alack
both of the place and me :
The place is but a filthy soyle,
the place his bowre was hee.
The twifold turninge turffe
I know it very well,
And grasse, with bended head to ground
that with our tumbling fell.
I layd me grouse vpon
thy wondred side : the banck
(A pleasant plot of pleasure earth)
my flushing teares it dranke.

Egaine

Sappho

Againe the naked boughes
(their garments layd in ground)
Did seeme to mourne, no merry fowle
did vse his warbling sound.
The wofull Dame alone
that sowly was awoke.
Upon her sonne that I^tis hight
in dolefull dittie spoke.
The chyrping fowle her child,
but Sappho wayles her loue,
Forlorne lasse: when all things els
the slumbers ioyes doo prove.
A Christall well there is
than shining Glasse more shere,
A holy spring, some dæmen that
some sacred Saint is there.
A watry Lotos spreades
his sprayes athwart the well:
And all about with tender hedge
the grænish ground doth smell.
Wher woefull wight, when I
had layd me on the grasse:
Eftson a strippling did appeare,
a proper boy it was.
He stod him still and said:
what meanst thou (Pymphē) I pray
To frie with such vnegall flames?
to Ambrace gos thy way.

The

to Phœbus

There Phœbus from a loft hill stand on
the open sea both late? I gett in hand smal
Leucadium men they say, or else
Actium termes the place.
Deucalion thence irragore
with Pyrrhas loue did fail
Of purpose, and he mythe left
sustain'd no hurt at all,
And straight conuersed loue
forsoke his swelting breast
That was ydenccht: and in god man
Deucalion came to rest.
Such is the place his power was quicke (goodly) sicht
and hidden force by kinde of curstis a com
Goe thither in post, and skip adowne,
let feare not move thy mind.
He vanisht with his boyce
I rose me vp agast
And all to baind my chereleste thedes
with teares that flushed fast
I (Nymph quoth I) will trudge vndysefull
vnto the bidden place
Let raging loue haue force and power
all feare away to chase.
What fortune so befall,
will better present plight:
O gentle ayre beare vp my corps
that now is passing light.

¶

And

Sappho To

And thou (O friendly Loue) my selfe and selfe
come vnderset thy winges for me to flye
Least if I die, deſame unto me from the world
Leucadian gouleſe doſpring om̄eſt meſt A
Then I to Phœbus will go to night to him
my pleasant Lute bequeathēd among them
And branely cauſe to be ingrauen in quicke
this Vers or two beneath and on C'urſe
O Phœbus, this her Lute remoue thy ſetoun
hath Sappho left to cheare me aid and helpe
For in that Acte ſte during life I ſet me
and thou did well agree to no man
Fie (Phaon) why doſt thou alſo ſet me to ſet
me to Acteum dixiſt alſo of heauenly ſun
And thou thy ſelfe mayſt make returne alſo
and ſauē thy loue alive alſo, for it ſet me
Moſe healthfull then the ſlood did ill me ſet me
of Leucas thou mayſt be ſure geome alſo
And by thy beauties ſarinely ſhape my ſet me
A pollo unto me, alſo I am alſo ſet me
And canſt thou (oh) more hard ſet me
then rocke, and ruthleſſe wave, alſo ſet me
If ſo I die the title of
my death indure to haue : alſo ſet me
Ah, how much better might alſo ſet me
my breſt conioyne with thine, alſo ſet me
Than thus be caſt from craggy cliffe alſo ſet me
to ſeaſ of ſurging brige : alſo ſet me

That

to Phaon.

That selfe same breast whiche thou
commended hast so mire greate aching to
And whiche w^t passing misosome straught ai : Q
thy selfe (friend Phaon) thought. And this is
How would I were facund y^e quill equipt me : Q
but dolour hinders arte : v^e of an eeson y^e
And all my wit is me bereft and iest aler
by long enduring smart. I haue do cried y^e
My wanted haine in verse : and as y^e come of
is ouerdy become : o^t y^e gret y^e penitent ons
My lowring Lute laments for woe, quill and Q
my Harpe with dñe is bombe, v^e of an eeson
Y^e Lesbian Lasses all of t^e w^ell^t t^e lass^t and
that border on the Lake : v^e of an eeson
And y^e that of the Aeolian tolone
your names are thought to take : v^e of an eeson
Y^e Lesbian Lasses (that
for cause I lou'd y^e sore) v^e of an eeson
Bréde my defame) unto my Harpe. I daresay
I charge you come no more. v^e of an eeson
Loke what did like you earst,
of that is Phaon sped : v^e of an eeson
Alas poore wretch, my Phaon I
had very neere ysed.
Cause Phaon to resyre,
and then your Poet will
Reuert againe; t^e is he that doth
both make and marre my skill.

Q. 2

What?

Sappho

What do my prayers penetrate,
or pierce his stely brest,
Or is he standing still at bay,
a retchlesse vigorous ghest ?

Or do the puffing winds transport
my words into the west ?

The gale that hence condares
my voice, oh that it might
Reduce thy fleeting Barke againes,
and bring thy ship in sight.

O ouerlingring Lad,
in faith if thou were wise
Thou wouldest attempt to make returnes
and follow mine advise.

What wilt thou come? by no?
we for thy ship prepare
Our vowed gifts: why doth thy stay
enforce our hearts to care?

Anake and loose thy Barke,
take seas: for Venus shée
That came of seas, will calme the surge
come of the gale, will bee
As friendly to the comming Barke,
as thou wouldest wish to see.

At Helmes will Cupid sit,
and steare thy ship to land:
He both will hoise and hale the sayles
With skilfull Boateswanes hand.

to Phoen. 9th ed.

O; if thy pleasure be
from Sappho farre to frudge,
Who never did deserve so ill
of thee, thy selfe be iudge,
At least let cruell lynes
will her unhappy wench
Unto Leucadian sword to flie,
and there her corps to trench.

Q. 3. The



The Argument of the

xviii. Epistle, entituled,

Leander to Hero.

Leander lou'd a Lasse that Hero hight
And dwelt in *Sest*, the channell did deuide
Their Countries so, as *Sestus* was in sight
Of *Abydon*, that stood in th' other side.
Nightly the youth to *Hero* shoope his way,
And would returne againe before the day.

At length the tempest rose, the windes did blo,
The waters wrought so roughly as they could,
That seuen dayes space *Leander* might not go
To *Sestus* shore, as he was wont of old:
But yet by chaunce a Mariner there went,
By whom these lines vnto his loue he sent:

Wherein he showes his loue and faithfull heart:
Wherein he plaines against the troublous Tide,
And vowes at last(all dread yfet apart)
To swim the seas, that he before had tride:
He rather chose to hazard life, then dwell
A wecke or two from her he lou'd so well.

The

Leander to Hero, sent by himselfe.

From Abydon these lynes
Leander both inviteth, or Mars his sonne ad
And health to Hero sendes, which he
would rather bring then write.
If Neptunes waters were given me ouer
with friendly Gods agreed:
There were no choyse for me to chose,
but thou my woxes shouldest ease.
But Gods withstand my will,
and keepe my hope areare:
That will in no wise giue me leane
to sit vnto my fears.
Thy selfe dealest set the skies
with pitchy clowdes so black,
And waltring waues so toss with wind,
as shippes are neare the wack.
Yet one, then all the rest
more bold, by whom I send
These lynes, to Sestus by the seas
did dare his course to bend.
With whom Leander would
haue beene imbarkeid faine:
Had not Abydos giuen the gase,
and scene his shipping plaine.
I could not keepe the fact
hid from my parents eye
As earst I had, but that they woulde
my lucking loue discry.

At length I stoke my Quill,
wherewith I might endite,
To blisfull scroll to Heros hands,
than snow (quoth I) more white.
First will she thes receive,
and after touch with lip,
When shē with tooth shall goe about
the signed seale to rip.
These whispering words I speake
in soft and silent sort:
The rest my writing hand did will
my paper to report,
That hand wherewith I would
more rather swimme then write:
And cut the wauers frō drenching goulfse
my flitting corps to quite.
Than fitt that fitter is
to clap the flood that floes:
And yet will serue my turne right well
my secretes to disclose.
Now seuen nights are ypast
since Neptunes rage begun:
A yere well neit it seemes to me,
so slow the time doth runne.
If any pleasant nap
or quiet sleepe mine eyes
In all this place surprisde, let heas
persist in yrefull wise.

Sitting

to Hero

Sitting in dolefull dumpe
Upon a rocke, I see
Thy strand, my soule is present wher
the carcasse may not bee.
Beside in Turrets top,
a Lambe I did descrie,
Or else mine eies were soule deceas'd,
and took their marke awry.
Thrise laid I downe my robes,
to safe and sandie shore:
And naked thrise assayde to swimme,
as oft I had before:
But swelling waters made
me of my purpose fayle,
And by the force of froward streames,
did drench me top and tayle.
Oh waywardst of the winds,
of Eols Impes the worst,
Why dost thou shew thy selfe to me
so cruell and so curst?
I,not the surging seas,
of this sustaine the smart:
This were inough,if thou of loue
hadst never felt the dart.
For thongh with cold thou quake,
yet canst thou not denie,
But that thou with Orithias flame,
thy frostie flesh didst frie.

When

Leander 101

When thou wast fully bent,
dame Venus sports to trie,
If any had restraine thy course,
thou wouldest hane lookt alway.
Oh, (Boreas) tame thy wrath,
rebate thy raging yre:
So Eole give thee nought in charge,
but as thou wouldest desire.
My sute is all for nought,
my labour is in vaine,
He doth not seeke the tossed waues,
to maken smoothe againe.
Would Dedall woulde allow
me wished wings at will,
Though by such sleights his sonne into
the neighbour waters fell.
What fortune so shoulde chance,
Leander woulde abide,
To finde his feathered corse might flie
on waues that wont to slide.
But whilste I am debarr'd,
by wrath of wane and wind,
To sorrow seas, I do reuoke
my passed toyces to mind.
When Phœbus gan to fall,
and gaue his sister place:
(I toy to thinke) my fathers lode
I fled with spedie pace.

to Hero

And straight with thined roses,
all bread I did remoue,
And in the flowre I lung mine armes,
the Delphines Arte to prove.
The Moone did shine as light,
as any Sunny day:
As one that would with all her powre,
assit me in the way.
I casting vp mins ries,
on her that clarely shinde,
Said, Mercie (Moone) thy Mariter
call Latinus hill to mind.
Endimion the denies
to beare a ruthelesse heart:
Wherfore to helle my secret stealths,
thy friendly face conuert.
Thy selfe (a Goddess) didst
a mortall wight imbrace:
And she, whom I pursue, is even
a Goddess for her face:
I leane her the wes vntouch't,
wherin she may compare
With heauenly paeres, such feature fale
on earthly creatures rare!
Hauie Venus passing shape,
and thine vnspotted face,
Is none whom she, ne doth excell,
thy selfe discerne the case.

How

Leander

How much thy golden Lampe,
(when thou thy pride dost shew)

Surmounts all other streaming starres
that in their circles glow:

So farre surpasseth shee
each other mortal wight,

And if thou doubt thereof good faith,
deluded is thy light.

Such words I did pronounce,
or not unlike to these,

Whilst I by night directed course,
amid the yelding seas.

The water glistered with
rebound of Phœbus rayes,

And night for clarence might compare,
even with the brightest dayes.

No voyce I heard with eare,
but eu'rie thing was hulft,

Sau'e whilst my body brake the waues
the troubled water rusht.

Alcyones alone

did vse a pleasant note,

And did record Ceycus loue,

with swete and warbling throe.

At length my hands gaue vp,

mine armes could worke no more;

Then stood I on the waues aloft,
and cast mine eyes to shore.

to Hero.

No sooner saw I light,
my lone is yonder way,
(Quoth I) that coast doth harbour her,
on whom my life doth lay.
Then straight my strength renide,
mine armes had strength againe,
He thought (the earth) the soming sea
I swam with lesser patne.
The ardent gleames I bare
in close and loving breast,
Would not permit that I shold bee
with watry cold opprest.
The more I came to shore,
or did approach the land,
He thought I could a greater charge
of swimming takis in hand.
But when I came in sight,
that thou myghtst take the view,
Thy gladsome looks my fainting forte
with comfort did renide.
Then she wde I all my skill,
to seide thy hungrie eies:
And, for thou myghtst discerne mine
I heau'd them to the skie's.
There from the flowing swerd,
thy purse could scarce restraine:
With fixed eye I markt it well,
and saw it passing plaine.

methom

Whom though the Hag withheld,
as was in her to doe,
Yet with the swelling tide thou wert
the leather of thy shooe,
And clasping me in armes,
didst kille Leander oft:
Such kisses as of Gods by Deas,
were worthie to be sought.
And from thy shoulders gau'ſt
me garments of the hell.
And dryedſt my hayre that was bedew'd,
and with the waues oppell.
The rest, thy guiltie towre,
the night and we do know.
And Phœbe with her friendly Lampe,
that did my passage shew.
The nights surpassing ioyes,
no better may be discryu'd,
Then Helleſpontus waltring waues,
that Helles life depriu'd.
How ſhorter was the ſpace,
on Venus to be low,
We tooke the greater haede that it
in idle might not goe.
Thus weares away the night.
and Lucifer the Starre
Declares, that Tythons longing spouse,
(Aurora)is not farre.

Then

to Heraclius

Then sor ging dolefull plaints, soft dancys all
that Nox hath runne her race, alane alane
With ouer hasty footes our frrends shal nowe
ly kisses walke aparcayng a wondrefull sight
But when the crabbed Surye
beginnes to chide and chawye,
With heauy heart I take my course
to seaward from the Towe
At parture both lament and alsoe am gonne
to Helle sounfe I goe a payntur paiges not
And whilste mine ries wil giv me leane
to thee my lokes I thow, shew, shew red
In faith unto thy streame
I like my swimming well; alane alane
But backward when I bend my course
it likes me never a dell, alane alane
And certes when I come, alane alane
the middle sea seemes plaine, alane alane
But rough and full of hanging hills, alane alane
when I retire againe, alane alane
And (little wouldest thou thinke) ion dace dace
I stay against my will us upon printis dace
In Abydon : I long to lodge dace selouen dace
with thee in Sestus hill: dace dace dace
Oh Gods, why shold the surge
two lincked hearts denide? dace dace dace
Why they that are of greing minds, dace dace
one hostage are denide? dace dace dace

Else

Leander 1103

Else I with thee in Seistan
would make a long sojourne; 1603 xvi 103
Or thou with me in Abydon
shouldst have a quicke returne; 1603 xvi 103
I force not on the place, 1603 xvi 103
so wee yfeare may dwelle, 1603 xvi 103
Thou lou'ſt my Abydos, and I
thy Scitius like as well. 1603 xvi 103
Why do I cease to swimme
for raging waters yre? 1603 xvi 103
Or why the roaring wind (as fier
der cause) make me retire? 1603 xvi 103
Now crooked Delphins know 1603 xvi 103
the faſthfull heart I beare; 1603 xvi 103
All other kind of ſcaly fish 1603 xvi 103
will for Leander ſwear; 1603 xvi 103
With passing to and fro 1603 xvi 103
I haue a path ymade 1603 xvi 103
In waters, as the carts are wonke, 1603 xvi 103
Where chieſely lies their trave? 1603 xvi 103
Which could not come to paſte 1603 xvi 103
with flitting now and than in Hellespont; 1603 xvi 103
That now for winds I cannot do 1603 xvi 103
the like, I curse and ban. 1603 xvi 103
Now drenched Helles cloud, 1603 xvi 103
is ſo with tempeſt toſt, 1603 xvi 103
As hulkes in harbour hardly ſave 1603 xvi 103
themselves from being lost. 1603 xvi 103

Walter

to Hero.

When she poore silly wench
by waters lost her life,
I judge that tho th'infamed waues,
were at a semblant strife.

This gulfe hath hate enough,
and shame for drowning one:
Wherefore it may the better let
Leanders life alone.

I spite at Phrixus fate,
that on the golden Ramme,
These fretting seas,in spite of waues,
and surges safely swamme.

But I will neither shēpe,
nor ayde of ship require,
If so the waters would be such,
as swimmers would desire.

No forraine helpe I craue,
so waues go not too rough:

My selfe will be the passage Boate,
and Bargeman well enough.

I will by neither Beare
direct my starelesse ship.

By loue such publick pœnish starres,
estēmes but as a chip.

Let those that list behold
Andromede the fayre:
The golden crowne,or Parthasis,
that shines in Northren ayre.

R

Leander

Leander

Leander makes no count
of any of their light,
No not of her whom Perseus chose,
or Bacchus for delight.
Another staire I haue,
surmounting all the rest,
That will not see mine earnest loue,
With darksome clowde opprest.
Whereton when I so gaze,
to Colchos Launcher bound,
As Iason did, I trauell could,
or to a further ground.
I woulde in flitting farre,
Palermens cunning passe,
Or Glaucus that became a God,
by tastinge of the grasse.
Mine armes do often ake,
With sundring of the wane,
That scarcely can I swimme to shose,
my wearie corps to save.
But when I say (good cheere,
you shall not faile your hire,
And so your paine eftsoones you shall,
to Heros necke aspire.)
Then wonted valiant force
beginnes to grow againe;
And like a Courser forth I thrust,
that woulde be for most faine.

Thu

to Hero.

Thus I my burning flames
reserue in covert breast,
And th^e pursue; of heauenly faule
as worthie as the best.
Yet though thou well de serue,
a heauenly wight to be,
Demoure in earth, or make me shew,
how I may come to thee.
I see it thence procedes,
that I th^e selfe enjoy,
And thence it comes that with my mind
the wrathfull seas annoy.
What gaines Leander, though
the passage be but small?
For him it were as good that these
were widest Seas of all.
I somewhat doubtfull stand,
what first to wish or crane:
To be so nigh, or farther off,
both loue and hope to haue.
The neerer I approach,
the more my dame doth glaude,
lacke the thing I most desire,
though hope mine hunor sed.
I may wel-nigh with armes,
(so neare it is) imb^race,
And not enjoy: which makes the teares
oft times imb^rue my face.

Leander

I may my lot compare
with Tantals hungrie loze,
That hath both fode and liquo^r by,
yet famine bites him soze.
What shall I neuer straine
thee in my folded armes,
But when the water list redresse
is none for those my harmes?
And since no suretie may
in wind and waues be found,
Shall all his hoped trus^t in wates
and wind, Leander ground?
If tempests thus do rage,
while Estas is in place,
How will they rore, when watry signes
Shall shew their stormie face?
Or else I do not know
my fond and wittlesse rage:
Or else euen then I shall my corps
unto the gulfe ingage.
And least thou shouldest surmisse
my painted promise vaine:
My deede shall well approue my wordes
Within a day or twaine.
Ere many nights shall passe,
(in spite of Neptunes powre)
I mind to swimme the swelling seas,
Leander dreades no shewe.

to Hero.

For eyther will I live,
and Heros loue enjoy,
Or by my death of carefull loue,
abandon all annoy.
And so it sort I die,
this onely boone I craine,
My carkasse to be cast on land,
with thet this Hierse to haue.
I know thou wilt both touch,
and eke deploze the same,
And say (Leander) I thy death
against my will did frame.
This fell abodement may
perhaps offend thy heart,
And these forespeaking lines of mine,
increase thy silent smart.
Let all such fancies go.
helpe (Hero) to request,
That waltring waters may be calme,
and belking seas at rest.
Small time of truce will serue
to bring me to thy sho:z:
When I am there, let Neptune frown,
and ruthlesse channell rose.
There may Leander make
a safe and sicker stay,
His shippe no surer harbour can
no: Warke haue better Bay.

Leander

Let Boreas me include,

where I so faine would be:

And then Leander loth to swimme,
from Sestus thou shalt set.

I will not then go cold

with deepe seas as tosoze,

Ne yet that waters are vnfull,
in wonted wise deplore.

Let Heros armes withhold,

let winds enforce me stay:

Let double cause preuaile to stop
Leander if they may.

When tempest shall permis,

to Sestus will I hie,

See that thy Lampe bee burning ayg,
for feare I swimme awry.

The while receive my lines,

I wrote with quaking penne,

Ere long my selfe will be with thew,
if Fortune say, Amen.

The Argument of the xix. Epistle, entituled, *Hero* *to Leander.*

When *Hero* had *Leanders* lines receiu'd,
His louing letters read and throughly scand,
His faithfull heart and constance he perceiu'd,
Which made her write again with willing hand.

Sometime for sluggish him the wench controld,
To shew her selfe a louing Lasse indeede:
Sometime she bids him not to be too bold,
Nor hasten more to *Sextus* than were neede.

Now cries she out against the mounting waues,
And craues a calme at cruell *Neptunes* hand:
And by and by with *Eolus* she raues,
And *Boreas* blam'd, that did her loue withstand.

Sometime she dreads lest she forlorne were,
(As common trade of louers is to doo:)
But last of all, she wils him to forbear,
And not to come whilit winds did bluster so,
And waters war'd, that perill was to passe,
The cursed streme where *Helle* drenched was.

The xix. Epistle.

Fiero to Leander.

The health thou sentst in words,
that I may haue indeude,
Do way (Leander) all excuse,
and come thy way with spedde.
All stay torment me sore,
that doth my joyes expell:
And mercie, since I do confess,
I loue thee passing well.
We both do burne alike,
and frie with egall flame:
But I am weakest of the two,
my nature wils the same.
As womens corse is faint,
so are their minds not strong:
If thou do not repayre at once,
I shall be dead ere long.
You men contrive the time,
and lothsome tide away:
In tillage of your soyles
sometime you hunt the day.
Sometime at open barre
you pleade the clients case:
To Tennis now, and then with hōse
you runne a lustie race.
Sometime you pitch for soule,
for fish you lay your line:
And when the day is spent and gone,
you fall to quaffing wine.

to Leander.

Now I can none of these
though lesser were my flame ;
Why Hero can do nothing els
but cleape her louers name.
And that which sole remaines
(Leander) that I proue :
And more then any wight would deame
I rage with ardent loue.
O I with Weldame nurse
do sit and chat of thee,
And do not little muse what shoulde
thy cause of lingring be :
O seeing Seas to surge
by meane of windy flasves :
In thy behalfe I check the winds
with wide and breakfull iawes.
O when the calmed seas
have somewhat quayld theyr power,
I say thou mayst, but wilt not come
to Heros wanted towre.
Amid my griefull plaints
the saltish teares gush out
By stremes: which crooked nurse dmeth
dries with linnen clout. (wype
Oft times I seeke in sand
where I thy steps may find :
As though the foote oncs gone, the print
would aye remaine behind.

Hero

I aske when any came,
Or any minds to go
To Abydon: to fine I might
thy state by writing know.
What should I speake how oft
I kisse with loving lip,
The robes which tho thou leftest behind
when thou to Sea didst skip?
Thus when the day is spent,
and night our friendfull tide
Hath banisht Phœbus from the Pole,
and Starres do shew their pride:
In stately turrets top
a blazing Lampe I set:
Whereby thou wolded art my shone
and perillous strond to set.
Then I to passe the time
in haste to Distaffe runne,
An Arte which women vse, the greeves
of yokesome stayes to shunne.
O that thou knewst my words,
that I pronounce the while:
Leanders name is all my talke,
Leander is my stile.
How thinke you (Purse) is he
by this come out of doze?
Or doth he stand in dread of scowles
that on his passage poze?

Hath

to Leander.

Wast he remou'd his robes?

(god Welande tell thy mind)

Or oyl'd his ventrous caretisse corps
as swimmers want by kinde?

With that she gives a nod,
not for she heares me talke:

But drowsie slumber so procures
her gogling head to walke.

And then I pawse about me:
then (no in he flittes) I say,

And with his well approued armes,
he beates the waues away.

Then spinne I for a space,
and twist a thred v^r twaine:

And where thou be in middle Seas,
to learne I am full faine.

Sometime I give the gaze
where I may see thee sworne:

And then we pray that Neptune will
not shew his cheere too grimme.

Sometime we heare with rare
a noyse that makes vs thinke,

That thou art then ycome to those,
and safe to Sestus binck.

Thus when the greatest part
of night is flitted by:

The slumbering sleepe by secret stealth
inuades my wearied eye.

Then

Hero

Then (gainst thy will perhaps)

thou dwelt with me sojourne.

And (though thy selfe wouldst sayne bus-
yet art thou here atourne. lodge)

For now I seeme to see

thee swimming in the flood :

And then to throw thy limber armes
on Heros back a god.

Another while with clothes

and wanted robes I hide

Thy moisted linemes, & lay me dolme
fast by thy wished side.

And other toyes to tast

and other feates to frame :

Which though I joy'd to put inire,
my tongue to tell death shame.

Oh me unhappy wench

whose pleasures makes no stay,

And falsoe is : for thou with sleepe,
art want to slip away.

O Lord, let vs that loue,

at length with firmer lace

Inchaine our selues, let dreams no more
true pleasures so deface.

Why haue I lodge alone

so many nights arrow.

In cold and careful couch? why dwelt
thou proue thy selfe so slowe?

to Leander.

As now the waters are
too boylstrous I confesse
For such as swimme : but yesternight
Neptunus rage was lesse.
Why let'st thou slip that tide ?
thou shouldest haue feare'd the wurst ;
And not haue stode in earnest hope
so better then the furst.
What though the weather shape
as well againe to swimme ?
Yet that, because it was the furst,
of both I judge it trim.
For seas haue suddaine chaunge,
the flood is altered scene :
And when thou willing art to come,
thy course is sooner done.
Arru'd to Sestus shore,
no cause thou shouldest at all
Haue of regrate : thse in mine armes
what winter storme might gall?
Then I with gladsome mind
would heare the winds to rage :
And pray that Neptunes surging seas
their swelling might not swage.
But how besell you feare
your wonted passage so,
And dread the goulfe you scornd ere this
the cause I long to know.

For yet I will record
that when thou camst to Sest,
The Chanell was as rough, or mis
as rough as may be gest.

When I exclaunde aloude,
(mine owne) bee not so bold :

Lest I be forst to rue thy fate,
if I thy death behold.

Whence comes this suddaine feare?
where is that courage now?

Where he that scorn'd the force of floods,
and waters wont to flow?

Pet naythelesse be wile,
not retchlesse as thou were :

And swimme in safety if thou mayst,
if not a while forbeare.

So that thy faith be one,
as those thy lines did shew:

And so that kindled flame of thine,
to cynders doe not grow.

I dread not so the windes
that barre my wished toy.

As lest thy loue, will like the winde
exchaunge by change of toy.

Of this I stand in awe,
lest perill passe the gaine :

And lest thou thinke thy bofy farre
inferior to thy paine.

Somte

hotmetime I quake for feare,
lest Abydon deface
My Sest, and lest Leander thinke
his Hero farte to base.
But all I can endure,
with well contented will,
So that thou haue no dainty Drak
thy pleasure to fulfill.
So that no Strumpets armes
about thy necke depend:
Nor nouell loue procure thy first
and former flame to end.
Oh rather let me die
then such a crime to know,
Let Heros lively twist be shyd,
ere thou doo trespass so.
Not for thou gau' st me cause
of future greate, I speake
In such a wise: no new report
moves me my mind to breake,
Save that I feare the worst,
Who loues deuyd of drake?
The place doth force the absent wight
oft times on feare to seede.
Oh happy Nymphes, whom place
and presence makes to know
Committed crymes, & keepe from feare
of things that are not so.

Hero

Solesse the forged fact
than wrong ydone indeed,
Doth moue our mind, from both alike
like dolour doth proceed.
Oh, that thou wouldest repayre
o2 els thy cause of let
From winds and grutching father myght,
and from no woman fet.
Whiche if I heard of troth,
for grunting griefe I die :
And great will be thy guilt, if so
thy loue thou seekst to strie.
But more then needs I dread
thou wilt not so offend :
For churlish tempest is in fault
that will not let thee wend.
O Gods, what mounting floods
do drieue against the shore ?
How doth the darksome cloode inclose
and keepe the light in shere ?
Perhaps the virgins Dame
is commen to the flood :
And for her drenched darling shedes
her saltish teares a god.
O Ino beeing woxe
a Sea nymph but of late,
Turmoyles the Goule, that Helle brought
to such untimely fate.

That

to Leander.

The flood doth nothing friend
the Mayden sexe I know :
For there did Helle lose her life,
where Heros hurt doth grow.

But (Neptune) waving well
and calling oft to mind

Thy former flames, me thinks thou shouldest
not hinder loue by wind.

For Amymon can well,
and Tiro trie at need,

That thou were truely toucht with loue,
as we in stoyes reed.

Alcyone the fresh,
and Iphimedia faire :

Medusa on whose skull as then
there hung no hylling haire.

Laodice the browne,
Cælno firt in Skie :

Whose names I sundry times have read
and seene with searching eye.

With these, and divers els
(of whom the Poets write)

Thou (Neptune) chambred hast full oft,
and pass in loues delight.

Why then that hast so oft
the valiant force of loue

Allayd, by tempest to forzelet
our wooned course doost proteue ?

S

Cruell

Hero

Cruell be calme awhille,
wage warre where seas be infold:
This is a slender Channell that
two countreyes doth divide.
It better woulde beseeme
a high and haughtie Roy,
To hysle the Hulks, to bryple with
oʒ Panies to annoy. . . (Warks,
Tis shame for God of Goufe
a swimming youth to sinke,
Each little lake this conquest woulde,
and spople unsittyngh thynke,
He is of noble bloud,
not of Vlysses line,
At whom not vndeseruedly,
thou (Neptune) dost repine.
Giue leauue, at once save two:
for though he sole do swimme,
Yet in the selfe-same tossing tyde,
my hope consistis to him.
Meane while the torch, (for by
a torch I sit and write,)
Doth happen a blissfull signe that all
shall not succeeſſe aright.
Behold how Weldaue poures
the wine into the flame:
And sayes (to morroio we shal bee moe)
and drinke vpon the same.

Ob.

to Leander.

Oh, come by flying seas,
increase the tale by one:
Thou whom I fire in faichfull breast,
and let delayes alone.

Home to thy tents retire,
that sleeest thy friendly spouse:

Why do I sole amid my couch,
my carefull carkasse rouse?

No cause there rest's of dread,
the bold is sure of grace

At Venus hands: she that was bryd
of flouds will rue thy case.

By selfe oft times to mete
in middle gulfe do dare:

Hane that the floud is friend to men,
not women wont to spare,

For why, (when Phrixus with
his louting sister came

By sea) did Helles onely givis
the gastly Gulfe his name:

Perhaps you dread returne,
lest force will faile you feare;

You stand in doubt you may not well
this double trauaile beare.

Wherefore make haste, and mete
thy friend amidst the floud,

And there aloft upon the waues,
shall killles walke agod.

Hero

That done, let eyther to
his stronde reverst againe :
Though this were small, tis better some
than nought at all to gaine :
Would eyther bashfull shame
that feedes this secrete fire,
Or fearefull loue would yeld to fame :
of both I th' one desire.
For ill they can agree,
that never are at truce :
Th' one sweet, and th' other seemely is,
I wote ne're which to chuse.
When Iason did arriuē
at Colchos carefull port,
Hē his Medea well imbarckt
did thence with speed transpot.
No sooner Priams sonne
to Lacedemon came,
But straight he made returne to Troy
with famous Grecian dame.
But thou as often leau' st
thy liked lotie behind
And doest repayre, & comst when shippes
may scarcely passe soz wind.
Be naythelesse aduisor
(thou *Victor* of the seas:)
So scorne the flood as thou mayst feare
hell Neptunc ther disease,

to Leander.

Huge, high, and haughty Vulcyn,
yframide by Arte do sayle
And canst thou deeme thine armes will worse
than shaken Ores preuaile
The Pylates stand afright
the shelves thou swimst to gulf :
For Barcks ybrownde, and shaken shippes,
in such a sort are lost.
Oh me unlucky wench,
I would not this distwade,
But be as bold for all my borderes
as is thy wanted trade:
So safely thou arrione,
and lay those armes of thine
Upon my backe, that oft were beat,
with sea of bolking brine.
But I wote ne're what cold
my quaking breast doth nome,
As oft as to my restlesse mind
a thought of seas doth come.
By last nights dreame torment,
and makes me sore afright:
Though I to Morpheus e're I slept,
had done my sacred right,
In creake of dawning day
when torchlight gan to sayle:
(A tide when true undoubted dreames
the slumbering corse assaile)

Hero

That done, let eyther to
his stronde revert againe :
Though this were small, tis better some
than nought at all to gaine.
Would eyther balyfull shame
that feedes this setrete fire,
Or fearefull loue would yeld to fame :
of both I th'one desire.
For ill they can agree,
that never are at truce :
Th'one sweet, and th'other seemely is,
I wote ne're which to chuse.
When Iason did arriuē
at Colchos carefull port,
Hē his Medea well imbarckt
did thence with sped transpozt.
No sooner Priams sonne
to Lacedemon came,
But straight he made returne to Troy
with famous Grecian dame.
But thou as often leau'ſt
thy liked loue behind
And doest repayze, & comſt when ſhips
may scarcely paſſe for wind.
Be naytheleſſe aduife
(thou *Victor of the ſeas:*)
Do ſcorne the flood as thou mayſt feare
lef Neptune thæt diſease,

to Leander.

Huge, high, and haughty Vulcyn,
yframide by Arte vno sayle gan faire vnt
And canst thou deeme thine armes will inoze
than shaven Dres penailes
The Pylates stand afrigte.
the Shelles thou swinste to goe :
For Barcks ybrownde, and shaken ships,
in such a soote are lost.
Oh me unlucky wench,
I wold not this distwade,
But be as bold for all my wordes
as is thy wanted trade:
So safely thou arrive,
and lay those armes of thine
Upon my backe, that oft were beat,
with Sea of bolking brine.
But I wote ne're what cold
my quaking b'reast doth nomme,
As oft as to my restlesse mind
a thought of seas doth come.
My last nights dreame torment,
and makes me so'e astryght:
Though I to Morpheus e're I slept,
had done my sacred right,
In creake of dawning day
when torchlight gan to sayle:
(A tide when true undoubted dreames
the slumbering corse assaile)

Hero

Out of my sleepe hands
the twisted swine did fall,
And to my penitent pillow I
my head applyde withall.
And with unsalced faith,
and certaine sight I saw
A crooked Delphin sit in cloud,
yfost with windie flaw.
Who, when by drift of wenes
and turning tyde was tolle
To sandie shore : he beth at once
his life and waters lost.
What so it be I dread,
hauie not in scorne my dreames:
Be (yet unlesse the waters serue)
commit thy coze to streames.
If selfe-care all be past,
yet way thy friendly Mate,
Whose welth & welfare doth depend
upon thy healthfull state.
I hope that yres full seas
will shortly be at rest:
Then doe thou breake y calmed wenes,
with fasse and sicker breast.
Meane while, cause surge turmoyl
thy passage doth restraine:
Let louing lines ysent, abridge
some part of lingring paine.

The Argument of the
xx. Epistle, entituled, A-
contius to Cydippe.

TO Delos, where the rites
were done to Dians grace,
Acontius traualde, many Nymphes
and Maidens were in place.
A troupe to Temple came,
but one aboue the rest
(Cydippe nam'd) with louing dart
did craze Acontius breast.
Who for he saw the wight
vnegall in estate,
Surmisde he should not for his life
haue giuen her the Mate.
Yet naythelesse at length
he boorded her with guile:
And in a goodly Apple did
inclose this craftie stile:
By Dians sacredrites
and mysteries I swear,
That I will make repayre to thee,
and be thy friendly Feere.
In Temple at her feete
he flung the flattering fruit,
She tooke it vp, and read the rimes,
Cydippe woxe as mute.

The Argument.

As fish, and Scarlet red
her lillie cheeke became :
For hauing made a vow, she knew
she shold obserue the same.
For what so was behight
before *Dianas* face,
By common order was decreed
should take effect and place,
Her father after this
vnwitting of the oth —
His daughter made, *Cydippe* to
another did betroth:
Meane while the fillie wench
with Feuers was opprest,
And felte a thousand furious fits
ybreding her vnrest.
Acontius in his lynes
induceth her to thinke
This feuer falne by *Dians* wrath,
for cause she sought to shrinke,
And false her plighted faith
in presence and in place
Of all those sacred Saints, but most
of good *Dianas* grace.

The

The xx. Epistle.

Acontius to Cydippe.

A Wandon dread, for to thy louer thou
Shalt frame no farther hest ne swear again:
By once ingaged faith I recke enough.
Reade and surray my lines: so may this grieve
And languor leue thy corps, which is my tene,
When any limbe of thine sustaineth smart.
Why blush you? and why with vermillion taint
We sticke your cheakes: in Dians temple so
I dñe me thy face with Scarlet hue infect.
Marriage and plighted troth no crime I crave:
I loue not as a Lecher, but a spouse.
Renoke to mind the words in Apple graud,
Which to thy guiltlesse hands I did project.
There shalt thou find confirm'd by solemne othe,
That I require: unlesse both fixed faith
And words at once out of thy breast are fled.
Euen as I dyad indeede, the Goddesse frets.
O Pymph, thou rather then the Goddesse shouldest
Stand mindfull of thy hest and promise made:
And now I feare the like. But oh to more
Her raging force is growne, and flame increast
By linging stay. And loue that never was
Slender, by yealded hope in processe springs.
Thou ganst me hope, my loue lent fayth thereto.

That

Acontius

That Dian witness'd, thou canst not withsay:
She who was priest, and noted well the words
And saide with moued treise to give assent,
Report that by deceit thou were entrap'd,
Whil'st Cupid did enforce me forge the fraude,
What meant my craft but to be linkt with thee?
That thou complain'st, may well be reconcile,
Not guilefull I by vs or nature am,
Or thou (my wench) in faith hath subtil made,
(If I did ought by Arte) with sleightfull words,
Thee wilie Loue hath fast with me inchaïnd:
I knit the knot with words that he pronounct,
And craftie I by Cupids counsell, wore.
Let guile sustaine the name, let me be said
Subtil, if things be lou'd, to winne, be craft,
Behold, I write afresh, and crame request,
Another fraud whereof thou maist complaine,
If I, in that I loue, annoy thee so,
Incessantly I will: and though thou be
Ful well advisee, I will pursue thee aye.
Others by sword haue many Memphis purloyned
And shall a Letter forg'd by craftie sleight,
To me as heynous crime obiecte bée?
Gods grant I thee in fatter knot may chaine.
As thou maist never find a way to start,
No sliue thy fised sayth. A thousand tricks
There are, and I in that one trauaille toyle,
Nothing my loue permits vntide to goe.

Though

to Cydippe.

Though doubtful be wher thou wilt yeld or no,
(The end is in the Gods) but thou shalt yeld,
And be intrapt, and forst in fine to bow.
Some toyles put case thou scape? yet all the gins
Thou canst not passe, with craftie Cupid pight:
None nets there are, then thou surmis'de to bee.
If Art may not anable, to armes we will,
And I will thee as rape atchieu'd, enioy.
I am not he that Paris fait controll,
Nor any that such manlike parts hane playd.
And I. But now no more: though death ensue
This rape, shoulde lesse agrieue, than thoe to lose.
Oh, would y were worse featur'd then thou art,
With reason the of me thou shouldest be sought:
Thy face doth me to valiance now procure.
Thou and thine eies (surpassing flaming stars,
Which were the causers of my glowing glead)
In me this courage moves, and stoutnes stirres,
Thy yellow golden locks, thy yuory necke,
Thy hands, of whom I long to be accold,
Thy feature, and thy blushing countenance
Denyld of rusticks grace: and feete such as
With Thetis may compare, this boldnes breedes.
More fortunate were I, if all the rest
I might condignely prayse, but doubt I nought
But that the whole unto his parts agrees.
By this thy forme enforst, no maruell though
I sought to have thy parling boyce his pledge.

Acontius

In fine, sith that thou art constraint to yeld
Thy selfe beguiled, be my deceiptfull sleight,
(O Virgin) be thou conquer'd at the last.
Let me sustaine the hate, and reape the frute
For hatred so endur'd: So heynous cryme
And blame wyp ooth it want his earned hire:
Hesion, Ajax, Briseis, Achilles toke.
And either of them their Victor did ensue.
My soare not to accuse, ne sticke to wrath
Me, so I may thē, angrie wight, enjoy.
Whe that procur'd the yre, will please the same,
If never so little leysure be allo vde,
And respite given to lessen swelling wrath.
Let me besprent with teares tofore thy face
Stand, adding to my teares lamenting sound:
And as the frequent use of Wissals is,
When they of lashing scourge do stand in awe,
Grouse at thy feet, stretch out thy yelding hāds.
What knowst y not thy right & Pittis power:
Cite me. In absence why am I accusid?
As Ladies wot too, give me in charge t'appeare.
Thou thou my tresses teare in stately sort,
And make my face with buffets blacke & blew:
Yet all I will endure, fearing but that
My bodie shoulde thy tender fids annoy.
In Chaine or Gine tis needlesse me to bind,
At last in loue, that haue no powre to flee,
Whē so thy wrath with weak shal be repleat.

And

to Cydippe.

And anger be reveng'd : thy selfe shalt say,
Oh God, how patiently the man doth loue?
Thy selfe shalt say, (when I haue all endur'd)
My servant thou that seru'd so well shalt be.
In absence why am I (unluckie) de'mde
Guiltie: and though my cause be passing good,
Yet for default of Patron goes to wracke:
The bill that Cupid wrote and gave in charge,
It is my wrong and practise inurie:
This onely fait in me thou must reprove,
Dian with me deserued not to bob.
If so the thing to me thou hast beheight
That lothe to yeld, let Delia beare the same.
For being prest, she saw when thou infrapt
Didst blushe, in mindfull eare the words she platt
Abcements layd apart, more fiercer then
Diana, (when she sees her Godhead wrong'd,)
There is not any God, nor halfe so sterne.
The Calydonian Boare can well record:
For by his meane how cruell was the Dame
Unto her sonne, we haue full often read.
Witness Acteon eke, that fed his hounds,
That earst with thē had sundry quarries made.
The haughtie Mother too to Marble turnd,
In ruthfull sort, that in Middor stands.
Aye me (Cydip) I dread the troth to tell,
Lest I be thought for godding of my cause,
False matter to alleadge : yet nads I must

No 10

Acontius

Now pleadthe same. This is the cause (in sayfth)
That thou at knyghtall day art so diseas'd,
Unable from the sickly Couch to rise.
Dian would do thær god, and paines her soze,
Lest þ sholdst be forsworne. She gladly woulde
The sicklesse, and vnbroke[n] West reserue.
Thence it proceds (as oft as thou dost seeke
To swarue thy faith) þ she thy carkasse plagues
Leue off to stirre the cruell Virgins bow:
Yet if thou wilt, to ruth she may be brought.
Spare thou thy corse with feuers to molest,
Reserue thy featur'd face for me to vse:
That countnance keep, to set my hart on flame
My nature made, where rose with lillie stripes.
So fare my sor, and who so else doth barre
Thee to be mine, as the diseasde I lieue.
My griesse is one, or when thou linkest with
Another wight, or felest tormenting teine,
I wote not which I recke the worst of both.
Sometime it yokes me that I bræde thy bole
Dæming thy gripes by my deceit to grow,
Praying the plague of periurie to redownd
On me, that thou mightst by my scath escape.
And oft to wit and vnderstand thy plight,
Doubtfull (God wote) I wander to and fro,
Thy maide at ynches suing, and thy Man,
Demanding how thy meate and sleepe availe.
Woe me, that I the rules of Phisicke scorne,

And

to Cydippe.

And put them not in bre, ne bring her wress
Ne on her couch for comforte sake do lie,
And woe againe, that I absynt me thence,
Another perhaps, whom I ne wuld, is prest.
Hee feoles thy pulses, and doth sit him downe
By thy diseased cozse, hatefull to Gods,
And with the Gods, of me detested too.
And whilst w thumb he feoles y leaping vains,
He strains by meane therof thy snowish armes,
Handling thy breast, and by escheate perhaps,
A kisse doth gaine of those thy sugred lips,
A greater greden then his paine deseiu'd.
Who gave the leue my haruest to forzecape?
Unto anothers hope, who made thy way?
That besome (friend) is mine, sowly from me
My kisses thou bereau'st: wherefore do way
Thy slippant fist from that my pasted corps.
Unthrist, do way thy hāds, the thing thou felest
Is me behight: hereafter if thou do
The like, thou shalt a Lechers name procure.
On single Nymphs and not dispesed Maides
Take choyce: I wculd thou wist, this is possest.
Believe not me, glie to the bargaine care,
And cause her reade the writing, to this end
Thou de me her not vntrue, or false to be.
Gofrom anothers b̄sdall bed, I say,
What makest thou here: go packe, this knot is
Put case thou haue a partie promise eke? (tide.)

Yet

Acontris

Yet is the cause and mine vnegall farre.
She made me perfite vow : her sire the Nymph
To thee be helght : but neerer then than her sire,
Unto her selfe the silly Maiden stands.

Her father made a promise : she by othe
Contoynd her selfe in league of stayd loue.
He witness men : she Dian did protest.
He d'reades the name of Lyer to sustaine:
But she the blot of periurde tongue to beare.

Of both, deeme thou which is the greater feare,
And last of both, the perils to compare,
Respect the euent of both, and latter lot.

She lies diseasde : he liues releast of woe.
And we with dispar minds for her contend
She hope to boþ, noȝ egall is the dread.

Thou forcess not the sute : more grieffull were
Repulse to me then death : alreadie I
Imbrace the maide, whom thou in future time
And after this maist haue the hap to loue.

If Justice, or regard of right did lodge
Within thy breast, þ to my flames wouldst yeld
Now since this furious wight maintains a strife
In wrongfull cause, (Dh Cydip) to what end
Do I to thee these fruitlesse lines indite?

He breedes thy dole, and makes thee bee suspect
Of Dian : him (if thou be wise) renounce.
Barre, and forbid him to appzoach thy lode.
These perils by his meane thou doſt endure :

Then

to Cydippe.

Then would he might acquite thy corse frō wo,
That sorger is of these my pinching paines,
Whom if thou flē and lincke with him in loue
Whom Dian not condemnes : release of fits
Thy selfe shalt find, and I shall be reviu'd.

Virgin, exile thy feare, doubt not recure,
Reuerence the temple where thou mad'st y bow,
The Gods delight not with a slaughtred Dre,
But with a sayth perforarde without record.

Some women health to gaine and purchase ease,
Both scarring Launce, & scalding flame endure:
Other the bitter drench acquites of paine.

These needlesse are to thē : flē periurie :
Thy selfe, thy Hell, and mæ reserue at once.

Pardon of passed crime by ignorance.

Shall be procurde: quite from thy mind was fled
And plighted promise quite thy thought erilde.

Thē both my words, and these thy present haps
Hane warned, which thy carefull corse assault
As oft as thou from pawned faith do st wrie:

When these are ouerblowne in trauaile thou
Wilt craue of her, of baron to be well
And soone releaste, & haue thy throwes abridgde.

Which shē will heare, and rolling in her mynde
Will aske, who was the silly infants Sire?

Thou wilt auow. She knowes thy Hell untrue,
Thou wilt protest and bind with sacred othe:

But she wottes well thou cast the Gods beguile,

Acontius

If nothing toucheth me : yet greater hope
I haue, and carefull is my heart of thy
Andangered life, that now in perill stands.
Why lately did thy doubtfull Parents mourne
For thy distresse, who thou thy crime concealdest?
And why are they unwitting of thy guilt?
Cydip, thy dædes deserue no shame at all.
Display in order thine acquaintance first
With me, as to Diana thou didst thy rites:
And how, when first (if well thou didst attend)
I saw thy face, I stayd, and gaue thee gaze,
Viewing with staring eyes thy comely corse:
And whilst I mazde thereat, (a sicker signe
Offrensite,) from my backe my vesture slid.
And after, how by hap, (thou wottest not how)
A rolling Apple triilde, with lines ingrau'd
Thereon: which were by subtille sleight deuise'd:
Which being read by thee in presence of
The sacred Goddess, bound thy faith in band,
Which cause Diana heard, must not be stipt.
And to the fine she made the writing know,
As earst thou didst, so reade the same againe.
Wedde (will she say) with my good will, to him
With who the blissfull Gods haue thee conioynd,
Let be my sonne, whom thou to spouse hast tane,
Who so it be, shall like me, for he earst
Hath stood in Dians grace. Thy mother this
Will say, if so that she thy mother be.
If who, and what I am, she makes demand,

SONG TO CYDIPPE A SONG

Let her behold, and she shall well perceve
That well for thee Diana hath puttayd
The famous Isle (where the Coritian Nymphes
Did lodge of yore) inuirond with the sea
Egauim, Cæa cleaped is the soyle.

Where I was bred: and if thou do account
Of gentils bloues, my Grandfires were of fame.
And we are wealthie eke, our maners are (were
Not fraught w shameful crimes, suppose theris
Nought else: yet loue hath shackled vs yfeare.
Unsworne thou mightst selected such a spouse,
And never forst, with such a husband iued.

This is my dreame Phœbe the Archeresse,
And Loue awakt, did will me write to thes:
Of whos th'ones darts haue thirld erst my heart:
Beware lest th'others shalts do thes annoy.
Our heiths are ioynd in one: Rue on thy selfe
And me: why dost thou stagger both to ease?
Which is befall, when blasted trump doth sound,
And Delos he with yeldeed bland imbude:
The golden Image of the blisfull fruite,
Shall stand aloft, with cause in miter grau'd.

Aconius by the Apples forme records (passē.)

Th'insculped lines to haue bin brought to
But lest thy weakned limbs and feeble corps,
My ouer-long Epistle shouldest molest:
To haue I may in wonted manner end,
A conce thy friend, bids thes (Cydip) adue.

The Argument of the

xxi. Epistle, entituled,
Cydippe to Aconce.

WHEN Cydip saw her furious fits increase,
And fretting Feuer grow to worse disease,
Then thought she verily that no release
Was to be had, vnlesse she thought appease
Dianas wrath: wherefore she thought it best
To stand vnto her foriner plighted hest,

Then tooke she pen in hand, then gan she write
These following lines to *Aconce*, making shew
That she would yeeld, and banish rigour quite,
And pay the debt to him that she did owe:
Crauing his helpe in peasing Goddesse yre,
That she to health the sooner might aspyre:



The

Cydippa to Acontius,

A Fright in silence I thy lines surveyd,

Lease y vnwares my tongue to witnes shoud
Hauie call'd o the Gods, and so records appeal'd.
I daemde thou wouldest haue bounded me again.
With craft, hadst y not thought in iudging mind
One Hell (as thou confess) to haue suffisde.

We had I vewd thy lines and Letters sent,
But that I thought the yrefull Goddesse wrath
By duresse wold to further rage increast.
For all that I can do, though incense I
To Dian offer, yet she frends thee more
Than reason wille s she shoud : & as thou crav'st
Credite to winne ; so shoo with mindfull wrath
Upon my corse so thee awroken is.

So stikkely scarce by Hyppolite shoo stood.
But she a Virgin rather woulde haue shoune
Favour unto a silly Haydens yeeres :
Whiche to abridge lefft shoo do long I feare.
For why, the cause of this my languor lurcks
And hidden lyes by Phisick not recur'd,
So meager am I wore, so leane and bare,
As scarce I had sufficing force to wryte,
With leaning on mine Elbow able scarse
My pyned limmes and carkasse pale to rayse.

SHAKESPEARE.
Now dreade I leſt beside my Welbame nurse,
Some one diſcriſ our entercomming.
Tofore the gate ſhe ſits to aſker's how
I fare (that I may write) ſhe ſayes I ſleepe.
But when within a ſpace ſuſpicioſ is
Expellie ſleeps, and ſlumber ouer-long,
And ſuch ſhe ſees repayre, whom to debarre
Were dueleſſe: then ſhe ſpits and giues a hem,
A faimed ſigne that ſome is at the doore,
I leaue my lynes vriperſite then for haffe,
And to my boſome throuw the ſcrole eftſone.
Faſthwith in ſpæde I plie the ſame againe,
And let my hand and pen to former taske.
Which thing, how yerkſome toyle it was to mee,
Thy ſelue mayſt well diſcerne, and be the iudge.
Which thou (in fayth,) haſt paſſing ill deseru'd.
But thy merites and iuft deſerued hire,
My ruthfull clemencie ſhall farre ſurmouſt.
By thee, vncertaine of diſplayred health,
So oft by thy deceit I haue, and yet
Endure tormenting fits, and troublous teene,
This is the god my vaunted beautie gaineſ,
So oft extold by thee aboue the ſtarres.
It me annoyes, thee to haue lik't ſo well.
If in thy ſight I had deformed beene,
(Which rather I could wiſh) my blamed corps
In naſte of Phisicks helpe had neuer ſtood.
Now being praiſ'd, I mourne by your diſcord
Betrayd:

Besayd: my proper god doth forge my woes.
 Willst thou dost scorne to yeild, and be repine
 To lose his loue, or be in second place,
 Thou barr'st his wish, and he doth hinder thine.
 I like a ship am fast, wham Boreas blast
 Into the chanell drives, but surge and tide
 Repelles to shore, from deeper sand againe.
 And of my parents, when the wished day
 Arrives, excessive heate my limmes besieges,
 And at the cruell marriage day my doores
 In y^efull rage Proserpina doth shake.
 I blush & dread (though guiltlesse in my mind,) —
 Lest I by ought haue stirr'd the Gods to wrath.
 Some pleade it comes by hap, and some surmisse
 This man to be dislik't of heauenly poures,
 And fame of thee hath also her report:
 Some deeme it done by my inchaunments eke:
 The cause is hid: my hurts too plaine appeare.
 Ye wage a restlesse warre, and endlesse strife:
 But I meanwhile am she that bides the smart.
 I now will say as I was wont of yore,
 By louing if thou thus annoy thy loue,
 How wouldest thou hurt by hate the hated thing?
 If whom thou loue thou hurt, goe loue thy foe,
 Wish me full ill to fare, and saue my life.
 O no w^t of hoped spouse thou hast no carke,
 Whom vndeserv'd, thou ruthlesse letst to pine;
 O if in paine thou to the Goddesse sue,

Gydice

To me why dost thou so avaunt thy selfe
That standest nougnt in Dians grace at all?
Say what thou wilst, thou shalt not swage her yre
I cleane am out of thought : thou canst not, thou
Appease the Gods, thou art nise forgotte;
Or would I never had, or not as then
Delos (that is environ'd with the sea
Aegaeum) known : a haples Isle to me.
Tho was my ship to surging Chanell brought
Unluckyly, sinister was the houre
Wherin I shope to take the cursed seas.
How set I forth my fote: from Threshold with
What fote went I : or to my painted Barke
With what unlucky fote did I repayre ?
Yet twise with froward winds my ship recoyde,
And made returne to shore but oh I lie,
That wind was blissefull and no froward gale:
A blessed blast that brought me back to bay,
And went about to barre my haples course.
And would it had contented with my sayles,
And stood in longer strife and greater warre.
But folly is the fickle winds to blame.
Wou'd with the place his fame, and fresh report,
To Delos I my hasty voyage shope :
And in a nimble Barck did passe the flood.
How oft did I controll the sluggish Dares,
Complaining that the saile clothes did not strout
But flagging flue, not stuft with gladsome gale.

PoW

to Acontius.

From Mycone, Tenos, and Andros I
Hauie past, and Delos was discouerd plaine.
Whiche when I scriue a far. Ile (why quoth I)
Dost thou me flee? Where yet (as earst thou
Dost thou in largie seas & Chanel rode, (dost)
Ay fleeting too and fro? I came to land,
When day was put to flight, and Placebus gan
His wearie steeds frō purple wheeles discharge
Whom when he had to wanted rising brought,
Againe to morne (my mother giuing charge)
My comely tresses were in order layd,
And frisled locks in brauest manner trimde.
Her selfe hespango my hands w curious Gems,
And purlis my haire with gold: her selfe applyde
Unto my shoulders vesture passing fine.
Then issuing out to rulers of the Ile,
And sacred Gods incense with wine we gaue.
And whilst my mother with her bowed bloud
The Altar staines, and bowels bryoles on toles,
In ranges, casting funie to lofie skies:
The busie carefull Nurse led me about
From place to place, frō church to sacred fane:
In Porches now I passe, now musing at
The gifts of Kings, and sundrie knights I saw.
When gazing on the Altars made with hornes,
And tree, against which the wandring goddesse at
Her time of bearing child did rest her corse:
And what beside (for I ne all to mind

Can

Cyclope

Can call, or lawfull is to say, to tell)
Was to be seene in daintie D clos the.
Whilste I (A conce) of these so strangle sightes
Was taking view, thou me perhaps discriu'ē:
Who soz so simple was and woyd of fraude,
Did sitting seeme to be intrapt of the.
By steps I came into a stately Church
Where Dian was: might any place more safe
Or sicker be then where the Goddesse stand?
Loefore my feete the trilling Apple came,
Gliding on paued ground wheras I late,
Having this verse ingrau'd. (Aye me well nigh
I had to thee another heft ymade)
Whiche Weldame Nurse toke vp, & said (behold)
Where I thy craft (O noble Poet read)
The name of mariage read, blushing I felte
My changed cheeke to glow with sodaine flashe,
In bosome fired fast mine eies I held,
Mine eies that workers were of thine intent.
Whilste, why dost thou ioy: what glorie hast
Thou gain'd: what prapse shalt y (a man) atchieue
By craft one silly Virgin to devoure?
Not I in armour clad with Wallare stood,
As benterous Penches ilea did at Troy:
No Welt with Amozonian gold beset
Thou me hast reft, as Queene Hyppolite was.
Why leapt thou soz ioy: in that thy words
Haue sowly me beguild, and I by dole

And

TO A CONSUL.

No subtil sleight, a silly Pymphy was tane,
By dip an Apple toke; Atance did
The like: another Hyppomenes now thou art.
Were better were it if thou hadst beene th' all
Unto the boy, who bath by thy report
I wote not well) what flaming fire-brands.
Unter the guise of honest wights (by fraude
Not to forsooke thy hope) Rather was
Lebaene entreated, then by craft entrapt.
Why thou ne me displeasest in time of lute
Such things as I in thee shold have helpe
Why rather to enforce then to perswade?
Se d'ost thou chose, if thy condition reede
By me had powre to make thy bargaine sure?
That now to other auayles the former othe,
And Goddesses paece for true record appeal'd
With tongue: it is the mind that makes the best
Wherewith I never sware) it onely addes
Faith to the words, and makes the stable othe.
It is pretended mind and purpose set
That binds the bargaine sure; no bands availes,
Or is enforced without consenting thought:
So it were my will to loyne with thee,
Then spare thou not to claime thy marige right.
But if I speake the word and meant it not,
The forcelesse words & nothing else thou gainst,
Swear not, but pronounst the words of othe.
must not so select thee for my spouse.

Guile

Cydippe

With others so certes if that be gud
And take effect, the rich mans wealth bereave
Procure that Princes sware þt thou shalt have
Their Scepters, & their soueraigne seats possess
And let be thine what so the world enioyeth.
In fauth thou dost surpasse Diana farre,
If that thy letters haue in them unrold
Such present Godhead, and awypling powre.
Yet when I haue thus sayd, and flat affirmde
Me nock to be thy spouse, and pleaded haue
My promise in best forme that euer I may:
I grant I dreade Dianaes yrefull wrath,
Desirring frō thēce my grieffull pangs to come
That plague my wretched corse & lims to met
For why, as oft as spousals are address,
Langurish my limbs, ransackt with deadly tem
Thise Hymens clamor coming to mine eares
Fled from my chamber doore, and did astart.
Scarce could he make th'infused flame to flash
Scarce would the stirred b̄ods & faggots burn
Of sithes his head furnishit with garlands gay.
Annoynted dropt, ana oft his Scarlet Robe,
And costly vesture was in hand to d' on.
When he approacht the doore, & wayling saw,
With flowing teares, and feare of grisly death
And other such, abhorring his attire:
Straight frō his forehead he the garlands flung
And frō his persun'd locks the oyle did wring
Shaming

to Acontius.

shaming with writh amiss so sad a route
To rush, his garments hue his face distain'd,
But miser I with fevers am attackt;
And frie with burning fits: my vesturees are
Soze weightie then they sholden weightie bee:
Upon my cheeke I see my parents shewe
Their drearie teares, and saltish brine of moe,
And sted of mariage wad, deathis brod appears.
Thou Goddesse that in quivers dost reioyce,
And bended bow, fauour a sickly Nymph,
And lend me now thy skilfull brothers helpe,
To rid my corse of this my vering smart.
Tis shame for thee that he abandons grefe,
And thou dost seeke the title of my death:
Where I bwarres approched hauie the place,
Whilst y didst bathe thy chayffull lims in sond,
Hauie I, of all the Gods thy Altars left,
And ouerpast withouten sacrifice?
Or did my Dame the Ladie mother scorne?
But aguist saue that I periture radde.
And skilfull was in an unluckie verse.
Do thou (unless thy loue be fained) cast
Incense from me, into the flaming fire.
The hands that hurt, let them my help procure.
Why she that frets, that I behight to thee
Am not thy spouse, makes that I cannot be?
Hope wel thou maist, whilst yet I live & breath:
But (eruell) why bereues she me my life,

And

Cydippe

· And that dispoyles of thē wel hoped bōne
Hurtisise not hym, whose wīfe hym assignde
And lotted Spouse; my pained līnes to tōne
And stale with griping hand. Certeis he sits
Him downe by me, as lawfull is to doe,
Minding my couch to be a maidens lōge.
And I wote ne're what he doth widge of me.
For oft the(cause unkown) he bains his brea
With shōres of trickling teares: Not ouerbo
He copys me, and doth seldome kille among,
Whispering with fearefull voyce that I am hi
Ne maruaile I if he discrie my mind,
That do my selfe so openly bewray.
When he repayres, I wrie me round about,
And vse no wordes, but winking faine to slape
Shunning his fist, that would me gladly touch.
He mournes, & drawes his sighes frō silēt breas
And not aguylng hath my high disdaine.
More iustly thou that laughtst at my distresse,
And pleasure tak'it thererin (if I could speake
And vse my tongue) shouldest my ill will acquire
And haue my hate, that such a Panthur pight,
By better leaue and licence thou doe I craue
To see my wretched pligt, and scabled corse:
Farre off thou makst abode, and yet annoyest
I not a little maruaile that thy name
Acontius was: indeede thou hast an edge
So sharpe, as farre can lend a lurching wound.

to Acontius.

I scarce am yet recured of the hurt,
Me like a dart, thy lines hatie scard alose.
Why wouldest thou hither come: a wretched corse.
(Thy double spoyle committed) maist thou see.
My flesh is falne away, my colou'r fled,
And bloudlesse is my face, a semblant hue
(As I remember) had the subtil fruite.
In visage wan, no scarlet red appeares.
Of Marble picture he wen but of late
Such is the forme: such is the siluers hue
At bankets that with silly waters toucht
In basen cast, is pale for deadly cold.
If now thou sawst mee, thou wouldest quite denie
Me earst with eie of thine to haue beene seene,
And say: by Art and subtil sleight, in sooth
Shée not deseru'd to beene atchin'd of me:
Hending me backe, (for feare I shold by othe
In marriage shooke with thee) my plighted hest:
Desirous that Diana woulde forget
And cleane put fro her thought þ bargaine made,
Procuring eke perhaps contrarie othe
And quite repugnant to my former vow,
Hending a nouell bres for me to view.
Yet naythelesse, (as thou hast longed earst)
I wouldest thou sawst thy Miser spouses plight,
And limbs with languor passingly oppress.
(A conce) more harder then the stubburne stéels
Though be thy ruthlesse brest, yet pardon thou

Cydipte

In my behalfe wouldest purchase me I know,
To shew the meane how I may be recor'd,
And come by health againe. At Delphos is
A God so espeaking things that are to come,
Displaying future fates, his counsell seeke.
Ye eke (as whispring same doth sive) complains
Of one(I wote ne're whom) that broken hath
And scornde a promise made before record.
This both the God, the Prophet and my verse
Declare, thy bow doth want no verse his ayde:
Such fauour how shouldest thou procure: unlesse
Some letter late deuise d by thee, the hault
And stately Gods had tane: Since thou dost
In grace & fauour of the Gods so great, (Stand
I will ensue the name of heavenly powres,
And willing yeeld my hands vnto thy best.
Unto my Dame by my vnitting tongue
Of plighted promise I haue made a shew, (cast,
She down to ground her blussing countenance
Look what remains be thine, the care & charge,
More then a Virgin shoud (in that my hand
Drad not to write these lines to thee) I did
Now long inough my sickly corse with quill
Molested is, my pained hand denies
A farther dutie: what remaines there now,
(Saue that I long to linke my selfe with thee)
For these my lines, but thee to bid adue:

The

The Argument of the replie
to the first Epistle, entituled,
Vlysses to Penelope.

VLysses hauing throughly scand

The earnest verse his wife did write,

Thought good and needfull out of hand,

Her louing letters to requite :

What she obiected vnto him,

The Greeke reanswred very trim.

He quites himselfe of all such blame;

As by his wife imputed was:

He tels his worthie feates of fame,

And perils that he chaunst to passe.

And how the Prophet wild the Squire,

In beggers habite to retire,

And that his wife alone should know,

Her husband that disguisde him so.

V

Vlysses



Vlysses replie to Penelopes Epistle.

Up to Vlysses miser wight,
good hap at length hath brought,
The loving lynes (Penelope) long signid
thy hand in tables wrought.
I knew thy friendly fift at first,
and tokens passing well:
They were a comfort to my woes,
and did my sorowes quell.
Thou blamest me of retchesse sloth,
more better f'were perhaps
To linger, then to write my woes,
and tell the afterclaps.
Greece blamde me not for that ywle,
when I a furie faw'd,
And made as though I had beene mad,
with thee to haue remaind.
The earnest loue to the (sweete heart)
and to thy bed I bare,
Procured me the so like a mad
and Bedlam wight to fare.
Thou wouldest not haue me write a
but hasten home apace, (whit,
Lo, when I thinke to come, my sayles,
the froward winds do chase.

Vlysses rapte to Penelope.

I lopt from Troy, a towne hard by the side
of Greekish Chiles desolate, ymagine quicke
For Troy is now to rindres come, and all is
supprest is her pride, and all is lost
Deiphobus is slaine, with Heros ignis in his hand
Hector, and Aius eke alayngg on his hand
And who so else did breede thy feare? a right knyght
is conquerd by a Greek, and all is lost
I scapte the Thracian furious fight, alone left
and having Rhesus slaine, in Hades am deth
Upon the captiue chiuals came I viellie deth
into my Tents againe, and am deth
And safe from Patras sacred Church
I stole, and did conuay
The fatal relique of the Towne
Palladium away.
Nor in the hōse his hollow wombe
and bellie I adrad:
Although Cassandra (Troians) cryde
burne, burne, as she were mad.
Burne, in this fained timber frame
the wilie Greekes do lurke:
That seekes this day poore Troians fal
and latter bane to worke.
Achylles honour of his graue
and tombe was like to lacke,
Had I to Thetis not conuayed
Achylles on my backe.

VI. Vixies replye.

We did the Greeks (I thanke them) grutchial
With prayse my paynes to paye. (v. 1. 10.)
I had the armour of the troops gotten at veyre cost
That I had tane awaye by me at delveray.
But what a Naples it now is wondred, donquay.
I hate no shippes ylefft, haue ixt the poole.
Nor mateys almythe swallowsing gulfe
Hath euerie whit bereft. (v. 1. 10.)
Thy onely loue that part hath tane
With me of all my paine,
As onely fellow of my fates,
Doth aye with me remaine.
Not rauening Seyllas walwghing
Could force hym to depart, (whelps,) (v. 1. 10.)
Nor yet Charybdis churlish Cha-
nell plucke him from my heart.
Nor fierce Antiphates, nor yet
Parthenope the trull,
With sweete deceitfull Syrens songs
From me this loue could pul.
Nor Circe nor Calypso, though
By Magicke Art they wrought:
And th' one takingme to her benth,
By meane of marriage thought.
I had them both by promise bound,
That they woulde take awaie
My mortall twist, and teach me to
King Plutos Court the way.

But

to Penelope.

But I not forking of their gynnes didd say
did loue my wedlocke best, at this tyme
Although perhaps in seeking this, I did say
I shall be soze distrest. And I wot not why
But y perchance such daintie dames
suruaying in my write st use yf right
Impatiently will reade therell,
and be in cholar quite.
When I with Cirece had to doe,
or fayre Calypso, therell
Will aye pnyture (a fearefull wench) I had
in doubtfull dumps to bisse
In faith when Aeneas name,
and Polybus did ready to die
With Medont I amayed was, for shewyd
and ouercome with dread, all of entred
Amid so manng (in the londes) of wond
and Cospots to be chaffed, and bren ym
Alas, what shold y thinkke horreine and thralle
I am full sore agalme, yf I com up therell
Why, if thou shold yf leane wth fast; also adde
Should any like thy face, yf I shold thinke
What haue hot yet those trickling
beate beautie out of place? (teares)
Beside, thou hast behight to sevede
when twost is all yspownd (a griseul land)
And al in seave thou hast that will
as fast as thou begonne.

Vlysses replie

A godde deceit. But take godde hev
lest whilſt with ſuch a wile
Thou do thy ſisters eies deceiue,
thy ſelſe thou not beguile.
Ah (Polyphem) I rather wiſh
within thy den to haue
Beene murthred, and my woſull dapes,
yfiniſht with the graue:
Yet rather had I conquer'd, and
of Thracian ſword beene ſlaine,
What time the wandring Barges did
in Iſmaron remaine:
Or that I had the greedie iawes
repleniſht with my bloud,
Of hungrie hel-hound, when I went
downe to the Stygian cloud.
Where I (thou wroſt not of it) ſaw
my mother, well at eaſe:
That was when I departed from
thy coaſt, and tooke the ſeaſ,
Shee told me of the house his emiſſe:
and thrieſe ſhe fled me fro,
As I with reaching armes did catch
more newes of her to know.
Sir Proteſilauſ I diſcride,
that ſo cing not a pin,
The Prophets words to fling the flame
to Troy did firſt begin.

A happie and a blessed man,
for with him went his wife,
With laughing browes: that for his
forsooke her lothsome life. (sake,
For Lachesis the Goddesse had
her twill not throughly spunne:
It did her good unto her spouse
before her time to runne:
I saw (but oh, with flowing teares,
that gush'd on either cheeke)
Duke Agamemnon lately slaine,
a thise renowned Greeke.
He neuer tooke that hurt at Troy,
untoucht he went his way
Through spicfull Nauplius secret
that in Euboea lay. (snares,
But what did that availe the wight?
for when he surely thought
Return'd to pay his due to Ioue,
this beastly death he caught.
This was the guerdon Helen had
prouided for the man,
In stead of better present when
she with the stranger ranne.
Ah, how could I rejoyce to see
Sir Hectors sister, and
His wife among thy other thralles
and Teucrian truils to stand?

I could the aged Hecuba had,
and vled her in bed,
That thy mistrustful mind I mought
beguile, and tealous head:
That would haue thought thy husband had,
of no such peece beene sped.
She gaue the first abodement fell,
that on thy ship should light:
Whom there I saw not with her parts,
and wonted members dight.
Her bitter plaints and wofull cryes
a howling did pursue:
She was become a verie Curre
in euerie part to view.
Dame Thetis musing at the sight,
turmoyl'd the quiet floud:
And Eole gaue his blustering winds
in charge to blow agood.
From that time Miser I was driven
to wander in the seas,
And follow euerie floud and flaw,
too cruell things to please.
But if Tyresias be as true
in telling of god haps,
As earst he was in making shew
of euill forepast claps:
Now misaduentures are ypast
by land and sowling waue,

I hope

TO Penelope.

I hope I shall retire to Græce,
some better lucke to haue
Now Pallas undertaken hath,
as following fate to me,
To safe conduct me to the lode
where I do long to be,
I never saw her from the time
of Troyes latter wacke,
Till now the angrie Goddess hath
from anger bæne alache.
What so Oenides did, it lights
upon vs all aleeke:
Upon the Grækes from man to boy
reuengement she did seeke.
Not thee (god diamed) she spar'd,
whose armour knownen was:
She hath ensonit thē miser eke,
through many broyles to passe.
For him that Neamon begat
upon a captiue Lasse.
For him that beth a thousand ships
to wreake his wrong did passe.
Plisthenides, thou were yblest,
what fortune so befell.
For aye thy wedlocke went with thee,
whom thou didst loue so well.
And whether winds did breed thy stay,
or surging seas annoyd,

Then

Vlysses replie

Thou didst by meane of misuall loue,
incroching cares auoyd,
Nor blustering blasts, nor troubles tide
from killing thee dismayd:

With clinching arms thou her imbrace
and never wert afayd.

Oh that I might not wander so,
(swete wench) thou wouldest procure

The surge saeme calme, with thee I
no deadly smart endure. (Should

No sooner I had tydings that
Telemach was aliu,

But that the newes forepassed gifts
from gladsome mind did dñe.

Whose going againe by tossing flonds,
in weake and rotten Barke

To Pylos and to Sparta, did
reduce my former carke.

That loue deserues no thanke indeede,
wherein such partill is:

And when you let him goe to Sea
you did not well ywis.

But all the boyle wil be at last,
the Prophet sayd, I shold
At length imbrace thy friendly corse,
as I had done of old.

Whom thou alone shalt know, but the
take heed, and well beware,

Tha

To Penelope. A son

That other by your gesture learnes
not why so glad you are.

I must not deale with force of hand,
or as an open foe.

The Prophet said, that to foretell
Apollo bid him so.

I shall perhaps devise the time,
to be awoken fit,
With bow in hand to rush me in,
When they at tables sit.

And then perchance they maruell will,
me hatefull man to see:

Oh God, when will that day come on,
and pleasant hoare be,
Wherein I may renue againe,
the sweete delights ypast:

And thou begin to repollese,
thy louing spouse at last:

The



The Argument of the replie
to the second Epistle, entituled,
Demophoon ta Phyllis.

Herein is treason and delay,
Demophoon minded to deface,
That had ybeene so long away,
from friendly Phyllis noble grace;
Sometime vpon his Countrey men
the lingring Louer layes his blame:
On perillous passage now and then,
and lacke of wind hee casts the same,
But last in spite of waue and wind,
he made her promise to reuert:
And so hee did, in hope to find
the Queene as when he did depart,
But oh, impatient of her pangs,
that she had for her ghest sustaing,
In Almon tree good Phyllis hangs,
and this was all the Hostesse gaind.

Demophoons



Demophoons replie to

Phillis Epistle.

Euen from his Countrey soyle

Demophoon writes to thee:

Nis countrey (Phyllis) that he mindes,

thy gratefull gift to be.

Demophoon is not linkt with any equal

with any nouell Lasse;

But not so happie as with thee,

acquainted well he was.

Duke Theseus, of whom

thou euer stoodst in awe,

(which made perhaps thy flame the more)

to be thy Father-law:

A shamefull thing for me

to suffer such a deede)

By cruell foe was rest his raigne:

this was old ages meede.

Euen he that whilome had,

Amazons courage quaild;

Hate for Hercules that so

in armour had preuaild,

Euen he that Mynos made

a father of a foe,

made to see his monstrous beast,

by valiance conquer'd so.

Demophoons replie

I am accused to haue beeene
the cause of his exile:

My brother layes it to my charge,
I must not pleade the while.

Whilst thou (quoth he) didst fond
on Phyllis, and didst craue

By earnest lute unto thy wife,
a forraine wench to haue:

The slipper time did passe
with hastie foote away,

Thy loytering was the cause that thou
dost see this dolefull day.

Thou moightst perhaps at first
this wicked stirre haue stayd;

At least though matters had beeene past,
thou moightst haue beeene an ayds.

But Rhodopeian Reigne
I better did esteeme:

And of a Ympyb whom better than selfe
her Scepter I did deeme.

Then Athamas gins to chase,
and thund'ring words bestowes,

And Echra harps vpon the same,
a crooked peece God knowes.

Shee sayth my lingring was
th' occasion that her sonne

Could not shut vp his mothers eies,
as dutie was to done.

I can

to Phyllis.

I can not if dense,
they both exclaimd a good,
And ride on me, when that my ship
rode on the Thracian flood.
Demophoon (quoth they)
Why stayst thou lingering so?
The wind doth serue home to thy Gods
and native countrey go.
Let Phyllis my roz bee,
whom thou dost loue so well:
She fancies thee; but loth she is
for thee her Realme to sell.
She craves thee to retyse,
thy iourney-mate to be
She scorns: more then the Raigne she
her harbours soyle we see. (wates,
But I in silence would
amid their brawles (I mind)
A thousand thanks bestow at once
upon the blustering wind.
And when I should depart,
imbracing Phyllis hard,
I joyde with all my heart to see
how dashing wates war'd.
She would I feare the same
before my Sire to bann't:
For by thy merites I attaine
my libertie I graunt.

Thou

Demophoon's replie

Thou must of force confesse
that with no steele heart
I went my way, nor in post-haste
thy countrey did depart.

I sobd, and weeping thare
to solace made a stay,
When to sayde thy friendly thore,
was come the fixed day.

I clambe the Thracian Warke,
and tooke my ship indeede:
When Phyllis bid it shold not euer hastily procede.
Forgiue since I confess
your selfe remember well,
King Minos daughter in your brest,
that auncient loue doth dwell.

As often as my hire
to Skeward lookes: he sayes,
She whilome was thy loving wench,
that hath those glistering rases.

God Bacchus bid him leauie,
and yeeld him vp the maide:
But he (goodman) sustaines the blame,
they say he her betray'd.

By his example I
a periurd man am thought:
Se dost thou (cruell Phyllis) aske
the cause mine absence wrought.

to Phyllis.

We thinkst thou it yndugd,
or able to requyght
my former fault, that I am not
in love with any wight.

Why (Phyllis) hast thou not
heard of the cruell fate

Of Theseus Wallace : of his houres
and lamentable state ?

Hast thou not sydings that
my fathers death I wayld ?

A farther griesse then fathers fall
Demophoon poth assayle

Not of Hyppolites happe ?
he miserable man

Fell headlong from the fearefull steedes
that downe the mountaine rannt.

I seeke not to excuse
my lingring, though there bee
A thousand cares that heape my woe,
I aske a space of thee.

Let me ouere I come,
lay Theseus in his gracie,
And see that he who was my Sir,
his buriall rites may haue.

Give space and leauue I pray,
not like a Traytour I
Absent me : then thy soyle I know
not safet where to lie.

Demophoon proptery

Sinice Troy went to warre,
and battailes brouyle did stay
What ease so ere I felt at sea,
or otherwher : I say
I had it all in Thrace,
(yet there I found some griesse)
That onely soyle unto my woes
was succour and reliefe,
And is, if thou be one,
and be not mou'd a whight,
That now I haue so stately house
so Castellike in sight :
Nor that my Fathers happes
or Mothers shamefull fate,
Or these my ill successles cause
thy fancie to rebate.
What if I went to Troy
in marriage linckt with thee ?
And thou thy husband waging warre
full ten yeres space shouldest see ?
Thou hearest Ulisses wife
what honour she hath got :
A myrour she became for, that
she liu'd withouten blot.
Who (by report deuisde
a charitable wile
In spinning : wherewithall her ins
tant sukers to beguile.

For whatsoeuer she
by day in light had wrought,
at night the selfe same twisted twise
from thred to wolle she brought.

But, Phyllis, you doo feare
your sisters wil be gone,
That profferd wedlock earth in Thrace,
canst thou with any one,
O hast thou heart to match
thy selfe in brydely band?

What will not feare of broken Hell
thy shamefull act withstand?
O Lord how thou wilt blith,

O Lord how thou wilt shame,
When thou shalt view my sailes alone
and know they be the same?
Thou then wilt blame thy rash
complaint (but all too late)
And say, Demophoon was to me
a true and faithfull mate.

Demophoon is retir'd
that Southren blast abidde,
And cruell tempest, whilke upon
the sowring seas he fide.

Ah, why in such post-haste
did I this blaine devise?
I broke a haue my plighted Hell,
which makes my heart agrise.

Demophoon's reply.

But (oh) go forward so
more rather then to me
(Sweet Phyllis) greater greefe and care
should chaunce againe by thee.

What Gibbet (oh) is that
that thou dost menace so
Unto thy selfe, and froward fate
to worke thy waylefull woe?

The Gods that in this soyle do dwelle
are overbold I trow.

I pray thee spare, and cause
no more defame to spring
Fro out our race: whose traitrens crime
too lowde a Bell doth ring.

Ariadne may excuse
my Father, since her lette
Was party cause she was forloyne,
Who me may justly blotte?
Now selfe same winds my words
that did my sayles contay:
I would returne with al my heart,
but haue good cause to stay.

The



The Argument of the
reply to the fift Epistle, en-
tituled, *Paris to Oenone.*

The lines that *Oenon* sent
When *Paris* had perufde,
And saw thereby she meant
That she was quite refusde,
Of him that had cōuaide from Greece,
Faire *Helen*a that palsing peece.

He wrote in this effect,
And flat at first gan tell,
That when he did reiect
The Nymph, he did not well :
But therewithall he layd the blame
On *Cupid* that procur'd the same.

He makes her open show,
How stately was the stroke
Of blinded *Cupids* bow,
And how he brought to yoke
Both man and God, and did not let
To say that Destnies so had set.

Paris reply to Oenons
Epistle.

S^D labfull is thy plaint
(D Nymph). as I confesse,
My hand doth hant for currant termes
my meaning to expresse.
It hunts and can not find,
I feele my guilt so great :
I would recant, but (oh) the same
my nouell loue doth let.
My conscience me condemnes
if thou not angry be
There with: but what in cause I know,
thou mayst not match with me.
For me whom thou dost blame,
Cupido to his raigne
Hath forst to yeld : anothers pray
even so I now remains.
Thou were my wedlocke first,
I graunt it true to be
That I in greenish yeres my loue
and faith behight to thee.
He was I then so proude
as in your Letters you
Obiected me : ne I my selfe
king Priamus noxie knew.

Deiphobus

to Oenone.

Deiphobus not I
nor Hector thought to be
my brothers, when I fed my flock
in Ida Mount with thee.
Not Hecuba I knew
but by a Mother's name:
And thou didst well deserve to had
her aye to beene thy dante.
But Loue from Keaten swarues,
thy selfe shalt judge the case:
For thou art wronge, & having wronge
dost loue me naythelesse.
And whereas Panes thee,
and Satyrs did desire:
Thou shewst their loue, and aythine mind
dost keepe thy former fire.
Beside this latter loue
was furthred by the fate:
My sister eke Cassandra saw
of future things the state.
Not I as then had heard
the brute of Helens name:
Be to mine eares by her report
the Greekish tumult came.
You see that all is true,
my guilt doth sole remaine:
And to request your pardon I
in humble wise am faine.

PART II

Within thy powre doth rest
the dome of life and death.
Now bind me thine for euermore
by saving of my breath:
Then wept I (I mind it well)
and yet thou sangst withall.
And said, God sheld that no suchenill
at any time befalle.
No though his deedes deserve
and every thing beside:
Yet Oeonon to wokē his bane
will never be discribe.
Oh pardon: selfe same loue
that forȝde this fraude to thee,
Made me to thinke herein not halfe
so many feares to be.
That God doth strike the stroke:
sometime into a Bull
He loue conuerts, into a Fowle
sometime to coy his trull.
Not Helen now in earth
so passing goodly Dame
Had bene, (a wench by nature made
to set my brest in flame)
Had not the mighty loue
become a swanne in sight:
That earst a golden shattering shewe
on Danacs lappe did light:

To Oenone.

I sayned so sole sometime
in Ida Mount did soze:
Sometimes amids A genors heafe
in forme of Bull did roze.
Alcydes who would thinke
the halynt man to haue
Psat at distasse? Loue did make
him twisten like a stave.
Againe the man was leene
in Ioles garment clad:
And she the halyte Lyons case
vpon her shoulders had.
And Oenon thou (I mind
I touch my selfe too neare)
The God Apollo scornest, and diddest
to Paris mind apply.
Not for I him exceld,
but Cupid wild it tho,
That in such sort his subtill shafts
In Oenons breast shoulde go.
But comfort thou thy wrong,
in that thy riuall she
A passing wench, and daughter braue
to loue is knowne to be.
But that she came of loue,
it mones be not a mite:
But (oh) her face is passing faire,
tis it that woakes the spide.

And

Paris replie

And (O) I wish that I
a skillesse Judge had bin,
When to contend for beauties paide,
the Ladies did beginne.
For then not Iunos yre,
nor Pallas wraathfull breast
Shoulde hurt me oft for liking of
the Ladie Venus best.
She Cupids flame diuides,
and frankly fire on those
(By euen and odde, by quick and slow)
on whom she list bestawes.
Yet neyther she her selfe
those weapons could auoyde.
The bow she bare for other, hath
her proper breast annoyde.
For haulting Vulcan grutcht,
when he by fortune found
The warlike God and her in bedde,
and caused to resound
His wofull plaint before the Gods,
and Ioue that saw them bound,
And mightie Mauors now
laments and lowres so fast:
For she hath fled this soyle, and of
Anchises is imbrast.
Now wholly she delights
Anchises eie to leake:

to Oenone

To him alone she closely clings,
and gives the rest the gleake.

What wonder was that she,
should haue the power to ayde,
Those egall flames of loue, whose fire
pore Paris hath assayd?

Whom Menelaus wrongd
doth loue, I fancide well

Not wrongd at all : beside she matcht
with one wrongd ne're a dell.

And I perceiue it plaine,
that for this rape there arre

Reuenger Grekes with wreakfull
to bid the Treians warre. (ships,

The goodnesse of the cause
(I nothing doubt) will bee

Allowde : to forcen Dukes to fight
her features are we see.

If me you not belieue,
behold the chieftaine Grekes

In Armour : I must hold her fast
whom they so sozely seeks.

But if you stand in hope
by force to wrest my will,

Why cease you hearbs and Magike
which is thy wonded skill? (verse,

For in Apolloes Art
thou canst as much as she.

That

Paris reply to Oenone.

What is the best the truest dreames
of Hecate thou dost see.

I well remember thou
hast set the Mone abache:
And stayd the Stars, and dimde the day
with duske and cloude blacke.

I fed the frowning Bulls,
and maruaild much to see
Amid the Heird by Oenons charmes,
the Lyons tame to be.

Of Xanthus what should I,
or Simoys now report?

O tell how both those stremes were
by thee in monstrous sorte (stayd
The Hyre himselfe in feare
his daughter farde amisse,

Amid his waters all bewitched,
would often stay ywille.

Now (Oenone) here is place,
do what thou canst by skill:

O quench thy flames, or clean put out
my brand that blazeth still.

FINIS.

The Translator to the captious sort of Sycophants.

THe plowghman bopes in recompence of toyle,
And winters traualle past, to reape the graine,
That he (goodman) hath sown on his foyle,
With great increase of crop, and goodly gaine?
And reason good why so he shoulde indeede,
For he thereon long earst bestowde his seede.

The fearefull Fisher man that casttis his Nets
In bauen mouth, and layes his bayred booke,
Doth trust at length by happie hap to get
Such store of fish, as may suffice the Cookes
And Caiers eke, and bring him in the mucke;
That ventred life in hope of happie lucke.

If Ploughman then and Fisher gape for gaines,
And hope assuredly to haue the same,
To quite their troublous toyles and dayly paines,
Endurde ere they could bring their seates to frame?
Why shold not such as climbe the cragge Mount
Where Muses wonne, of earned hyre account,

And looke for lawd at least at learned bands,
That know the cares of undertaken works,
And wote full well how hie Parnassus stands
With stately steps, where Poets Lawrell larks?
A haughtie hill that euerie wight must clime,
Ere he attaine with Poets pen to rime.

For

Though the thing but slender be in sight,
And vaine in view of curios carping skill,
In mother tongue a forraine speech to write:
Yet he shall find he hath a Crow to pull,
That undertakes with wel-agreeing File
Of English verse to rub the Romane stile.

Deuices of the language diners are,
Well couched words, and featly forged phrase,
Each string in tune, no ragged rime doth jarre,
With figures fraught their booke in emerie place:
So that it is a worke of prayse, to cause
A Romane borne to speake with English iawes.
Which laude & leane, and prayse to painefull men,
That haue with nightly sweate of busie brow,
Set forth their works of fame with forward pen.
For this my Muse I would account ynow,
To scape the spitefull Zoylus chiding chaps,
That (like a Curre) each willing writer snaps.
So I might go vntoucht of Momus traine,
And neuer feele the force of enuious hate,
Sufficed me, well quited were my payne,
I might be thought a man of luckie fate.
But oh, it cannot be, the best of all
(That Homer hight) to nipping nailes was thrall.
But let those Snakes and beastly Vipers broode,
(Imeane the spitefull Spider, Momus Mate)
When they haue done, recount their gotten good,

They

They gaine y^wis but scorne and lothsome hate.

Wherfore depart the rache thou curre(I say)

And let the lustie Courser champe the bay.

If thou thy selfe for lumpish idle life,

No leysure hast to take in hand the like,

But keepest thy Couch: put vp that cankred knife

Wherewith thou wonded art the good to strike:

Let other presse in place to purchase fame,

For vertues sake, that worke to winne a name.

Discerne their deeds, when all their toyle is done,

Say thou thy Worst, when they haue done their best:

Condemne them not ere that thou hast begunne,

To view their works, but ouer-reade therest:

That done, let each sustaine his earned meede:

This were the way to purchase loue indeede.

FINIS.

